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THE ARCHBISHOP OF BELGRADE.

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SERVIA

AND THE SERVIANS.

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BY THE

REV. W. DENTON, M.A.

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THIS VOLUME,

MAINLY COMPOSED FROM LETTERS

WRITTEN TO MY FAMILY,

I DEDICATE

TO

MY WIFE.

PREFACE.

IN the Spring of the present year, just as it was necessary to get rest from a laborious occupation which had engrossed much of my time for the twelvemonth preceding, inducements, in the shape of promised introductions at Belgrade, were held out to me to visit Servia. Of these I gladly availed myself. As the country was entirely strange to me, and as it lies very far out of the track of ordinary travellers, I made notes of everything which I thought likely to interest my family, in order that my letters home might convey as much information as possible on the state of the country through which I was passing. When I began to make these notes I had no other object beyond the wish to please the small audience to whom my letters were written. It was not until a

great part of my journey was over, that a book, and a larger circle of readers, were suggested to me.

That part of my journey which led along the banks of the Danube was made in the company of some of my countrymen, who were on a visit to Servia in order to examine the commercial capabilities and the mineral wealth of that country. To this I was indebted for agreeable and well-informed companions, and for facilities in travelling which I should otherwise have wanted. For a great part of my time when journeying into the interior of the country I had the pleasure and advantage of the company of a Servian gentleman, who, to a fund of general information, a most extensive acquaintance with all and a connexion with many of the leading families in Servia, added very great lingual attainments. The remembrance of those days are very grateful to me. In looking through the sheets which I am about to place before the public, I cannot therefore omit to express my great obligations to my friend and companion Athanasius Yelich. To M. Bouillon, a French merchant settled in Servia, and to his family, I am indebted for kind assistance in my travels, and for unbounded hospitality

during the whole time of my stay in Belgrade; and I feel it would be unjust to send forth this volume without making an acknowledgment of their great kindness to one who was until then unknown to them.

In a strange country two matters specially interested me both as a Churchman and an Englishman. I found myself in the midst of the members of a Church, of which too little is known in England, and from whom—our insular conceit in our own perfection notwithstanding—we have much to learn. As a clergyman, therefore, my attention was naturally directed to the ecclesiastical condition of Servia. As an Englishman, living under a free constitution, I could not but feel sympathy for those whose independence is daily threatened and sometimes actually endangered. Nor am I sufficiently enamoured of political inconsistency to agree with those who rejoice at the overthrow of despotism in Naples, and yet assist in the bolstering-up of the far more terrible despotism of Turkey.

No one can know much of the people who inhabit the southern bank of the Danube without seeing in

them all the elements which make up national greatness. No one can travel through the countries inhabited by the Servians, without respect and admiration for a people whose virtues have not been destroyed by four centuries of oppression, and without an assurance that for such a race a splendid future is in store.

FINSBURY CIRCUS,
October 13, 1862.

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SERVIA AND THE SERVIANS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

§ 1. Geography.

BEFORE giving the results of my personal observations, and some account of my excursions in Servia, it will be convenient to say a few words on the geography and history of this country and people, and thus avoid the continual digressions which would otherwise be necessary for the information of the general reader. This is the more requisite, as Servia is neither co-extensive with the residence of the Servian people, nor with the boundaries of the Servian empire of the middle ages. Indeed, the bulk of the Serbs are resident in Hungary, and are the subjects of Austria. This has arisen either from the conquest of territory, as, for instance, of that portion of the kingdom of Hungary which lies between the two rivers the Save and the Drave, or by the immigration of people from Servia flying before the armies, and seeking to escape from the oppression, of the

Turks. The bounds of the ancient Servian empire extended from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, and included Macedonia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Ragusa, and Dalmatia, as well as Croatia, in which countries, indeed, the chief historical monuments and the tombs of the earlier Servian kings and heroes must be sought. The present principality of Servia, however, is of far smaller extent, and is situated on the south bank of the Save and of the Danube, which separate it both from that part of Hungary which is comprehended in Slavonia and the Banat, and also from Wallachia. These countries lie on its northern boundary. On the west it is divided from Bosnia by the river Drina, which has its source in the mountains of Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and running north, falls into the Save near Mitrowitza. On the east it is bounded by Bulgaria and partly by Wallachia, and on the south by Albania and by other districts of Roumelia.

On the north and west the frontiers of Servia are marked by natural and well-defined boundaries; but on the south, and partly on the east, the line of the frontier is ill defined, and for a considerable distance is an wholly imaginary one, so that on the side of Turkey it possesses no natural means of defence. The outline of the country is that of a right-angled triangle, the base of which is uppermost, and rests upon the Danube. It lies between the forty-third and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and the seventeenth and twenty-first degrees of east longitude (Greenwich). In extent the country is about 190 miles at its widest part

from east to west, and about 120 from the northern base to the apex of the triangle on the south.

On the south-eastern frontier the Servian Morava receives the waters of the Ibar, and, after passing by Ushitza, Tschatchat, and Kruschewatz, unites itself to another stream, called from the country within which it has its source the Bulgarian Morava. These two streams form the Great Morava, which, running through the whole of Servia, separates it into two almost equal parts, and falls into the Danube near Semandria. This river is navigable for vessels of a light draught of water as far as Kjuprija, or Tchuprija, about sixty miles from its mouth. The Government of Servia, however, is at this moment engaged in the preliminary steps for the improvement of the present navigable channel, by removing the impediments which past neglect and times of confusion have suffered to accumulate in the bed of the river, and by making the river available for boats and small vessels to a greater distance from its outlet. Nothing will so greatly facilitate the intercourse between the towns on the Danube and the interior of this fertile country as this contemplated measure. At present all articles of commerce, howsoever bulky—cotton from Turkey, rock-salt from Wallachia, grain, wine, and other agricultural produce, iron, copper, charcoal, coal, and the other productions of the mines and mountains of Servia—are carried on the heavy waggons of the country by the tedious and expensive means of land carriage, thus greatly increasing the cost of the goods to the consumer. These waggons, starting

from Belgrade or from Semandria, are to be met with at all times of the day, in parties of five or six, toiling along the roads which have recently been made from both these towns. These roads unite near Skobal, and from thence run along the left bank of the Morava to the ferry near Orasch, and from that point follow the right bank of the river by Swilainatz to Kjuprija and the borders of Turkey.

Several small streams fall into the Morava in its course to the Danube; of these the chief is the Jassenitza, which joins the Morava on the left bank near Hassan-pasha-palanka, and the Ressava, which falls into the same river near Swilainatz. Besides these affluents of the Morava, the Milawa, the Timok, and the Pek, run through the eastern half of Servia, and the Dobratcha and the Kolubara through the western portion. The country on the whole is well watered, though in addition to the natural streams and rivers the traveller will occasionally meet with artificial water-courses made by the Romans during their occupation of Mæsia, by which the fields at a distance from a river are still irrigated. The waters-shed of these various streams are ranges of hills rather than mountains, and the valleys between these are very fertile, and the pasturages swarm with cattle. Indeed, though Servia abounds in wild mountain scenery, yet this arises for the most part from the number of detached conical mountains rising from the plains and low grounds and from irregular groups of hills, rather than from lofty mountain ranges. On the Bosnian frontier, however, the country becomes more

rugged and mountainous; and not far from the Bulgarian border on the east the Carpathian range crosses the Danube from Hungary, and forming, with its bluffs of limestone and its precipices of porphyry, what are known by the name of the Iron Gates of the Danube, spreads itself out on the Servian side of the river into ridges which cross and recross in the wildest confusion. Whilst these mountains give great picturesqueness to the scenery, they make the country in this part very abrupt and inaccessible. In some parts of the country the hills and mountains are still covered with dense forests, mostly of oak and ash, of beech and birch; and where these have been cleared, the slopes of the hills are green with vineyards and with fields of Indian corn.

One peculiarity of the vegetation of Servia will not fail to be noticed by an English traveller. Though this country lies so far to the south and east of Great Britain, the vegetation is almost entirely English. The banks skirting the roads which wind through the forests are carpeted with the wild strawberry, and the open glades which run into the woods abound with the wild raspberry. The thin soil on the steep sides of many of the hills is covered with the whortleberry. The weeds and wild flowers of the fields also are those which are commonly met with in England—violets and daisies, pansies and spurge, primroses and oxlips, forget-me-nots and speed-wells, orchises of all shades and wild garlick, meadow-saffron and the cuckoo-flower, or ragged robin. The hedges are powdered with the honeysuckle and the clematis, and fringed with yellow broom, with bramble-

bushes, dog-roses, and the white and black thorn. Trees, indeed, that are comparatively rare in England are here met with in profusion. The wild pear and cherry, the plum and the apple, may be seen in great numbers in the woods; the acacia and the laburnum, are met with by the sides of the roads, and lilac trees abound on the hill sides.

The vine is said to have been introduced into Servia during the time of the occupation of the Romans, and in the reign of the Emperor Probus. Vineyards are very common throughout the country; and the vines which cover the slopes of the hills, especially in the neighbourhood of Semandria, Posharawätz, Negotin, and Manassia, yield a very good wine, which is retailed at the little inns of this country at about threepence a pint, but may be purchased wholesale of the growers at not more than twopence a quart. In the interior of Servia the cottages stand in the midst of small orchards of cherry, plum, apple, and pear trees. The fruits of the two latter are dried and exported in large quantities, whilst from the plum the favourite brandy of the country, *slivovitza*, is distilled. Another article of commerce of great value consists of the acorns of a particular species of oak. Large quantities of these acorns are exported for the purpose of tanning and dying leather; whilst latterly a large tract of mountain country has been rented by a Jewish merchant for the purpose of making charcoal for exportation. Unfortunately, the want of a port on the Adriatic, and the jealousy of Austria, which has prevented the

construction of a railway from Sissek to Fiume, practically close Servia to the markets of Western Europe, and make her extensive forests and rich soil comparatively valueless.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage, however, arising from the want of a port on the Adriatic, the wealth of Servia has hitherto consisted almost entirely in her forests. Not, however, in the noble oaks of ample girth and towering height, from which the largest navies might be constructed, but which, for want of a market, are rotting on the mountain side, or are cut down for fuel by any one who needs a fire, but in the countless herds of pigs which are fed on the acorns which cover the ground for miles. These pigs are driven in herds into Hungary, and there find a ready sale at what is far below their value, but at a sum which yields an ample profit to the proprietors. Latterly a Frenchman has settled in Servia, and has built a fine villa near Belgrade out of the profits which he has derived from curing the flesh of these pigs, and exporting it to all parts of Europe.

The forests of Servia abound in such game as is usually met with in England—hares, stags, and foxes. In the recesses of the forests the wild boar may also be found, and the wild cat is said occasionally to be seen. A few bears still remain on the tops of some of the hills, but these, unless the winter prove very severe, and their usual fare is altogether unattainable, never venture near the villages, nor show themselves to man. In autumn Bruin is occasionally seen shaking the wild plum-tree for his favourite food, and a stray

pig or two are no doubt carried off at times to appease his hunger, but beyond this he is rarely heard of. The wolf, again, is almost as rare as the bear, and would long since have been numbered amongst the extinct animals of this part of Europe, but for the facilities offered to his crossing from Austria when the Danube is frozen over, which generally happens every third or fourth year. "The wolf," said a Servian gentleman to me, "would long ago have disappeared, if the Austrian Government could trust its subjects with fire-arms: they all come over to us from Austria." Wild fowl abound in the islands and on the low grounds which border on the Danube: the ortolan, the quail and the snipe are common on the downs; large flights of wild pigeons are scared from the trees as the traveller makes his way through the forests; whilst those who like a nobler but less profitable game, will find it in the hawks, the vultures, and, especially, in the eagles, which are very commonly seen hovering over the thickets of the forest, or along the courses of the streams, in quest of food. The rivers are equally prolific, and the sturgeon of the Danube is a dainty and common dish in all the towns which are situated on the banks of that river. Smaller fish—carp, perch, trout, and other fresh-water fish—are taken from the preserves and from the numerous small streams of the interior.

Though but few efforts, and those inconsiderable and desultory, have been made to discover the hidden riches of the mountain ranges and hills of Servia, yet the mineral wealth of the country is known to be very

large. Gold, silver, and iron mines were worked in the time of the Romans. The two former metals are not found at present, or at least are met with in such inconsiderable quantities as not to repay the cost of working the mines. The iron of Servia, however, yields to none in the world for the purity and the quantity of metal found in the ore. In addition to this there are mines of sulphur near Maidanpek, and seams of coal are worked in various parts of the country from Dobra to Ravanitza, near the frontier of Turkey, and close to the point at which the Morava first becomes navigable. The coal which has been brought from the workings at Dobra, though they have been sunk scarcely more than twenty yards from the surface, has been pronounced by English coal viewers equal to Newcastle coal. From the same workings fire-clay may be procured to any amount. Add to this mines of copper and lead, together with large quantities of saltpetre and gypsum, and some idea may be formed of the vast mineral and material riches of a country as yet almost unexplored. At present the manufactures of Servia are in their infancy, but no country in Europe of the same extent offers so fair a field for the profitable employment of skill and capital.

The chief towns of Servia are—(1) Belgrade, the present capital, the Singidunum of the Romans, situated at the junction of the Save with the Danube, the seat of the Government and the residence of the prince; (2) Semandria, or Smederevo, at the confluence of the little river Jessava with the Danube, and a little to the

west of the mouth of the Morava; (3) Schabatz, a commercial city of importance, situated on the Save; (4) Ushitza, in the interior of the country, and not far from the frontier of Bosnia; (5) Kragujewatz, formerly the seat of Government, in the centre of the country, a short distance from the left bank of the Morava. Here are situated the Government powder-mills, the cannon foundry, and the arsenal for the army. In addition to these large towns there are several thriving and busy though smaller towns to be found in Servia, such as Posharewatz, Waljewo, Hassan-pasha-palánka, Tschatchat, Kjuprija, Kruschewatz, Negotin, on the frontier of Bulgaria, and Losnitza, on the opposite borders of Bosnia.

§ 2. HISTORY.

THE present principality of Servia is almost coextensive with the Roman province of Mœsia Superior. The original inhabitants of this country, or at least the first of whom we have any historical notice, were tribes of Thracians. With these were mingled large bodies of Gauls, who, after the defeat of Brennus (B.C. 277), settled in Mœsia. About two hundred years afterwards (B.C. 75), a Roman army for the first time penetrated into the country, which, however, was not completely subjugated until nearly half a century afterwards (B.C. 29). At the end of the fourth century of the Christian era the Ostro-Goths, who were flying from the victorious armies of the Huns, obtained permission of

the Emperor Vallens to settle in Mœsia; and about the middle of the seventh century the Serbians, a Sclavonic tribe, entered Mœsia, and giving their own name to the country, of which they took forcible possession, at length founded the kingdom of Servia. For the use of the Ostro-Goths, or Mœso-Goths as they were called, from the name of the province in which they had settled, Ulphilas had in the fourth century translated the Holy Scriptures into the Gothic languages.

In the ninth century we find the conquerors of these Goths, the Servians, a Christian people and members of the Eastern Church, possessing a vernacular liturgy which still survives, and joining in the worship of God under the direction of priests of their own race, and in spiritual matters ruled over by native bishops, elected in accordance with a grant from the Patriarch of Constantinople from their own native priesthood. From this mixture of various races the language of Servia, though purely Sclavonic, has obtained a character peculiar to itself. It is considered by the greatest philologists to be the best and most harmonious of the Sclavonic dialects, and because of its softness it has been sometimes called the Italian Sclavonic. Niebuhr, indeed, no mean authority, considered the language of Servia the most perfect in grammatical structure of any of the languages of modern Europe.

During the declining years of the Roman empire the increasing power of the rulers of Servia, and the ever-enlarging boundaries of the territory which they governed, were objects of disquiet to the emperors at

Constantinople, and the occasion of frequent wars, which weakened still more the decaying empire of the East, and was one of the main causes of the success of the Turkish hordes, which were soon destined to overrun and to conquer both these states. Whilst the power and the territories of the Roman emperors were dwindling, the power of the ruler of Servia and the bounds of the country over which he ruled were continually increasing, until at length, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the authority of Stephen Dushan was acknowledged from the Adriatic to the Black Sea; and amongst the countries which obeyed his commands were Bosnia, Macedonia, Albania, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and Bulgaria. This prince assumed the imperial title, and his alliance and support were sought by the most powerful sovereigns of Europe. The reign of this great monarch (A.D. 1333—1356) was the most glorious period of Servian history. It was the glory, however, that precedes decay. The son and immediate successor of Stephen Dushan lost the whole of Roumelia to the Sultan, and after his time the limits of Servia were gradually circumscribed.

For a short time after the conquest of Roumelia the two powers of Servia and Turkey maintained friendly, or at least pacific relations. The respective rulers of these countries, moreover, sought their wives in the family of the neighbouring sovereign, and the relationship of the Sultan and of the Prince of Servia was usually that of brothers-in-law. When, however, the strength of the Sultan had become consolidated, and the submission of his European territory seemed assured, the systematic

encroachments of the Ottoman power and the extension of its territory in all directions gave just alarm to the Prince and the people of Servia. At length, by an alliance in 1389 between the Servians and the Hungarians, a determined effort was made to resist the progress of the Mahometan arms. Under the Knes Lazarus, the ruling prince of Servia, a battle was fought on the plains of Kossova in Albania, which decided the fate of the country. By the treachery of one of the great commanders of the Servian army, the Turks succeeded in gaining a victory and in totally destroying the whole confederate force. Lazarus himself was taken prisoner, and, in revenge for the death of the Sultan, Amurath the Second, was killed by the Turks.

After the death of Knes Lazarus the Mussulman armies overran Servia and penetrated into Hungary. The subjugation of the former country was complete; since although the form of an independent monarchy was for a short time preserved, and Servia was still governed by one of its native princes, yet the whole country was made tributary to the Porte, until, in the middle of the fifteenth century, even the outward form of independence was lost, and Servia became in name as well as in reality a province of Turkey. The fortress of Belgrade, however, strong by its natural position and through the facility with which assistance could be procured from Hungary, resisted the arms of the Sultan, and until 1522 was held by a Christian garrison. At length in that year the last remains of the ancient Servian empire was captured by Solyman the Great, and for nearly two cen-

turies the Turks remained masters of the fortress. In 1717 Prince Eugene of Savoy, at the head of an Austrian army, besieged and captured Belgrade, and overran the whole of Servia, and in the next year this country was formally ceded by the Turks to Austria. In the war, however, between Turkey and Austria, in 1739, the former reoccupied the country; and by the treaty of peace which followed, the possession of Belgrade was guaranteed to the Turks. In 1788 an Austrian army, under Marshal Loudon, retook Belgrade, which, however, was restored to Turkey in 1791 by the treaty of peace at Szistova.

During these successive occupations of Servia by the armies of Austria and Turkey, the condition of the inhabitants remained on the whole much the same; the petty persecutions of the Austrian Government, and the rapacity of its troops, made many of the Servians, especially those of the richer and the more influential class, even prefer the yoke and the capricious cruelty of the Mussulmans to the persistent and vexatious tyranny of the Christian Government. Indeed, the readiness with which the Turks overran Servia is attributed to the discovery which was made by the Servians, that it was the intention of their Hungarian allies to compel the whole nation to apostatize from the Eastern Church, to adopt the Roman ritual, and to acknowledge the supremacy of the Papal See. Submission to the Porte seemed to hold out the promise of at least the tacit exercise of the worship prescribed by the orthodox Church, whilst union with Hungary as certainly entailed an active persecution,

or a forcible subjection to the hated ritual and supremacy of Rome. Of the two the Servians preferred that yoke the terrors of which were then unknown, and which they were therefore excusable in considering the least of the evils which threatened them.

So long as the authority of the Sultan was respected by the various subordinate officers who were appointed to administer the affairs of the conquered province, and whilst the orders of the central Government at Constantinople were faithfully executed, the condition of the Christians in Servia, though hard, was not however intolerable. Though all freedom of worship was denied them, yet they were able to meet in caves of the mountains, and in the deep solitude of the forests; and in some villages a mean hovel was even tacitly permitted to exist, and to be used for the rites of Christian worship. The hard lot of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, has at all times arisen from the fact that the central authority at Constantinople has but little real authority throughout the empire of Turkey. It is the petty tyranny of the village officials, sharpened by personal hatred, which has instigated those acts of atrocity to which, both in former times, and still more at the present day, the Christians in Turkey are subjected.

In the days of a nation's greatness justice and even magnanimity towards a subject race are virtues which are possible; these, however, are rarely found to exist in the time of a nation's decay.

Never were the Christians throughout Turkey exposed to acts of more atrocious cruelty than at the present day,

when the Mahometan power is kept alive merely by the mutual distrust of the great powers of Europe. How the conscription is made, provided only that the due number of recruits are obtained, how the taxes are levied, provided only that the proper amount is paid into the treasury, and what is the sum total of the plunder which the pasha of an unquiet province, or the cadi of an insignificant village may extort from those subject to their authority, are matters of supreme indifference to the Porte. The Sultan exerts no authority, except over the farmers of taxes, or over the great officers of state; and the actual constitution of Turkey presents itself to the poor rayah in all the worst features of an oligarchy of democrats, in which the will of the Sultan is crossed or controlled by the interest and the passions of the lowest officers of the Government, and by the malignant fanaticism of the mob of the faithful.

Thus it was not the stern severity of the central despot, but the petty tyranny of a government by anarchy, which at length, after nearly four centuries of submission, drove the Servian people to that revolt which, about thirty years ago, terminated in the public recognition of their independence. At the close of the last century, the pashas of Widdin and Belgrade were in Servia the representatives of the Sultan, to whom, however, they yielded only a nominal obedience. Under these pashas, turbulent troops of mutinous janissaries robbed and insulted the unfortunate inhabitants. To their lust the wives and daughters of the Servians were at all times compelled to yield, and the normal privilege

of the meanest of the Turkish soldiers subjected every woman throughout Servia to his licentious will. The mother of the present reigning prince was on one occasion obliged to resort to a sordid disguise and a filthy attire, in order to escape from this degradation. Cruelties the most atrocious were daily resorted to, in order to obtain possession of the property of the peasants and the person of their wives; whilst to every remonstrance which reached the Court of Constantinople, the excuse which was made. that such deeds were committed not by the direction or even by the will of the central power, but in defiance of its wishes, was perfectly true. The authority of the Government of Turkey, indeed, was powerless to control the passions of its agents, and was content with escaping, if possible, from the knowledge of their excesses.

Finding at length that no redress was to be obtained from their rulers, the Servians sought it by means of their own arms. The oppression exercised by the Turks had filled the most inaccessible part of the country and the recesses of the forests with bands of wronged and desperate men, who obtained their subsistence and avenged their wrongs by the plunder and the slaughter of the Turkish officials. At length the increasing sufferings of the people in every part of Servia added such numbers and gave such importance to these bands of exiles, that they conceived the design of delivering their country; and in Kara, or Black George, they were fortunate in obtaining a chieftain whose skill and energy gave a definite aim and consistency to the desultory efforts of the half-robber, half-patriot guerillas.

The general insurrection of the Servian people dates from the year 1804. In the month of January, 1806, a little more than a twelvemonth from the beginning of the revolt, the peasants under the command of Kara George numbered ten thousand; and with this force, during the summer of that year, he totally defeated the army of the Pasha of Bosnia, checked the advance of another large army under the command of the Pasha of Scutari, and took Belgrade. After a struggle of eight years, with varying fortune at times, but on the whole with a steady advance, Kara George, in 1812, succeeded in achieving the independence of his country.* The campaign of Napoleon against Russia in 1813, however, and the support which he afforded to Turkey, enabled the Porte for a time to reconquer the country and to crush the liberties of the Servians, and ten years darkened by scenes of the most fiendish revenge ensued.

New modes of torture and strange instruments of cruelty were now invented. Christian prisoners were hurled against the walls of resisting fortresses by catapults constructed for that purpose; infants were thrown into scalding water in the presence of their mothers, in derision of the rite of baptism; and the esplanade which slopes from the walls of the citadel of Belgrade was for months covered with a succession of corpses of the Servian patriots who had been impaled, and who had died after days of lingering and agonizing suffering. The waste of population caused by these massacres and

*. Confirmed by the Treaty of Bucharest, 28th May, 1812.

by the war of extermination which ensued has not yet been recovered.

All these atrocities, however, instead of breaking the spirit of the nation, at length aroused it to a more determined effort to recover that independence which for a short time it had enjoyed. Under Prince Milosh, one of the commanders of Kara George, and the father of the reigning prince, the whole country rose in tumultuous insurrection. After a struggle protracted for several years this revolt was successful, and by 1826 the whole of Servia was not only virtually freed from Turkish rule, but that freedom was confirmed by public treaties,* and by the Hatti-cherif of the Sultan. By this latter instrument, the whole internal administration of the country was left in the hands of the native authorities, subject to the suzerainty of the Porte, and the succession to the government was made hereditary in the family of Prince Milosh. Unfortunately, by the intervention of the great Powers of Europe, which had passively witnessed the efforts of the Servians to rid themselves of their Turkish oppressors, it was stipulated that six places in Servia should receive garrisons of Turkish soldiers. These troops, however, were to possess no authority beyond the walls of the garrisons; and it was expressly provided that they should not live in the interior of the country. By a firman in 1833, those Turks who still possessed property in any other places than the six fortresses were ordered to sell their possessions and either to leave the country or to take up

* By the Treaty of Akerman, 7th October, 1826.

their residence within the fortifications. The same firman provides that all duties of police shall be executed by the Servian civil authorities. Both the Treaty of Akerman and the Hatti-cherif which was issued subsequently, have, however, been evaded in this respect, and the present complications in Servia and the bombardment of Belgrade are the results of a disregard for these stipulations.

In 1839, the unpopularity of Prince Milosh, which increased after he had obtained supreme power, led to his abdication. He was succeeded by his eldest son Milan, who, however, at the downfall of his father, was in a dying state, and was never, it is said, informed of the event which had made him, at least nominally, the head of the state. At his death, his younger brother Michel succeeded. In 1842, however, he was compelled to follow the example of his father, and to quit the country. In his room, Prince Alexander Kara Georgovitch, the son of the popular hero and liberator of Servia, ascended the throne. Although this act of the nation was ratified by the Porte, and although the Government of Turkey regarded the accession of Prince Alexander with approbation, yet the succession was not confirmed to his children. It was evident that the Sultan was anxious to annul the concession which had been made in a moment of danger.

For a time the rule of Prince Alexander appears to have been popular, and the country made great advances in internal improvements under his wise direction. The suspicion at length of undue subserviency to Austria,

together with a too exclusive preference alleged to be shown towards the relatives of his wife, in the distribution of places of trust and authority, soon destroyed this popularity; and in December, 1858, the *Skouptchina*, or general assembly of the national representatives, compelled him to abdicate, and immediately afterwards recalled Prince Milosh from his retirement at Bucharest. He again took possession of the reins of power, and, though in extreme old age, showed that he had not wholly lost the vigour of his youth. He survived his recal little more than a twelvemonth, and at his death in 1860, Prince Michel, his only surviving son, succeeded for the second time as hereditary Prince of Servia. On his accession to the supreme power he was proclaimed under the title of "Obrenovitch the Third, by the grace of God, and by the will of the Servian people, in accordance with the Imperial Hatticherif of 1830, and of the law of 1859, regulating the succession, hereditary Prince of Servia."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ROUTE—MEAUX—STRASBOURG—BRUCHSALS—ULM—SALTZBURG—HUNGARY—ENGLISH INFLUENCE—ADMIRATION FOR ENGLISH CHURCH—HATRED TO AUSTRIA—HUNGARIAN WINES—STEAMBOAT—SEMLIN.

MY journey from London to Belgrade occupied a week; but the traveller need not be more than four days upon the road, provided that continuous travel is not too fatiguing to him, and he can manage to take his rest in a railway carriage. As to myself, not being compelled to travel without intermission, I slept at Paris, at Vienna, and at Pest; and instead of taking the speediest route to Servia by way of Bazias, I lost many hours by going down the Danube from Pest to Semlin in the steamboat. Premising this, it may be useful to those who may wish to visit Servia, if I say a few words upon my journey to Belgrade.

On Monday evening, April 14, I left the London Bridge station for Paris, where I arrived on the following morning. After remaining for the rest of the day in that city, I left again by the evening train for Strasbourg. The night was clear; and as the train rattled past Meaux, I was just able to catch a glimpse of the cathedral, and could make out the outline of this pretty and compact little city, which is for ever famous as

the seat of the greatest and most eloquent of French bishops, in the days when the French Church abounded in eloquent preachers, and was adorned by such men as Fénelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. Above all these his compeers towered Jacques Benigne Bossuet, the lordly "eagle of Meaux;" and in the chancel of this small cathedral, to which he has given a world-wide renown, his ashes rested in peace until a few years since, when, in an excess of ultramontane zeal, they were removed from their place of honour and re-interred in one of the side chapels.

At daybreak, we were passing through Alsace, with its rich mountains of iron-stone, offering, as the prospectus of the railway company should have stated, formidable engineering difficulties to the construction of the line, which now, however, are so many proofs of the skill with which they have been overcome. Before we reached Strasbourg the country becomes much flatter, and the chief ornament of the low grounds are the formal but picturesque rows of Lombardy poplars which skirt the high road and the banks of the small streams. Although this tree cannot vie in majesty with the "pillar elm" which gives so much beauty to an English landscape, yet the poplar is not without a grace of its own, and is deservedly a favourite with landscape gardeners and with planters near the Rhine. Soon after daybreak, long before we could see any trace of the city itself, we caught sight of the beautiful spire of the cathedral, seeming, in the distance, to rise like another gigantic

poplar from the midst of an extensive plain. Here we crossed the Rhine, and left the French territory behind us, and at Kehl, the frontier town of Germany, had our passports examined by the officers of the Grand Duke of Baden, in whose dominions we now were.

The route from Kehl through Carlsruhe to Bruchsals, where we stayed for two hours, was through fine and interesting scenery. On the north of the line, the country is, on the whole, flat, but well cultivated; but in the south, the railway runs at the foot of a range of hills shaggy with sombre masses of beech and fir trees, and broken up by wild ravines and dark gorges. On the summit and far down the slopes of these hills, patches of snow were still lying; and wherever the high ridge was broken, we caught sight of the Swiss mountains in front of us, still covered with their winter garb.

Bruchsals is a dull, uninteresting, and dingy town, with a deserted palace, and squalid churches, with whitewashed towers, and ugly, bulbous spires, religiously coated from time to time with black paint. I walked into one of these churches, and found some very good flamboyant tracery, a stone pulpit, and what a recent writer calls a "narthex gallery," and a fine stone-vaulted roof. The pseudo-classical reredos of the high altar, however, blocks up the finest window tracery in the church, and the furniture and ornaments are of the most trumpery and tinselly description. We were tempted to look into one altar which was evidently "made a double debt to pay," and was put to the most sordid uses. The cover was of dirty linen, freckled

with iron-mould; and inside, instead of the relics of saints, it contained a strange and motley assortment of the relics of old brushes, stumps of brooms long since departed, miscellaneous rubbish, and dirty dusters. After two hours' stay at Bruchsals, too short for rest and long enough materially to interfere with our journey, we continued our way.

The next place at which we stayed was Stuttgard, with its pretty environs gradually softening down into osier-covered flats and charming Cuyp-like meadows, embroidered with tiny silver streams of water. As we approached Ulm, where General Mack allowed the Austrian army which he commanded to be surrounded by the French troops, and then surrendered it to the Emperor Napoleon, the railway, instead of being tunnelled through the hills, ascends to their summit and passes by the side of a frightful ravine with only two or three feet betwen the rail and the precipice. On reaching Ulm, I had my first view of the Danube; and as my second evening in a railway-carriage was closing in, I passed from the territory of Wirtemberg into Bavaria. It was dark when the train stopped at Augsburg and Munich, and at three o'clock in the morning we were all roused from a sound sleep to have our passports and baggage again examined, on this occasion by the Austrian authorities at the frontier city of Saltzburg. Here I exchanged my French and German coin for small pieces of paper, the only currency to be met with in the empire of Austria. The ground at this place was covered with snow, and the fine clear night

enabled the traveller to catch the magnificent outline of the Tyrolese Alps, with their jagged peaks and icy avalanches thrown into bold relief by the dark background of sky. As morning dawned we found ourselves passing along the right bank of the Danube, full, in this part of its course, of the most picturesque scenery.

Here we were whirled past little railway stations, which seemed to be adult German toys made of carved wood and terra-cotta ornaments, resting on a base of green and yellow lava, scrupulously neat and very picturesque, and seemingly very familiar to us from their resemblance to the treasures of our infancy.

Early in the afternoon of Thursday we reached Vienna, and, having rested there for the night, left by train at noon the next day for Pest. Except in the neighbourhood of Presburg, where the railway passes along the western roots of the Carpathian range of mountains, the road to the modern capital of Hungary lies over a long flat expanse, unbroken by any height, until we come to Gran Nana, and again catch sight of the Danube. The country up to that point is indeed rich and fertile, scored over with furrows of wondrous length and marvellous straightness, but monotonous in the extreme. The chief, and, indeed, almost the only, relief to the eye are the pretty acacia hedges in the neighbourhood of the stations along the line of road. Unlike the stations from Munich to Vienna, these Hungarian ones are uninteresting and neglected, not to say squalid. The bilingular board, which tells the name of the place both in vernacular Hungarian and in official German,

informs the traveller that he is still in this empire of heterogeneous races, which it seems impossible to weld into one people.

Here we were reminded that we were approaching the termination of Western civilization, and were on the very skirts of the unchanging East. Instead of boys with newspapers, brandishing the *Times* or the *Standard* before our eyes, and offering us our choice of the daily literature of the West, little girls, with long plaits of hair dangling behind them, were quietly soliciting the attention of the travellers to their water-jars, and offering them a glass of clear spring water in exchange for their kreutzers.

There is one great pleasure which the English traveller will appreciate in his journey through Hungary. Nowhere else on the Continent will he meet with so many persons who are able to speak English. And as the acquisition of our language, in the first place, arises from a genuine love for English literature and from admiration of the English constitution, Hungarians make, for that reason, the most agreeable companions with whom an Englishman can travel. In former times, the French language and literature exerted a powerful and perceptible influence on the Continent. With the decline—I don't know whether I might not properly say, the fall of French literature—the prevalence of the French language has diminished, and throughout Germany and Hungary the English language is rapidly taking its place. I do not remember that we were at any time in a railway carriage without finding some

fellow-traveller who possessed a knowledge of English, oftentimes accurate, and with a most perfect command over the pronunciation. In our journey from Vienna to Pest, we had amongst our fellow-passengers a miller from Buda, and his son, a student of the Polytechnic School at Dresden. They assured us that the improvements in agriculture throughout Hungary, since the visit made by many of their countrymen to England at the time of the Exhibition of 1851, was very perceptible; and that the improvement had extended to the farm dwellings, and in some measure to the cottages of the labourers. Since that time the demand for agricultural implements had been so large and constant, that three or four English firms have now agents settled in Hungary, through whom they are supplied. Subsequent to this conversation, our attention was directed to the large quantities of agricultural implements, bearing the well-known names of English makers, waiting to be forwarded to all parts of Hungary from Bazias, where they had arrived from England by the way of the Black Sea. The large sale of such goods is the more remarkable, as the farmers throughout Hungary are heavy sufferers from the depression of all things in their country; and money, especially coin, is at the present moment very scarce, in consequence of the means to which the Austrian Government has been obliged to resort, in order to sustain for a time the disordered finances of the empire.

But the influence of England, as we were sometimes pleasingly reminded, extends beyond the regions of

politics and of literature. In the interior of Hungary expressions of warmest admiration for the English Church may be heard from the lips of persons who have no thoughts of abandoning their own Church, but who long for its reform after the model of that which has been carried out by the Church in England. At a railway station in one of the largest towns in Hungary I met with two ladies, one of whom had been educated in a school at a little village in Essex, and who contrasted most unfavourably the sermons to which at times she was compelled to listen, with those she had been accustomed to hear as a school-girl in England. It was strange to hear in the interior of Hungary from passengers on the railway, casually met with, the names of friends now at rest, whose teaching was still freshly remembered. One of the ladies mentioned to me that her father, on his death-bed, had placed in the hands of his two daughters the Paroissien, or Church service-book of the Roman Church, bound in one volume with a copy of the Common Prayer-Book of the English Church, and that this dying gift was religiously cherished by those to whom they were bequeathed. It was pleasing to meet at this distance from England with those who were kept steadfast to their own Church by the catholic teaching of a country pastor in England; and I could not help musing on what might possibly be the influence, for ever unknown until the day of judgment, of the earnest and faithful services and teaching of even the most remote and humblest of the village churches of England.

For a long time past the reiteration of the last dogma of the Roman Church, the immaculate conception by the mother of the Blessed Virgin, has filled the sermons of zealous parish priests with matter painful to a delicate mind. This and the blessedness of paying Peter's pence, with anecdotes of the good fortune both here and in purgatory of those who are punctual and liberal in such payments, have latterly been the staple of not very edifying homilies, to the loss of the proper influence of the Church. On all sides, in France, in Germany, and especially in Austria, during our journey we heard words of bitter hatred and accusations of fearful import made against the priesthood of these countries by men who are still avowedly faithful sons of the Church. Feeble indeed appears to be the hold which the Roman Catholic Church still maintains over the affections of her children in Continental Europe; and amidst the shortcomings and defects of the Church in England, which none know more surely than those who are her truest sons, it is still a comfort to feel that in no part of the world does the Church exert so direct an influence and has so deep a hold upon the love and obedience of her sons as in our own country.

I cannot pass over the subject of Hungary without one word on the state of feeling which exists with reference to Austria. The Imperial Government has contrived to obliterate the line of separation between the conservative and movement parties of Hungary. Time was when the enemies of Austria were chiefly to

be found in a particular class of society. They are now to be met with amongst all classes, or rather they embrace almost every individual of every class. Indeed, one grows almost to pity and even to sympathise with a Government of whom no one, by any chance, speaks a word of commendation. I met, in my short trip, with Hungarians of every grade in society—tradesmen, merchants, literary men, magnates, and the representatives of old historic families, and not men only, but women also—and amongst all these there was but one sentiment, that of bitter hatred to Austria, tempered and softened, but rendered more dangerous by contempt.

This feeling of hostility to the ruling body extends towards the officers of the Government. In the restaurants or at railway stations, if an Austrian officer is seated at a table, however crowded the room may be, he occupies it alone; nay, to dress like these detested Austrians is enough to close the doors of the leaders of Hungarian fashion upon an Hungarian himself. Hatred to the Government of Austria, which is fast becoming hatred to the Emperor also, the uncrowned ruler of Hungary, is a national sentiment which is deepening every moment, and which only waits the fast-hastening moment of Austria's necessity to show itself in acts of hostility.

This animosity is not at all peculiar to the Magyar race. During the war with Hungary, it is well known that the Croats of Hungary, under the influence of their Ban Jellachich, remained faithful to Austria, and rendered the empire most important services. They are

now to be classed amongst the most bitter of her opponents. The deception practised by the Government of Vienna towards the Ban of Croatia, and the refusal of the Emperor to ratify the engagements made in his name with this people, is believed to have broken the heart of Jellachich; and the circumstances of his death are not likely to be effaced from the minds of those who loved him. The Serbs of Austria, again, a numerous, and from their geographical situation a most influential body, are naturally discontented with the assistance which the Catholic Emperor lends the Turks in all differences between the Porte and the Christian subjects of Turkey; and sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of their brethren is naturally and necessarily fostering a spirit of opposition to the Government at Vienna. Alas! for that nation, when the time of trial comes! Peterwarden at present groans with the number of suspected but untried prisoners from Venetia, but Austria will require to prepare many a fortress more if all who rebel against her strange and capricious rule, and her vexatious and childish interference, are to be confined in dungeons such as that which juts out into the Danube. May her rulers be wise, and, above all, learn to be truthful whilst they can! The truest friends of Austria are those who will faithfully point out the errors of her government, not those who palliate or attempt to deny the misrule and the mistakes of her rulers. Almost every race subject to Austria considers itself oppressed, and this is surely a great *prima facie* proof that they are so.

A nation may be mistaken as to the means by which, in its madness, it endeavours to rid itself of its oppressors, but no nation can be mistaken as to the fact of the existence of wrong and oppression.

It was the evening of Friday when we arrived at Pesth; and as we were driven to our hotel through the streets behind a splendid pair of horses with marvellously little harness, we felt that we were in a country of horsemen, and in a land where men, according to the Hungarian saying, are born drivers. Our hotel on the quay was the cleanest, and in other respects the most comfortable, of any in which I had slept since leaving London; and the supper or dinner—in railway travelling the order of one's meals gets sadly dislocated—was the best which we had tasted during our journey. Hungarian wines now made their appearance at table, and we could not help expressing our surprise that such wines are so little known to us in England. The Villani wine, which we tasted here for the first time, but which we afterwards frequently met with, is a remarkably cheap wine, and, with much of the body of port, possesses the delicacy of good claret. Little judge as I am of wine, I could not but feel that the admiration of my companion was not without cause. Much of this wine, we were afterwards told, is, in fact, imported into England, having first been disguised and adulterated by the French dealers, and called Bordeaux or Burgundy. Pure, however, as we drank it at Pesth and in Servia, such a wine would, I imagine, speedily become a favourite drink at our English tables.

Believing, without taking the trouble to make much inquiry, that we could reach Semlin immediately opposite Belgrade before daybreak next morning, we left Pesth, by the steamboat of the Austrian Lloyds' Company, early on Saturday morning. In this expectation, however, we were disappointed; and it was not until between three and four o'clock on Sunday afternoon that we arrived at Semlin. For a little distance, after leaving Pesth, the right bank of the Danube is interesting and at particular spots very fine. The height on which the fortress of Buda is situated, and a still more commanding height a little below Buda, crowned with fortifications, and intended as a standing menace to Pesth, are all the more picturesque from contrast with the low grounds opposite. Our course now led us between some well-wooded islands, sufficiently diversified to make the scenery interesting; soon, however, this was exchanged for a broad stream, bounded on both sides by banks which were perfectly alike, very rich, covered with seemingly interminable forests of young trees gay with the light green foliage of spring, and fringed with margins of gigantic rushes, and lines of mud-banks in the foreground. Here and there we came upon a village, which as it was almost hidden behind the trees, and sunk below the level of the banks of the river, we should have passed without notice, except for the water-mills, which lie on the river and proclaim the fact of the existence of a village. This, and teams of thirty or forty horses, dragging a line of heavily laden barges against the stream, were almost the only

signs that the country in the neighbourhood of the river was inhabited. Belts of young oaks stretching to the water, with an occasional meadow coming to the river's edge, full of troops of half-wild horses, are pleasing enough in themselves; but where this kind of scenery extends without any great variety for two or three hundred miles, it becomes tedious and monotonous in the extreme.

The chief-cabin passengers on board of our steamboat consisted, with the exception of ourselves, of Hungarian ladies and gentlemen, and an Austrian officer going to Semlin with some troops. The costume of the Hungarian gentry is very graceful; the short black cloak, or else a tunic of the same colour, both richly embroidered, and the former ornamented invariably with a cord falling on the back, tightly-fitting pearl-grey pantaloons, and Hessian boots, make a very becoming and gentlemanly dress. The costume of the ladies, though perhaps less distinctive, is worn with equal taste. Indeed, no ladies appear more gracefully than those of Hungary, and their naturally fine and tall figures are set off by the seemingly unstudied, but becoming way in which they dress.

Our fore-cabin passengers were, of course, of a different class, and the dresses here were of a more motley character. We had taken on board at Pesth drafts from two or three Austrian and Hungarian regiments, proceeding to the garrison down the river; shepherds from Croatia and the Banat, some in tattered cloaks of blanket, others in huge jackets of sheep-skin made with

the fleece on the inside; traders from Belgrade and other parts of Servia, with their very picturesque national costume, half-Hungarian, half-Turkish; Greek sailors, Wallachian drovers, Bosnian and Bulgarian peasants—each class in a distinctive dress. Amongst these were sturdy men, with long black locks hanging down their necks, who spent the day in playing with their children, and who were waited on submissively by their wives; whilst, calm and indifferent amidst the Babel of voices and the confusion which reigned around, a Turk, bound to Constantinople, squatted on the deck and smoked his chiboque in peace. Every landing-place added to the variety of these deck passengers.

At dusk, on Saturday, when we hoped we were getting near to Semlin, the vessel's head was swung round, and, soon after sunset, we anchored for the night: with a river full of shallows, and a river-bank which possesses no very distinctive features, it is dangerous to allow the vessel to go on in the night-time. Next morning we passed the mouth of the Drave, and saw the frowning walls of Peterwarden, where the Italian prisoners are mostly confined; and, after a few more hours of a tedious passage, between three and four in the afternoon reached Semlin, the last town in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria, at which we were to stop. Here, again, our baggage was to be examined—why, it would be difficult to say, unless we could be suspected of carrying contraband out of Austria, as at Saltzburg we might have brought it in. Had we anything prohibited? was

demanded. I answered, "No." "Not any books?" Well, I had a few books—Ranke's "History of Servia," Bowring's "Servian Anthology," and a few others, which, with a Bible and Common Prayer-book, I had thrust into my portmanteau on leaving London. They were looked at, and, after due consideration, as became so weighty a matter, passed, and I was free to land at Semlin.

The care which the Austrian Government takes to prevent its subjects being corrupted by improper books is ludicrously great. For a long time "My Novel," by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, was a prohibited book in the territories of the Kaiser, because Dr. Riccabocca, one of the characters, is an Italian exile; and the novel was only removed from the "Index Expurgatorius" of Austria, and allowed to be read by the liege subjects of the Emperor, when the author had become Secretary of State in a Conservative administration, and there appeared some probability that Austria might require the support of the Cabinet of which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was a distinguished member. The censorship of the press, and the regulation of the post-office, are managed in such a way as to appear very capricious to those who suffer; people in all parts of Austria complain that they are allowed to receive English newspapers with some regularity for a few weeks, and are occasionally permitted to read articles which, at least by implication, are not complimentary to the government of the Emperor: when suddenly two or three numbers in succession are seized,

and when curiosity is whetted as to the kind of article or the scrap of news which has given alarm at Vienna, and a sight of the obnoxious newspaper has been with difficulty procured, it is oftentimes found that there was not a word which could have afforded any reason for the confiscation, but that this was done solely in exercise of the power which the very paternal Government chooses to exert, and in virtue of its solicitude to make its children feel that they are still in leading-strings and in the swaddling-bands of infancy, and watched over with tender and parental care.

Semlin, where we had now landed, stands immediately opposite Belgrade, and, like that city, is situated on the point of land at the junction of the Save with the Danube. The population of this part of Hungary is, for the most part, Servian; and the inhabitants, who are members of the orthodox or Eastern Church, are under the spiritual jurisdiction of the patriarch of Carlovitz, the metropolitan of those Servians who are resident in Austria. Many of the historic monuments, not only of the Servians, but of the Servian empire, such as it was in the days of Stephen Dushan, are in this part of Hungary; and when the yoke of the Ottoman power pressed heavily upon the people of Servia Proper, large numbers of the inhabitants fled from their oppressors, and settled amongst their brethren on the north bank of the Save. At the close of the seventeenth century six and thirty thousand families emigrated with the patriarch of Servia, and this number was afterwards largely increased by those who fled from their local

tyrants and from some act of temporary oppression. For a long time direct inducements were held out by Austria to these emigrants, in the shape of advantages such as grants of land and freedom from all taxation, and stipulations securing the freedom of religious worship under the government of their own bishops, and in accordance with the rites of the orthodox Church. By such means as these Sclavonia was filled with its present Servian population.

The town of Semlin derives all its importance from its nearness to Belgrade; the siege of which fortress has secured to its Austrian neighbour the notice of history, whilst the quarantine establishment which formerly existed there in great rigour, the large garrison which is still maintained there, and the regulation which compels all passengers proceeding to Belgrade from the West to land at this place, secures to Semlin a certain amount of trade. For the convenience of traffic it has been built in the low grounds on the margin of the Danube, and, as a consequence, it is very unhealthy, and subject at all times to agues and fevers. The whole appearance of the town proclaims that it is one of the odds and ends of the Austrian empire, and strangely recalls to mind the rugged unoccupied ground which is found in the outskirts of a thriving and increasing town, or round an unfinished railway station. Acres of ground, half-flooded and patchy with pools of stagnant water; pollarded willows alternating with booths and small houses to the bank of the river; wooden guard-houses, rickety sentry-boxes, and little boarded and temporary huts for

Custom-house officers, pitched without order upon a bank of cinders and chips, interpose between the landing-place and the older part of the town, where the Turks, who for some time possessed Semlin, have left the traces of their occupation.

In the centre of the town is a square, consisting of a large pebble-paved space. On one side of this stands an inn. A church and parsonage, with low Turkish houses, consisting only of apartments on the ground-floor, with heavy far-projecting roofs of tiles and narrow-barred windows, occupy another side. Sheds for goods and cattle, and a long blank wall, with walnut-trees showing themselves above, fill up a third; whilst a shop or two jutting before, and trying to shut out of sight the cemetery upon the rising ground behind, make the fourth side. From this square small narrow lanes run in all directions.

As most travellers who are proceeding to Belgrade will be detained under one pretext or another in Semlin, and as the guide-book here begins to grow chary of information, let me add that "The Lion" inn will be found commodious, clean, and tolerable, to any one who is not unreasonably fastidious. The furniture is scanty, and the floors, of course, are bare of carpets; but this is very necessary, for most part of the year, in this climate. The ground-floor rooms consist of the bar, which opens into the travellers' common room, a small room where meat is hung and animals perhaps slaughtered, and a porter's lodge. The open space in the centre is full, if such a figure of speech be allowable, with dust

and the accumulated fragments of crockery. All this, however, is but of little moment to the traveller who has been accustomed to the want of accommodation, and to the dirtiness of an inn in the interior of Germany. At Semlin, as in Servia, to which it properly belongs, even though things be dingy and dusty, they are rarely unclean. The sleeping apartments are very fair; and I preserve a grateful memory of the good temper and obliging disposition of the Servian Dame Quickly who presides over this inn. I am not sure whether the town boasts of another inn of the size of this one; but whether this be so or not, if a traveller wishes to rest for the night, he will be able to do so at "The Lion."

After endeavouring to make up for the imperfect toilet of the last two days, I walked out to visit the Servian church of St. Nicholas, which stands near the square. On the west of this building is situated the ample parsonage attached to the church, and whilst looking at the tombs of one or two of the former priests who rest in the churchyard, one of the servants, and a bare-footed lad, who proved to be one of the children of the present priest, came and invited us to inspect the church. It is a plain building without much character, divided internally into sanctuary, choir, nave, and narthex, and having an external porch running half across the western front, the other half being occupied by a tower, the ground stage of which is a receptacle for wood and timber, whilst the upper part is a belfry having four bells. In the nave of the church a pulpit projects from the north wall, and is entered by stairs

made in the thickness of the wall. The ambo, which is of two steps, stands in front of the central door of the iconostasis, and is placed half on and half projecting before the line of separation between the choir and nave. The altar is of wood, and the font in the south-west corner of the narthex of copper. As in all Servian churches which have a narthex gallery, the one in this church is now unused for the purposes for which it was originally built, and was filled with school desks and lumber. On the altar stood two icons, that on the north side of St. Nicholas, the patron saint, and that on the south of our blessed Lord. But what struck me as most noteworthy about this church, was an iron cross fastened to the south wall of the church on the outside. It is some six feet in height, most beautifully foliated, and as it appeared to me, of very superior workmanship, and well worthy the attention of any one who may be staying at Semlin for a few hours. At the intersection of the arms of the cross with the upright is a small triptich, with figures of saints inside and outside; now, however, from exposure to the weather, almost entirely obliterated. The cross is most probably of Italian workmanship, and has no doubt been removed from the place for which it was made and in which it originally stood.

Next morning, being impatient to leave Semlin for Belgrade, we rose early with the hope of getting across by the first ferry-boat, but we found that it was a holiday, and were told that we could not cross. This was the more tantalising as the steamboats were taking their passengers on board, for places above and below

Belgrade, within the Austrian territory. In this strait we were told that we had better see the Platz commandant, without whose permission we could not leave the dominions of the Kaiser. On proceeding to his house we found that he was still in bed, and we had to wait until he could be seen. Having obtained an interview, the requisite permission was at length granted, and we now thought our difficulties at an end. On arriving, however, at the landing-place, we found that though the Platz commandant had full power to grant us permission to depart, yet that the scrupulous officer of Customs, in the absence of his superior, could not undertake to satisfy himself that the signature to our permit was really that of the Platz commandant. We had, therefore, to undertake a new journey to the house of the inspector of Austrian customs. He, like the Platzcommandant, was still slumbering in bed, and we had to await his rising. On seeing the document which we presented to him, he pronounced the signature to be the veritable production of the Platz commandant; but that though we had obtained the necessary permission, yet that it was of no avail, as no boat was crossing the Danube on that day. Seeing us somewhat annoyed at this news, the inspector, however, kindly offered to use his endeavours to procure us a boat, for which, however, on account of the circumstances, and in consideration of the day, we must, he informed us, pay rather highly. We refused to consider this an obstacle, and he undertook to procure us a boat, which, after waiting nearly another hour, was brought round to the landing-place.

It proved to be the boat of the inspector himself, and that he had been so long engaged in the difficult task of hiring himself to serve us. After a row of nearly three miles, the estimated distance between Semlin and Belgrade, across the Save, along two or three low marshy islands, half covered with water and brown sickly-looking grass, and dotted over with Austrian guard-houses, which are built on piles and ascended by a ladder, we at length found ourselves in front of the quay at Belgrade.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

BELGRADE—BEAUTY OF SITUATION—CITADEL—DRUSE PRISONERS—TURKISH PASHAS — GATES — CITY—WHARF — TURKISH SHOPS—MARKET—THE SAVE—SUBURBS.

FEW capital cities in Europe have a finer or, commercially speaking, a better situation than Belgrade. Its position on a kind of promontory at the junction of the Save and the Danube, gives it the command of the trade of both these important rivers; whilst the rising ground on which the city is built, which looks all the higher from the contrast which it presents to the long low banks which characterise the left or Hungarian side of both these rivers, adds greatly to its picturesque effect. The whole of the houses in the city, as they rise tier above tier, are seen at one view as the ground slopes upward from the Save on the west, or from the Danube on the east. The walls of these houses are almost invariably white, and the effect of this is heightened, and the houses are made to look all the whiter, from their standing out from amongst the green foliage of lilac, fig, walnut, chestnut, and other trees, which, as in all Oriental towns, surround many of the houses. These mingled rows of trees

and houses give the city an aspect of great beauty. The view which the eye rests upon on all sides, is, indeed, very pleasing and striking. The fortress with its large mosque, and the palace of the Pasha adjoining, comes first into sight; and then a little beyond the glacis, the tower of the cathedral, surmounted by its spire of chocolate colour and gold, situated on the highest ridge of the city, and looking down upon mosques and minarets, upon low, red-tiled, and quaint Turkish shops, and more ambitious German houses. From whatever quarter the traveller approaches Belgrade, the beauty of its situation is very impressive. Whether he is coming from Western Europe, and in descending the Save gets his first glimpse of the city from the west, or he is returning from the shores of Asia, and sees it first from its eastern side, he will equally own that its name Beogradȳ—the white fortress—has been appropriately given, and he will even acquiesce in the fitness of that form of its name, half corrupted and half translated, by which it is known to Western Europe, and which, by a curious but not infelicitous jumble of Latin and Sclavonic, typical of Servian history and character, has changed its native name into Belgrade—the beautiful fortress.

The city has been aptly likened by a recent traveller to a gigantic sea-turtle, to which, at least on the map, it bears a certain rude resemblance. Such quaint similitudes are like the memorial verses which are sometimes used to fasten facts and dates upon the mind. In the present case, the comparison will, perhaps, assist

the reader in understanding the topographical outline of the city. The extremity of the promontory on which the fortress stands, will be represented by the horny head of the animal; the desolate esplanade which stretches between and disconnects the fortress from the city, will correspond to the neck; whilst the city itself, sloping down on either side, from a central ridge, and channelled by narrow lanes running down to the banks of the two rivers on which it stands, will be represented by the shell of the turtle.

The treaty of Bucharest, which recognised the virtual independence of Servia, and regulated the annual amount of tribute which the principality was in future to pay to the Sultan of Turkey, stipulated that the seven fortresses of the country were to remain in the hands of the Sultan, and be garrisoned by a Turkish force. Of these seven places five are situated on the Save and the Danube, and two in the interior of the country, not far from the frontiers of Bosnia. Beyond the walls of these fortresses, the Porte possesses no authority, and both the law of Servia and an express firman of the Sultan prohibit Mussulmans from holding landed property in any other part of the country. Of these seven towns the only one which possesses a fortress of any real strength is Belgrade; and the care with which the external works of this fortress are maintained, shows the importance attached to it by the government of Turkey. The citadel is particularly formidable on the water-front and on its eastern side, and presents a singular mixture of military architecture and works in

use in the ancient and modern systems of fortification.

On the land side, the fortress looks down upon a dreary esplanade, where, within the memory of many of the present inhabitants of Belgrade, scores of patriots were impaled, and their bodies left to moulder and pollute the air. This esplanade has been the scene of many a sanguinary conflict between the Turk and Austrian in the various sieges of Belgrade, as well as between Moslem masters and Servian subjects in the struggle for independence. The blood, however, which has been so lavishly poured out upon this small spot of ground, has had no power to fertilise the soil, for grass of a browner tint and a more doubtful vitality cannot be found. One part of the esplanade has been lately taken by the Turks for the purpose of a cemetery, and is now rugged with graves scooped out of the few inches of earth which make up the scanty soil. The only redeeming feature of this arid and dusty waste is, that it commands a magnificent view of both rivers; and with due care, and in the hands of other masters than the Turks, will no doubt become a great ornament to the city.

But if the fortress is thus dingy on the outside, in the inside it is desolate, ruinous, and very dirty. Indeed, the only building which appears to be in good repair is the Pasha's palace, which stands on the highest piece of ground in the citadel, and overlooks the two rivers; and the only pleasant and shady spot on the dreary rock is the garden which surrounds

the palace. Near the residence of the Pasha stands the principal mosque of Belgrade. It is appropriated to the use of the soldiers of the garrison, but is in very bad repair, the plaster having peeled off in large masses from the body of the building, as well as from the minaret by its side. Internally, the whole building is as ruinous as on the outside. Close to the gate which leads into the square stands a tomb, which a former pasha erected to the memory of his daughter, who has the reputation of a saint amongst the Turks. The tomb itself stands in a small apartment with glazed windows; and half a dozen wreaths of flowers strewed on the floor or hanging over the tomb, carried the imagination back to Père la Chaise, and the jet-black immortelles of a French cemetery. Round this and a second quadrangle are barracks for the accommodation of about four thousand men, and in a low irregular building in the main square are, at this moment, confined three hundred and sixty Druse prisoners. Their numbers, however, are fast diminishing: a cheerless fortress, a black hole almost as bad as that of Calcutta, and a sun at times hardly less powerful, are converting their sentence of imprisonment into one of death.

However strongly our sympathies are called forth for the suffering Christians of the Lebanon, I confess that the treatment which the Druse chieftains have received has always appeared a shocking instance of the capricious tyranny and injustice which are found throughout Turkey. These chieftains have but too faithfully complied with the traditions of their country and with the

barbarous instigation of the Government, and it is hard that their fidelity should be rewarded with the cruel punishment which they are now suffering merely to enable that same Government to set itself right in the eyes of Christian Europe. Had it not been for the interference of England and France, it cannot be doubted but that the murder of the Maronite Christians would have been tacitly approved or even actually rewarded by the Porte; but the authorities which at first prompted and then connived at the massacré of the Christians, have been allowed to purge themselves by visiting the consequences of their sin upon the heads of the instruments of the wrong. Turkey is governed not by acts of parliament, nor even by the hatti-cherifs and firmans of the Porte, nor by treaties made with foreign powers, but by public opinion and the Koran; and so long as the Koran, which is the very foundation of all authority in Turkey, prescribes or encourages acts of outrage towards unbelievers, it is hard that obedience to its dictates should, in order to satisfy the Western powers, subject men to the cruel and continuous torture under which the Druse chieftains are at this moment groaning and dying.

The government of five of the six fortresses which have been reserved by treaty to the Turks, together with the diplomatic intercourse with the Servian authorities, is at present divided between two Pashas, one of whom, Achir Pasha, possesses the chief rank and authority, and resides in the palace within the fortress of Belgrade. To him is intrusted the conduct of the

civil affairs of the pachilate. A second and subordinate Pasha, Ethem, has the responsibility of all military affairs within the same jurisdiction, and the actual command of the garrisons. The salary of each of these Pashas is said not to exceed 2,000*l.* per annum. This is a great falling off from the time when the Pasha who ruled within the walls of the citadel was of three tails, and drew 8,000*l.* a year from the Turkish treasury. The present chief Pasha of Belgrade has bowed to the stern necessities of the times, and to the spirit of economy which has even reached Constantinople; and since 2,000*l.* a year is clearly not enough for the expenses of the Hareem as it existed in the palmy days of Mahommetan power, Achir Pasha has retrenched all superfluous expenses, and contents himself with one wife.

The fortress of Belgrade is at present garrisoned by about four thousand men. These soldiers are mostly drawn from the provinces of Macedonia and Bosnia. In case of war, however, with Servia, every Turkish shopkeeper living in the town is bound to serve in the castle as an artilleryman, and a small yearly payment is made to him as a retaining fee for his services. The whole yearly expenses of the fortress are estimated not to exceed 200,000*l.* sterling. The treaty under which the Turks were allowed to return to Servia, and to re-occupy the fortresses, has already given rise to serious complications. By this treaty their presence was limited to certain citadels, but in Belgrade, in addition to the fortress, half the present city has been claimed by the Turks, and is inhabited

by them. The city of Belgrade, it was contended by the Turks, was once included within the walls of some kind of a fortification; and though it was clearly not the intention of those powers who guaranteed the observance of the treaty to transfer the city of Belgrade itself to the Turks, yet they have advantaged themselves of the jealousy of the Western powers, and have contrived to maintain their ground here.

The only vestiges of any former fortification of the city consist of four dilapidated gates, the remains of some earthen entrenchment, the lines of which are barely traceable here and there, together with a ditch, still partly palisaded. So greatly, however, has the city extended itself since its delivery from Turkish rule, that the principal gate of the old city now stands in the centre of Belgrade. The name of this portal, which is called the gate of Constantinople, raises expectations of grandeur in the mind of the traveller, not destined, however, to be realized, since there are no vestiges of even former greatness in the ruinous arch, half stone, half plaster and mud, under which he will walk into the city, and which is tenanted by industrious Turkish cobblers, with a strange assortment of second-hand shoes, European and Asiatic; three or four lounging sentinels, looking sullen and uncomfortable in their ill-made and ill-fitting Frankish coats and trousers; together with a swarm of martins and house-swallows, whose nests, grey with age, and telling of a long, uninterrupted possession by many generations of birds, hang in clusters under every projection of the gateway.

This is the only gateway at which any show of defence is kept up; the others are fast mouldering, and parts of them are washed away by every shower of rain: the gates indeed are still remaining, and are partly hanging to the hinges, but the wood is too rotten, and the hinges too weak, to allow of the gates being closed. Indeed, the whole structure—mud, archway, and wooden gates—will probably be removed in a very few years, and be replaced by dwelling-houses. All within the bounds of the ancient city is still, however, reckoned, at least by the Turks, as a part of the empire, though it is properly no longer under Turkish rule, and they are naturally strenuous in their opposition at the removal of any token of even a disputed right. In this state of uncertainty, a guard, composed of equal numbers of Mussulman soldiers and of Servian police, makes its nightly round, and reminds the traveller of the divided nature of that authority which temporarily, at least, directs the government of Servia.

Formerly, the Turkish quarter of the city was exclusively occupied by Mahometans. Adjoining this is still a quarter which custom, if not right, has appropriated for the residence of the Jews, and near this another quarter less sharply defined yet still distinct from the rest, in which the gipsies, who are a very numerous and important class in Servia, "most do congregate." The Turkish quarter of the city, however, is daily contracting its limits. From one cause or another, but chiefly from the poverty and decay of those who were once lords of the soil, one site after another is being

sold, when the ground is immediately cleared of the ricketty tenements which have covered it for the last two or three centuries; and the little Turkish stalls are replaced by more stately shops, dwelling-houses, and warehouses of the ordinary German type. The low one-storied house, such as is met with so commonly throughout the dominions of the Turk, and is still the characteristic of the Mussulman quarter of Belgrade, is now everywhere within the city looked down upon by ambitious houses of three or four stories, with white or green venetian blinds to the windows. At the present moment, some twenty or thirty houses of this kind are rising from the midst of the Turkish houses, and in a very few years, unless anything should occur in the meantime to interrupt the material progress of Servia, the Turkish quarter, with its tiny shops and its listless sleeping tenants, will be numbered amongst the things that were. All this is looked upon by the Turk as inevitable and felt to be his destiny, and hence, whilst he resignedly submits to the course of events, he is growing less and less careful to cling to that property which he knows he must lose in a few years. Indeed, he is at present chained to the spot, and compelled to live amongst the encroachments of Christian civilization, not of his own will, but by the policy of the Government at Constantinople. Every shopkeeper throughout Servia is considered a member of the Turkish militia, and bound to act as an artilleryman whenever needed; and as the Porte has never relinquished the hope of again reducing Servia and the other Christian princi-

palities of the Danube under the yoke which formerly galled them into rebellion, these Mahometan traders are compelled to remain at their posts, not for the purpose of trade, but in order to line the walls of the fortresses, whenever the Sultan shall think fit to make an assault upon the hardly-extorted liberties of the Christians.

When I landed on the quay at Belgrade, the mixture of Oriental and Western life appeared very singular. There were plenty of sights and sounds to assure me that I was not in a wholly Mahometan country, mingled with others that told me that, at least, I was in an outpost of the Turkish empire. Servian gendarmes were standing in front of the custom-house, with notions about passports borrowed from their Austrian neighbours; smart carriages from Pesth were waiting for the permit of the authorities of the custom-house; whilst amidst the hubbub and bustle of German engineers, Bosnian and Albanian traders, Dalmatian and Servian sailors, two or three vacant-eyed listless Turkish porters were waiting to be hired if it pleased any passenger to do so: they could scarcely be said to be doing anything so active as plying for hire. These remains of the soldiers who overturned the Eastern Empire, and were for ages the terror of all Europe, were stretched out on the heaps of goods which lay upon the wharf in torn jackets and tattered turbans, which had evidently once—but that a long time ago—been white. A few years since, as I am told, the wearers of turbans predominated at the water-side, and on the rivers the boatmen who wore the Turkish dress

outnumbered those of any other nation. But all this has passed away for ever. A few Mussulmans still earn a scanty living by serving as porters or boatmen at the water-side, but these diminish in number every day, and their place is being supplied by a motley crowd, drawn from the nations and tribes in the neighbourhood of the Danube. Few Servians take to this kind of life. The population of Servia is at present too scanty to compel its inhabitants to betake themselves to any kind of drudgery which is not congenial to their inclinations. They are industrious agriculturists, successful traders, and thriving shopkeepers; but they rarely become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and, at least, in the towns situated upon the banks of the Danube, never domestic servants. This necessary class is recruited from Germany, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Wallachia. The drivers of waggons are almost always Wallachians, the coachmen Hungarians, and the cooks are imported from Germany.

Having satisfied the authorities of the regularity of our passports from Austria, we walked from the water-side to our hotel up a flight of steps, built at the expense of the reigning prince, passing through narrow streets of Turkish shops—which are nothing but open stalls—having their owners stretched at full length on the shop-board, or seated cross-legged, gravely smoking the chibouque. Some were employed in botching antique oriental saddles, or stitching leather girdles with gay and variegated thread. Others, again, were making slippers, or working as tailors, whilst in the

recesses of several other shops the owners were plying their trade of the barber. Every third or fourth shop was devoted to the sale of tobacco or of fire-arms, two descriptions of goods which appeared in equal demand. Here, dangling in front of these stalls, were muskets of every conceivable form, and of every age, from the first rude attempt at a flint lock to the last improved Enfield rifle, together with bayonets of every pattern in use throughout Europe, presents from half a dozen European powers, plunder of the battle-field, and gleanings after a retreat. Many of them, no doubt, had done service on the fields of Alma and of Inkerman, and might yet be used against the mountaineers of Montenegro or the Herzegovina. Intermingled with these stalls were the frequently recurring coffee-shop, with its glazed front, from behind which came the sound of gipsy songs and the noise of the tambourine. The stalls of the Albanian butchers usually occupied the corners of the street, and were furnished for the most part with a carcase and a couple of kid skins, the latter hung up at once as a sign of what might be purchased within, and as a testimony, not altogether unnecessary, of the species of the animal exposed for sale. Together with these were one or two suspicious, not to say repulsive-looking joints of the smallest mutton—or at least meat of some kind—that I had ever seen.

Behind all these shops ran narrow and quiet lanes of mud walls, sun-baked and, like all things in the Turkish quarter, ruinous. The walls inclose little gardens, where the families of the shopkeepers enjoy

that privacy which is dear to the Oriental, and that luxury of shade which is necessary to his comfort during the summer heats of this climate. Here and there the monotony of the long line of mud wall is broken by a fountain—as a stone, some three or four feet square, with a little stream of water issuing from the centre of it, is called—and occasionally by a mosque, with its graceful minarets half stripped of its plaster, and looking as squalid and dilapidated as the rest of the buildings in that quarter. In these quiet lanes the traveller will get occasional glimpses of those ghost-like figures, Turkish women, tumbling awkwardly along, and enveloped from head to foot in white linen, except where a space of a few inches is left for the eyes. In the main streets, as we passed along, we had to thread our way through swarms of children of all ages. Here were younglings of a few months old, left by their parents, with perfect confidence, to forage for themselves, and crawling on all-fours between the feet of the passengers to the common goal of all, the gutter, in the middle of the street. Others were making their first tottering attempts at walking, and steadying themselves by clinging to the walls of the houses, whilst mingled with these were older children, importunate for piastres, and in more than one sense veritable Arabs of the streets.

Across this busy quarter runs a street which bears the German name of the *Lange Gasse*, in which are the ruins of what is called Prince Eugene's Palace, from an absurd tradition that the building was not only occupied

by him, but that it was erected by his direction after the capture of Belgrade by the Austrians in 1717. The lower story of this ruin, however, presents such undoubted traces of early Servian, if not of late Roman work, that the fiction which would attribute the erection of the palace to so late a period as the time of the Turkish occupation, may be dismissed as utterly unworthy of a moment's credence. The ruins are now made use of for a cattle-shed, and as a receptacle for miscellaneous lumber; and when we saw it, the stack of chimneys which rises above the walls was surmounted by a stork's nest, in which the parent bird was standing erect in the quiet meditative attitude which is characteristic of this bird.

In the centre of the old part of the city is a large desolate square, in which the daily market is held. This piece of ground was formerly a Turkish cemetery, and it is still crossed in every direction by the narrow-paved pathways which are usually found in such places. Though the Turks see it used in this very secular way every morning, yet the attempt of the Servian Government to have the whole of it inclosed and planted so as to become ornamental to the city, has been successfully resisted because of the former use to which it had been put. The Turkish houses have almost all disappeared from this part of the city. An unfinished palace—for this is the only name by which it can be called—built by a wealthy salt-merchant, whose family occupy a less ambitious but spacious house adjoining, and a dirty second-rate German hotel,

"The Crown," are the chief buildings on one side of the square. On the opposite side is an old Turkish building, now occupied by the Servian Government as a police-station, flanked on one side by a large Turkish guard-house, some barracks, and a fine mosque, whilst on the other side is a small cemetery, in which stands the residence of a wheeling dervish, who every Friday, the Mussulmans' Sabbath, performs his gyrations in the market-place.

The chief market in Belgrade is held in this place, and appears to be well supplied with goods; as I passed through it, I saw charcoal for sale, various kinds of grain, wheat, oats, millet, and maize, together with young gooseberries, cherries, potatoes, onions, haricot-beans, garlick and dried herbs, rock-salt, milk, cream, flour, butter, eggs, cheese, as well as horses, sheep, goats, and cows, together with long tubs or, more frequently, skins of wine. Here, early in the morning, the stranger will have a good opportunity of studying the national costume. Customers of all kinds attend the market, from the lady in her expensive dress of velvet and silk, to the servant in her cotton gown. Mingled with these are market-women, with the ordinary head-dress, a yellow kerchief, or the moon-shaped head-dress, with its fall of the same colour pendant to the waist behind. Gipsy-women, with their Egyptian faces and dresses of the same pattern which are seen in the tombs of old Thebes, and Wallachian and Servian peasants, with little more covering than a linen tunic, or petticoat, according to the sex of

the owners, but varied in colour and ornament according to the district from which the wearers had come.

Beyond this old quarter, in which the Servian element is every day increasing, and outside the gates, the city is exclusively tenanted by Servians, though a ruinous and deserted mosque still remaining near the hay and wood-market reminds us of the time when the Turks were masters of the whole of the city, and ruled over the whole country. This mosque was entered by some of the soldiers of Kara George at the capture of Belgrade, during the War of Independence, and has been, for that reason and from that time, abandoned by the Turks; and since they are no longer permitted to reside in this part of the city, it is now going fast to decay. On all sides from this point stretches the new or Servian city, and here, in handsome houses, live the ministers of state, the chief senators, and the officers of the Government. Here also are most of the public buildings and Government establishments. Within a circle of a few hundred yards are the palace of the prince, with the residence of the British consul immediately opposite; the Senate-house, the military school and hospital, together with the offices of the ministers for foreign affairs, for war, and for ecclesiastical purposes.

The view of the river from this quarter of the city, which overlooks the Save, is of the most charming kind. The clear atmosphere enables the eye to take in a most extended prospect, and as you look upon it from the windows or gardens of the houses, it re-

quires some effort to remember that you are not looking upon a picture in which the greatest distances are brought near to the eye. The view, indeed, is more like a clear, sharp piece of photography than anything which we are accustomed to see in our more misty climate. The foreground is occupied with Turkish houses of the better class of building, with their heavy, open galleries and projecting roofs peeping out of lines of acacias and walnut-trees, and beyond that a still river, in which everything on the land is faithfully repeated. The water is fringed on the one side by a very fertile strip of meadow-ground, and on the other by a well-wooded rising bank, whilst its surface is dotted over with long low islets covered with willow, oak, and ash, with sweet-scented shrubs and the greenest of all swards, reflected with the most perfect fidelity in the placid mirror of the river, where—

> "Each tree seems double—
> Tree and shadow."

For quiet beauty, I know no river-scenery that exceeds the Savè.

The suburbs of Belgrade, in the direction of the interior of the country, bring back to the mind the pictures and descriptions which we have of some of our own youthful and rising colonial cities, where the traveller steps at once from roughly-cultivated and pathless fields on to the street of a bustling and thriving town — where ambitious houses abut upon small cottages, each standing in the centre of a small allotment, and where the spaciousness of the roadway,

though suggestive of the future importance of the youthful city, contrasts strongly with the low fronts of most of the houses and the actual condition of the city itself. The wide boulevard, with the roadways laid out for streets, which at some future time are to intersect it at right angles, but which remain yet to be built, and the row of young chesnut-trees which mark the line of the future pavement, will, in the course of time, make an appropriate entrance to a great city. At present, the width of the paved road seems sadly out of proportion to the majority of the houses on either side. Every day, however, the small Servian cottage, with its walls of logs or of cob, and its roof of thatch or shingle, with a huge chimney of wood covering one-fourth of the whole surface of the roof, is giving place to houses of at least a second story and of more durable materials; so that when the present cottages have altogether disappeared, it will only require side pavements to make the entrance into Belgrade from the country as handsome as the approaches to any city in Europe. All these contrasts, however, are strictly in keeping with the history and present position of this rising country; and the low cottage, hastily constructed of wood or of some other common and inexpensive material, with its grim and squalid walls, and the uncomfortable bed of baked mud from which the traveller steps at once upon the broad pebble-paved road of the city, with a promising but certainly not a sheltering line of chesnut-twigs, which are to be trees at some time or another, is a material picture of the

resolute attempts at advancement to the level of the other cities of Europe which is being made by a people who have probably a great future before them, but who in reality escaped only thirty years since from the yoke of the Turk—who are continually menaced by their late master, and who have not yet lost all traces of past subjection or the memory of the atrocious cruelties which drove them, unaided by any Christian power, into what at first sight appeared the madness of their long war of independence.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MODERN SERVIAN CHURCHES—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MICHAEL, BELGRADE—THE ICONOSTASIS—ST. GEORGE'S DAY—VERNACULAR SERVICE—ORDINATION OF A PRIEST—BLESSING THE DISHES OF CORN—JEWISH CHARACTER OF SERVICE—INTERVIEW WITH THE ARCHBISHOP.

ON the same ridge on which the fortress is situated, and near to it, a little removed from the busiest part of the city, but in the old Turkish quarter, stands the Cathedral of Belgrade. It is not a church of any antiquity, since, like most of the churches in this country, its foundation dates only from the time of the deliverance of Servia from the Turkish yoke. For the greater part of the time that Servia was an integral part of the Turkish empire, and was governed by pashas, it was unlawful for the Christians in any part of the country to meet for the purpose of divine service; and even in later times, when this law was somewhat relaxed, and the existence of a few mean churches, mostly in the interior of the country, was connived at, still the Christians were not allowed to make any outward and visible sign of assembling for public worship, and were strictly forbidden the use of bells to their churches. When, however, the victories, first of Kara George, and afterwards of Prince Milosh,

had freed the people from any future apprehension from the Turks, the liberty of worship was granted by express stipulation throughout the country. Then it was that large churches, mostly of brick covered with plaster, were built in all the larger towns and villages. The cathedrals of Belgrade and of Schabatz, and the large parish church at Semandria, were all built as soon as it was possible to do so, and all within the last thirty years. Unfortunately, the haste with which they were erected is evident in their present condition. The three churches just named all show signs of their faulty construction; and from the large cracks and rents which are visible in the walls and roofs of all of them, it is more than probable that in a few years they will either fall to the ground or have to be taken down.

The cathedral of Belgrade, the metropolitan church of Servia, which is dedicated in memory of the Archangel Michael, is from ninety to a hundred feet in length, and has a very close resemblance to many of the churches which were built in our own towns in the days when Sir John Soane was reckoned an authority on church-building, and when Wyattville and Nash were the fashionable architects. At the west end it has a well-proportioned tower, surmounted by a bulbous spire of the type so common in Germany. The latter is painted of a chocolate colour, relieved with gilding and set off with wreaths of flowers, urns, cornucopias, and such-like classical ornaments, and is supported by, or at least surmounts, a frieze or tympanum with Ionic pilasters. The choir, which slightly projects beyond

the line of the rest of the church, makes the building transeptal, and, as in all churches of the Greek rite, the east end terminates in an apex. Though there is little beauty in the exterior of the building, yet the situation of the cathedral is very striking; and its height, towering as it does above the mosques and minarets, and overtopping all other buildings in the city, makes it the most conspicuous object which meets the eye of the traveller as he approaches Belgrade. In the interior the arrangements are those which are usually met with in the churches throughout the East.

The cathedral is divided into the sanctuary, which is cut off from the rest of the building, and hidden from the attendants of public worship by the iconostasis; the choir, which is set apart for the singers; the nave, where the men present at the service stand, and which, in this cathedral, is sunk one step below the choir to the east and the narthex to the west; a double narthex, which is reserved for the women, and an internal porch running the whole way across the building. Over the western narthex is a gallery, of which no use seems to be made. It was in former times occupied by the women, but these, as I have just said, now stand below. The iconostasis in an Eastern church takes, in some sort, the place of the chancel-rail which, in the churches of Western Europe, divides the sanctuary from the choir. Instead, however, of being a mere rail, as with us, it is a partition sometimes running to the roof, and almost always reaching two-thirds of the way to it. In this screen or partition are three door-

ways, generally with a low door to each, and usually with a veil in addition. Within this space stands the altar, which is nearly square, and behind it the seat of the archbishop. On the north side are the credence-table, aumbry, and piscina; and on the south is the cupboard for the vestments, and shelves containing the library of the church.

The iconostasis of the cathedral of Belgrade is a fair specimen of the usual form and decoration of an iconostasis, and a description may give some idea of this essential feature in every Eastern church, and save the necessity of my saying more about it when speaking of other churches. It consists of a wooden partition set off and divided into seven spaces by two rows of Corinthian columns richly painted and gilded, and adorned with paintings of a German rather than of a Byzantine type. In the upper tier is a series of scenes from the life of our Blessed Lord. These are—(1) Christ with the doctors in the Temple; (2) The adoration of the shepherds; (3) The circumcision and presentation in the Temple; (4) The Resurrection; (5) The Baptism of Christ; (6) The Transfiguration; (7) The Ascension. The lower tier is decorated with figures, which are those of—(1) The archangel Michael; (2) The Blessed Virgin; (3) Our Blessed Lord; (4) St. John the Baptist. The remaining three spaces are occupied by the three doors of the iconostasis. Before the iconostasis, fourteen silver lamps are suspended from the ceiling in two rows. In less important churches, seven lamps is the usual number that will be found,

and in poor and rural churches this dwindles often to a solitary lamp.

Outside the iconostasis, in the north and south walls, are recesses for the choir, with paintings of David and Isaiah; whilst immediately in front of the iconostasis are fixed two large standard candlesticks of brass, with spikes on the rim of the bowl for the insertion of smaller candles, offered usually in fulfilment of a vow, or on the great feast-days of the Church. From the north wall of the choir projects an half-octagonal wooden pulpit; this is reached by stairs inserted in the thickness of the wall. Directly opposite, by the south wall of the choir, are stalls for the archbishop and prince, and adjoining the latter, but standing in the nave, and not in the choir, like the others, one for the princess. These stalls are decorated respectively with a painting of the sainted Archbishop Sava, of a king, and of the Blessed Virgin. A little in front of the central door of the iconostasis, is the ambo from which the Gospel is read to the people. This is a round stone of one, two, or three steps, the number being apparently regulated according to the dignity of the church. In this cathedral, it is of three steps. The nave, immediately to the west of the choir, and, as I have before said, sunk one step below it, is entirely bare of seats of any kind. The only support for tired worshippers—and the services of the Greek Church are very tiring—is from a kind of miserere stalls placed against the walls and pillars round three sides of the nave. Again, to the west of the nave, is

the narthex, in which the women stand during the service. Beyond this is a second narthex, in which is the font, made of the common brown marble of the country, and still beyond this the porch of the church.

The 5th of May, according to the calendar of the Western Church, but only the 23d of April, according to the reckoning of the Eastern Church, which is twelve days behind the rest of Christendom, is the feast-day of St. George, one of the most popular saints in the orthodox communion. Throughout Servia this day is observed as the chief gala day in the year; and occurring as it does in the opening days of spring, the observances are of the most festive kind. Many a graceful custom indeed of the old heathen times still lingers in the rites by which this day is celebrated; and the Christian peasant, unsuspicious of their source, uses on this occasion the symbolic forms of the worship of nature which has now lost all significance. It is, in fact, the May-day and the St. Valentine's-day of England, with their respective rites, which we have borrowed mostly from heathenism, united into one, and mingled with devout customs, which have sprung up since the conversion of these nations to Christianity.*

These saints' days of the Eastern Church, however, assume an importance over and above their character as holidays, when labour is universally put aside, and the people give themselves over to joy and recreation. To the observance of these days, Ricaut attributes, in a great measure, the preservation of the Christianity of

* See Ranke's History of Servia, Chapter IV.

these nations during the times of Ottoman rule. They were days in which the faith of the down-trodden people of Servia and of Roumelia was reanimated by the direct teaching of their priests—by the symbolic instruction of the rites of religion, and by communion with each other. Those who, under the influence of fear or the seductions of interest, had relapsed to the creed of their rulers, were oftentimes reclaimed from Mahometanism by the tenacity with which they clung to the feast-days of the Church. At the present moment the fidelity of the Albanians, and those Bosnians who have become Mussulmans, is doubted throughout the East, from the fact that, mingled with the Mahometan faith, they have still retained the observance of many of the feast-days of the orthodox Church.

On the morning of St. George's-day I was awakened very early by the more than usual bustle in the streets, and by the noise of the bells of the cathedral, calling people to an early service. As, however, I had been informed the evening before, that the archbishop himself would be present at the Communion office, which would commence at eight o'clock in the morning, I waited until that hour. When I arrived at the cathedral, the service had not commenced, although the church was already three parts filled, and mostly by men. These were of all classes, from the minister of state to the labourer, standing side by side without distinction in that house where all distinctions should end. The space allotted to women in the narthex is, in all churches, small compared with that in the nave,

which is reserved exclusively for the men. In some of our churches, especially in the country parts of England, we find this custom of the men and women being placed apart still retained. With us, however, the division is a longitudinal one; and if the men are seated on the north side, the women are placed on the south. In the Eastern Church, the rule of the division of the sexes is rigidly observed, but with these differences, that, instead of sitting, all the worshippers stand, and, in place of the different sexes occupying the north and south, they stand west and east. Almost every one, however, whether man or woman, on entering the church, goes to a little moveable sloping desk, which is, at the time of service, placed in the centre of the nave, and on which two paintings or icons are placed —one of the patron-saint to whose honour the church is dedicated, and the other of our crucified or risen Lord. One of these, or sometimes both, are reverently kissed, and a small offering deposited on the table, or dropped into the alms-chest within. This, together with a cross made upon the forehead, is the act of devotion on entering a church. On this occasion a priest, who stood at the desk (*phekonastasse*), anointed every one who presented himself with holy oil, signing him with a cross, and using for that purpose a small silver stylus.

Soon after I had arrived the archbishop came into the church, attended by five or six priests in copes, and vested in their other sacerdotal garments, and by the Bishops of Tchatchat and Negotin, who, however, wore

their ordinary dress, and dark cloaks with a priest's hat, from which hung a black veil. These two took their places in the choir-stalls on the south side of the cathedral. The rest of the attendants of the archbishop went with him to the phekonastasse, where, having taken the stylus from the hand of the priest, he first signed himself, and then the attendant priests and deacons, with the cross on the forehead. Then, going into the sanctuary with his attendants, he was vested in his episcopal robes, the whole of which was covered with a cope consisting almost entirely of cloth of gold; together with this, a bonnet was placed on his head, such as we see in representations of the Jewish high priest, resplendent with precious stones, and surmounted by a large emerald cross. Prince Michel was present, attended by the Minister of Police and by his aides-de-camp, who stood in the crowd with the rest of the people. The whole service, as in all the Servian churches, was in old Sclavonic, which is, in fact, the archaic form of the vernacular, and the parent of the language at present spoken in Servia. From its close resemblance to the modern Servian, and it may be from long usage, this ecclesiastical language is pretty generally understood by the people, the great mass of whom joined in the suffrages and hymns, and chanted their part throughout the service. The language was entirely new to me, and the office—that of St. John Chrysostom—in a great measure so. As is the custom throughout the Eastern Church, part of the service was chanted within, and other portions outside the iconostasis. The

epistle and gospel were read by two deacons from the ambo in the choir.

During the whole of the service, six boys with cassocks of red-printed calico, ornamented with a green cross, stood near the central door of the sanctuary, each of them holding a small standard; four others, in linen surplices with a red cross, held tapers, which were extinguished and relighted several times at various parts of the service. The whole church, indeed, was full of the lights of candles, though the effect of all this blaze was, in a great measure, lost in the glare of the day. Outside the sanctuary two large wax candles had been lighted before the service began, and continued lighted until the close. Round the rim of each of the large standard candlesticks which contained these greater lights, as many long votive tapers were blazing as could be stuck into the spikes made for that purpose. On the ground were some forty or fifty candles. The glass chandeliers again, which hung from the roof, were each of them a pyramid of lighted candles, whilst, on the altar within the iconostasis, stood, on the north side, two wax tapers bound together with ribbon, emblematic of the divine and human natures of Him who is "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" and, on the south side, three wax tapers bound in the same way together, and typical of the Triune Godhead. These lights were taken from the altar, and handed to the archbishop when he was about to bless the assembled people.

During the first Communion office, the deacon, who

had just read the gospel, was ordained priest. This, of course, took place within the iconostasis, and a part of the office was used with the door closed and the veil down, so that a portion only of the solemnity was seen by the congregation. Two priests, each of them holding a hand of the candidate for the priesthood, presented him to the archbishop, who was seated at the north corner of the altar. The attendant priests did not join with the archbishop in laying their hands upon the head of the deacon as with us: this, according to the directions of the Greek ordinal, was the act of the archbishop alone. After his ordination, the stole of the deacon was taken from the neck of the newly ordained priest, and for it the Epitrahil, or priest's stole, was substituted. He was then vested in the chasuble (*phelon*), and cincture (*payasse*), and maniples (*epimanikia*), and was then led by the same priest who had presented him to the archbishop four times round the altar. At the corners of the altar are always placed the emblems of the four Evangelists, and these as he passed he reverently kissed, in token of his obligation to teach and to preach the truths contained in their writings. As he passed in front of the archbishop, who remained seated, the newly-made priest knelt. When he had gone round the altar the prescribed number of times, he then took his place with the remainder of his brethren, and joined with them in the service assigned to the priests.

Whilst the service of the Holy Communion was going on, dishes of baked corn were brought in from time to

time covered with white sugar, and ornamented with various devices made with coloured comfits. In the centre of each of these dishes a lighted candle was stuck, and the whole, to the number of some forty or fifty, were placed on the floor of the choir on either side of the ambo. At the end of the service of the Mass, these dishes were blessed by the archbishop, and were then removed by their respective owners. These make an important figure on the table at the evening meal of the households by whom they have been sent. Some persons, in place of dishes of corn, brought a loaf into the church for the same purpose.

The whole of this accumulation of services, which had lasted upwards of two hours, was brought to an end by the archbishop's benediction of the people, and by the distribution of a small piece of holy bread to all who desired to receive it.

The whole ceremonial, not only in its broader features, but down to the minuter details, appeared to me essentially Jewish. Let it not be for a moment supposed that I use this word in disparagement of the ceremonial. This linking together of type and antitype, of promise and fulfilment, seems to me to invest the services of the orthodox Church with a peculiar solemnity. It was as though the unvarying East had retained so much of the services of the elder Church as could be made applicable to Christian worship, and had thus restored to them their full and spiritual meaning. This was so much the case that as I stood in the cathedral of Belgrade, with the myriad lights blazing around,

and listened to the full choir chanting antiphonally, whilst the people answered in responsive chorus, using the self-same music which may still be heard in the Jewish synagogue; and whilst with the voices of the people, clouds of incense symbolizing "the prayers of the saints," rose within and without the door of the sanctuary, with its veil of scarlet covering the way to the Holy of Holies, I seemed to be standing within that older temple at Jerusalem, and listening to the music which, at least, from the time of David, has been the sacred heritage of God's Church. This illusion was completed when I saw before me the tall form of the priests, clothed in flowing oriental garments, full-bearded, and with heads as guiltless of the razor as the Nazarites of old. And if the sound of the Gospel, and the name of the Redeemer of mankind, and the sight of the Cross borne aloft, as in triumph before the archbishop, reminded me that I was in a Christian temple, it recalled, at the same time, to my mind the fact that Christianity is the fulfilment, not the destruction, of the old law, and that the new temple of the Catholic Church is but the old temple of Moses and of the prophets, made more glorious than before "by reason of the glory that excelleth."

Two days after my arrival at Belgrade, I sent, through a Servian gentleman to whom I was afterwards indebted for many acts of kindness and for much valuable information on the state of the Church and also on the manners and customs of the Servian people, a letter to the archbishop, telling him that

I was a clergyman of the English Church staying at Belgrade, and intending to make a short visit into the interior of Servia, and that I should be glad to be allowed to pay my respects to him. I received immediately a message in answer to my letter, appointing the next day at eleven o'clock for an interview.

On calling with the same friend, who kindly acted as my interpreter on this and other occasions, we were shown into an ante-room, the floor of which, guiltless of any covering, was of polished wood inlaid. Everything about the apartment denoted great simplicity, and almost the only ornament was a portrait of the national Saint of Servia, the Prince-Archbishop Sava. A few minutes after our arrival, the archbishop entered, and invited us to follow him into an inner room, which, from its size and furniture, seemed to be a kind of State apartment. It was a long room, of some forty feet in length, with handsome but simple furniture, consisting chiefly of a large table, with chairs, and a couch or divan at one end, over which hung a painting of the Crucifixion.

The archbishop having taken his seat on the couch, invited me to take my place by his side. After the first formal words of introduction, he rang a bell, and a servant appeared with the usual tray of sweetmeats, in this instance guava jelly, and glasses of cold water, which were handed to us. The archbishop, who is the metropolitan of the Church in Servia, was about three years since elected to the see, having before that time been Bishop of Shabatz. He is still young for his

present post, being apparently about five-and-forty years of age, with a countenance of great gentleness and intelligence. His manners are very refined and agreeable, and his whole deportment is one of dignity befitting his position as the ruler of the Servian Church. I have rarely been so favourably impressed by any one in a short visit. On his head the archbishop had the usual high round hat which marks the ecclesiastical dignitary of the Eastern Church, and he wore a long black gown lined with purple, and confined at the waist by a broad girdle. On his breast hung suspended by a gold chain a pectoral cross of blue enamel, with a figure of our Blessed Lord on the Cross very beautifully painted. During the whole of my interview with him, he held in his hands the customary string of white beads of which use is made by all classes both here, and in other parts of the East, not so much as an object of religion, or an assistance in prayer, but merely as furnishing an occupation for the fingers. It is, in fact, used for much the same purpose as a piece of string or a scrap of paper is by our public speakers, as a material aid to their eloquence, or as an American is said to use his knife, and to whittle the chairs or tables instead of sitting entirely without occupation.

The archbishop began the conversation by telling me the great pleasure it gave him to receive the visit of an English clergyman, especially, as he had always regarded the Church of England with peculiar interest, and remembered how much the Eastern Church, both in the present day and at past times, had been in-

debted to the literary labours of English clergymen. Recently he had been reading, and that with great pleasure, the Lectures of Canon Stanley on the Eastern Church,* and was aware that Dr. Neale had written several works on the history and ritual of the same Church, though he had not, he regretted to say, been fortunate enough to meet with his writings. On my expressing a hope that the increasing knowledge which English Churchmen acquired of the orthodox Church might lead to a larger amount of intercourse and more outward unity, the archbishop replied, that a prayer for the unity of God's Church always made a part of his own daily devotions, and that he hoped in God's good time that this might be.

He then referred to the condition of the English Church, and showed his perfect acquaintance with its distinctive position with reference to the Protestant communities of the Continent, whether Calvinistic or Lutheran. After this he kindly answered a variety of questions on points about which I was desirous of obtaining information, and then made a number of minute inquiries as to the practical workings of the English Church, and as to various parts of our ordinal. These questions led to my asking him whether he had seen a copy of the English Book of Common Prayer; and on his saying that he

* I presume the Archbishop was referring to the notices and copious extracts which appeared in several Russian reviews and periodicals immediately after the publication of Dr. Stanley's book, as I believe this volume has not been translated, at least *in extenso*, into any of the seven languages spoken by the Archbishop Michel.

had not, and that his ignorance of our language had, he regretted, interposed a bar to the knowledge, I mentioned the existence of Latin, Greek, and German copies, instancing these languages as they were all spoken by him—indeed, at times our conversation had been in Latin, without the medium of an interpreter—and offered to send him a Latin copy on my return to London, an offer for which he was pleased to thank me. In the course of our conversation, it had been mentioned that I was contemplating an excursion into the interior, and that I hoped in a few days to visit Schabatz. On hearing this, the Archbishop kindly offered to give me a letter to the clergy, both monastic and parochial, as well as one to the Bishop of Schabatz. These documents were sent to me the same evening.

At the close of our interview, the Archbishop took me through the palace to the room where the diocesan and provincial synods are held, and explained to me the constitution of these councils, one of which was to be held in a few days. He then led me to his private chapel, which is a miniature church in the centre of the palace, and consists of a sanctuary and choir. On the iconostasis were figures of St. Simeon, the Blessed Virgin, our Blessed Lord, and a saint whose name has escaped me. The altar is of wood, without any footpace, nearly square, and about four feet on each side. Two candles stood on and at the back of the altar, and between them a crucifix of very superior workmanship. On the altar, as usual, were

copies of the Gospels and of the Encologion, and on the south side of it lay a priest's stole. This appears to be considered the proper place for the stole, as I noticed it lying on the south side of the altar, in several churches which I visited.

As the sanctuary, throughout the Orthodox Church, is specially reserved for the clergy, and others are not usually allowed to enter, I was not sure, therefore, whether the Archbishop would permit the priest of another Church to pass the iconostasis. He, however, led me round the altar, and pointed out to me the position of the furniture, the table of prothesis, and the piscina. In the body of the chapel are two seats, one for the prince, should he be present, and the other for the Archbishop himself. On our quitting the chapel we were again conducted into the ante-room which we had at first entered, and there, before leaving, the Archbishop gave me his benediction. Embracing me, and kissing me on the cheek, and then laying his hands on my head, he made the sign of the cross three times, and pronounced the solemn words of blessing. Then as I shook hands with him and prepared to retire, he again assured me in the same words which he had used at the beginning of my interview, that the visit of an English clergyman had given him great pleasure, and that he had always regarded with great interest the Church of which I was a minister.

I have dwelt upon this interview because the recollection of the kindness of the Archbishop is what I am not likely ever to forget; but I have done so not merely

for this personal reason. The reception and kindness was not personal. I bore no letter of introduction to the Metropolitan of Servia. I was welcomed by him, and the kindness which he showed me solely arose from the fact that I was an English clergyman.

In the evening after the interview, a sealed letter to the Bishop of Schabatz, with directions that in the event of his absence it was to be opened and attended to by the consistory of that diocese; and another, of which I give the translation, were sent to the hotel where I was staying.

"Mr. William Denton, an English clergyman, Vicar of the Church of St. Bartholomew, in the City of London, is at present travelling in the East to acquire a more perfect knowledge and information of the state of the Orthodox Church, and with this view is passing through our country, and is about to visit our monasteries.

"By this letter, which is given at his desire, I commend him to the clergy and the superiors of the monasteries throughout Servia, requesting them to receive him with Christian hospitality whenever he may visit them, and to give him, with all courtesy, and in the spirit of our holy orthodox faith, all the information in their power respecting the antiquities of our Church.

"The Archbishop of Belgrade,

"and

"Metropolitan of Servia,

"MICHEL."

At Belgrade, $\frac{18}{30}$ *April,* 1862.

*** On my return to England, the Bishop of London kindly addressed the following letter to the Archbishop of Belgrade. I am confident that the gratification with which I print it will be shared by all who read it.

"Archibaldus Episcopus Londinensis
Viro maxime Reverendo
Archiepiscopo de Belgrade,
Ecclesiæ in Serviâ Metropolitano,
S. D.

"Quum quidam ex hujusce Dioceseos Clericis, vir reverendus Gulielmus Denton, nuper ex Orientalibus Europæ partibus regressus, nos certiorem fecerit, te eo in Serviâ peregrinante comiter et benigne usum esse, statuimus tibi, Vir maxime reverende, gratias agere propter hanc tuam erga Ecclesiam Anglicanam et presbyterum nostrum benevolentiam.

"Hodie Londini ex omnibus fere orbis terrarum regionibus complures congregati sunt, artium liberalium amore incitati et studio pacis triumphos celebrandi. Nobis licebat, in hoc tot tamque variarum gentium cœtu, Deum opt. max. *precari* ut Christi Ecclesiæ partes diu sejunctas charitatis et veræ fidei vinculo constringat, et gregem tibi Frater commissum, plurima, eheu, per hos dies perpessum, abunde consoletur optimisque Spiritus Sancti donis perpetuo adornet. Vale, Frater, vivasque et Tu et Ecclesia tua.

"Ita precatur
"Frater tuus
"In Jesu Christo,
"ARCHIBALDUS LONDINENSIS."

"*Datum Fulhamiæ prope Londin.*
V *Kal. Sex.* MDCCCLXII."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ORTHODOX CHURCH—SERVIAN BISHOPRICS—NUMBER AND INCOME OF CLERGY — DIVISION OF DIOCESES — PAROCHIAL AND MONASTIC CLERGY — SERMONS — CATECHISM AND SCHOOLS — WALLACHIAN CHURCHES — SUNDAY — ST. MARK'S DAY — CEMETERY — DANCES — —BURIAL OF CHILD—DRESS OF WOMEN.

THE Church in Servia is a portion of the Eastern, or, as it proudly calls itself, the Orthodox Church, and as such is, of course, in communion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople. The theory and the practice of the Eastern Church are in accordance with what English Churchmen have always contended to be the Catholic idea of the Church. The various Churches in communion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople, such as those of Russia, of Greece, of Servia, and the Orthodox Church in Hungary, acknowledge the primacy of the patriarch of Constantinople, but know nothing, and acknowledge nothing, of a supremacy in that patriarch. So far as they are bishops, every bishop of the Orthodox Church is the brother, subordinate indeed to him in virtue of his office of universal primate of the Church, but equal in the episcopate. The name of the patriarch is inserted in the Communion-office of each separate Church, and certificates of the

consecration, at least to the metropolitical sees, are always made to him. The bond which unites the primates of the other Churches to the central see of Constantinople is that of fraternal affection, the love and respect of younger brethren to the elder brother of the Church.

The Servian Church is at present governed by four prelates, the Archbishop of Belgrade, who is the metropolitan, and the three suffragan bishops of Schabatz, Negotin, and Tchatchat. Ricaut, indeed, speaks of an Archbishop of Servia at Epikion (Ipeik), with sixteen bishops under him, but this includes the whole of the ancient sees within the bounds of the old Servian empire, and comprises those of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Slavonia. The bishoprics of Servia proper are only four in number. The present occupiers of the sees are Michel of Belgrade, Gabriel of Schabatz, Guerassime of Negotin, and Yoaniquié of Tchatchat.

On a vacancy occurring in any one of those sees, the parish priests and Hegumons, or Archimandrites throughout the diocese, are summoned by their respective arch-priests to appoint an administrator of the bishopric pending the election of a successor to the deceased bishop. Afterwards the same persons proceed to an election of a bishop. When this has been done, the name of the person who has been elected to the vacant office is forwarded to the prince, and unless there should be some obvious objection to the priest who has been selected, the approbation of the Government is, as a matter of course, given. The newly elected prelate is

then consecrated by the other three bishops, and immediately after this has taken place, as the first act of the new bishop, information is sent to the Patriarch of Constantinople of the vacancy, the election, and the consecration. On receipt of this information, the congratulations of the Patriarch are sent to the new bishop.

Usually, though not invariably, the choice of the electors of the metropolitical see of Belgrade will rest upon one of the suffragan bishops. The revenue of each of the three suffragan sees is said to be nearly 1,000*l.* per annum, and that of the Archbishop almost double this sum.

The number of clergy throughout Servia, as well parochial as monastic, is between seven and eight hundred. The income of the parochial clergy is partially derived from fees and offerings at baptisms, marriages, churchings, and at extraordinary masses, such, for instance, as for the safety of one about to travel, or for the recovery of a sick person. But in addition to these fluctuating sources of income, every person in the parish, young and old, is assessed at twelve okas of maize for the support of the parochial priest. Again, in addition to both these sources of revenue, at least several of the churches have glebes often of some extent, and already of considerable value. Whenever more attention is paid to agriculture, and the value of land rises in consequence of the increase of population, the incomes of the country clergy will be proportionally augmented. The monastic clergy, in addition to their duties as such, have also the charge of the parishes,

often of considerable extent, around the walls of their respective monasteries, and have, therefore, the same claim for a maintenance as the rest of their clerical brethren. The income allotted to the bishops is paid directly by the Government, and is the compensation given to them for the ancient landed property of their respective sees, which was confiscated during the times of Turkish occupation.

Each diocese is divided into three or four portions, following the secular arrangement of the country into departments, and over each of these divisions an arch-priest is appointed by the bishop of the diocese. These, with one archdeacon for the whole diocese, constitute the assistants of the bishop. These divisions regulate the mode of episcopal visitation. Thus, for instance, Schabatz has three departments, and consequently, three arch-priests; and every year the bishop visits the churches of each of these divisions, thus making a visitation of his whole diocese in three years. This is in accordance with the ancient canons of the Church. The course of education for the priesthood lasts four years, which is spent by the candidate for orders at the seminary at Belgrade. At this seminary all who are to be parish priests, monks, or schoolmasters, are required to attend, and until the whole time has been completed, none are eligible for any of these offices.

The parochial clergy whom I met with in Servia seemed to me to have much the same relative position to their flocks which their brethren possess in England. They are much respected and their marriage and life in

the midst of their flocks give them considerable influence in the whole social economy of the parish. They mingle freely with their people, and are in noways a distinct caste from them. The monastic clergy, however, are said to be inferior to their brethren of the secular clergy, and so far as I could judge, though my opportunities of so doing were but limited, I believe that this is a correct estimate. It is, perhaps, hardly correct to say that they are peasants in cassocks, rather than clergymen, though this seemed to me not far from the truth. It is this inferiority, probably, which makes the monastic life unpopular in Servia, and has led to a motion in the Skoupschina for permitting the marriage of every clergyman, whether secular or regular; in other words, to abolish the monastic order. This and the difficulty which is felt of finding men willing to become monks are indications of the general unpopularity of monasticism in the abstract.

As the monasteries throughout Servia were for the most part destroyed during the time that the country was occupied by the Turks, there are no libraries remaining within their walls, nor anything to attract the student to these retreats. Whatever treasures they might once have possessed have been long since dispersed. The churches themselves would most probably have shared the same fate as the monastic buildings, but for their convenience as stables, and the delight with which Mahometan hatred to Christianity was able to indulge itself by applying these sacred buildings to such an use. In these churches the heads

of the saints, but more especially the face of our Blessed Lord, amongst the frescoes, are invariably so riddled by bullets as to show that they were used as a common target by the Turkish soldiery.

Whilst the monastic clergy are necessarily unmarried, and live in common, the rule throughout the Eastern Church is that the parish priest should be married, and this rule is so invariable, that on the death of the wife of a parish priest, the widower, since he is not allowed to contract a second marriage, and is, by the death of his wife, absolutely disqualified from holding a parochial charge, is compelled to enter a monastery. But for the supply of compulsory monks thus obtained, it would not be possible to find a sufficient number of men to become inmates of these retreats. To these persons, however, possessing no natural vocation for such a life, accustomed to the active duties of a parish, and to mingling in the world, the monotony and restraint of a monastic life, without any of the aids by which such a life could be made tolerable to them, must needs be irksome, and already the question of permitting the parish priest who has lost his wife to contract a second marriage has been agitated in the Servian Church. Some few of the monastic clergy are, however, employed as theological professors and teachers in the seminary at Belgrade, and these furnish the Servian episcopate with its more learned bishops. The present Archbishop received his education in a Russian monastery, and the Bishop of Schabatz, probably the most learned of the Servian

bishops, was for a while Professor of Theology at Belgrade. From the monastic or unmarried clergy the bishops are always selected, so that except in the comparatively rare instances in which the choice of the electors may happen to fall on a widower, it is impossible that the bishop should have had any experience in the government of a parish. In this case it is hard to see how they can be the advisers of those under their rule in the nice and difficult questions which a priest may sometimes desire to submit to the bishop.

There is but little instruction throughout the East by means of preaching. The pulpit indeed rarely occurs in a Servian church. Of the thirty or forty churches which I visited in Servia, only one—the cathedral of Belgrade—is furnished with a pulpit. Sermons, indeed, are rarely or ever delivered, except on the greater feast-days of the Church. One of the bishops, the Bishop of Schabatz, is, however, distinguished as a pulpit orator. The religious instruction is given in schools, and by means of the service-books and the ceremonial of the Eastern Church, which is full of a recognised symbolism suited, as a vehicle of instruction, to the Eastern mind. In the primary schools throughout Servia, a simple, but accurate, catechism of Christian doctrine, similar to the Church Catechism in our own Prayer-book, is used for this purpose. And as every schoolmaster is required to go through the same course of theological instruction as the parish priest, he is well fitted to superintend the theological training of the children of the Church.

As to the service in the Church, in all the churches of Servia, with the exception of the Wallachian churches, the language used is the old Sclavonic, and though this is now a dead language, and only made use of for ecclesiastical purposes, it bears so close a resemblance to the dialects or languages which have sprung from it, that the people are always able to join in the hymns and prayers of the public service, and evidently fully understand the meaning of the words which they are using. From the hearty way in which the large mass of worshippers joined in the hymns and responsive portions of the Litany on St. George's day at Belgrade, it was evident that the language of the service-book is still one that is "understanded of the common people." Scattered, however, throughout the interior of Servia are large numbers of Wallachian peasants and labourers, who are under the governance of the bishops of the country, but who have their own distinctive churches and parish priests, and who make use of the liturgy of the East translated into the Wallachian language. Except, however, in this, their churches differ in no respect from the rest of the churches of Servia. One practical inconvenience, indeed, results from this separation of the Wallachian and Servian congregations. The small village, which otherwise would require but one church, and is oftentimes utterly incapable of supporting more than one with its ministering priest, is compelled to divide the means of subsistence—it is hardly more than this—between two priests, and to maintain two squalid churches. This

inconvenience arises from the dissimilarity of the two languages, the Wallachian bearing no resemblance to Sclavonic.

For many years the churches in Servia were indebted to Russia for the necessary service-books, which in the Eastern Church are numerous and of considerable bulk; and the majority of those in use at the present day were printed at the imperial press at Moscow. About six years ago, however, a printing-press was established chiefly for this purpose at Belgrade, and since that time the churches have been wholly supplied by Servian-printed books. The type and paper of this printing-office are very clear and good, though the books, on the whole, are hardly equal in magnificence to those which were formerly printed in Russia. The bibles which are printed at this press, and which are commonly seen on the shelves of the peasant-cottages in the interior, are quite equal in general appearance to our English-printed bibles.

On the whole, and making allowances for the long persecution of the Church in Servia, the attainments and condition of the priests are remarkable, and their influence on the population gratifying. My own impressions fully bear out the estimate of one who, after a survey of the whole Orthodox Church, sums up his convictions in these weighty words:—

"We, too, with all our energy and life, may learn something from the otherwise unparalleled sight of whole nations and races of men, penetrated by the religious sentiment which visibly sways their minds

even when it fails to reach their conduct, which if it has produced but few whom we should call saints or philosophers, has produced through centuries of oppression whole armies of confessors and martyrs. We may learn something from the sight of a calm strength, reposing 'in the quietness and confidence' of a treasure of hereditary belief, which its possessor is content to value for himself, without forcing it on the reception of others. We may learn something from the sight of Churches, where religion is not abandoned to the care of women and children, but is claimed as the right and the privilege of men; where the Church reposes not so much on the force and influence of its clergy as on the independent knowledge and manly zeal of its laity."*

Sunday is better observed in Belgrade than in any other city which I have visited on the Continent. It is kept without any affectation of moroseness, but really as a day of rest and for public worship. Except in the case of the Turkish shops, all business is suspended on that day. In the morning the churches are well filled, and in the afternoon everybody makes friendly and family visits in a quiet way, or saunters into the country, or at least to Topschidere, by the side of the soothing and sabbatic Save. The other holy days are of a more mingled character—Sundays so far as the total suspension of all business is concerned, and gala days at least after the early morning mass. Even the Turkish shopkeepers close their shops on these days, and the Servian citizens make parties to the beautiful

* Stanley's "Lectures on the Eastern Church," Lect. I.

grounds of the prince's summer palace, or to the neighbouring monastery of Rakowitza, which is situated in the midst of very fine scenery.

On some of the greater fête days, as many as ten thousand people flock to this monastery, where, after service and a sermon, they scatter for pic-nics in the woods, or enjoy themselves at the fair which is held on this occasion. As there are no markets in Belgrade on these holidays, the traveller who may chance to be staying at the hotel there, is put to great straits to obtain his usual food. Bread may be had, but he is not likely to get butter, and if he take coffee, he must do so without milk. He can hardly post his letters, and cannot, if he wish it, buy a postage-stamp. The Servian calendar abounds in feast-days, which, over and above the saints whose virtues they commemorate, have their own historical or traditional hold over the people, as being oftentimes almost the only days on which any outward observances could be kept up during the times of Turkish oppression.

Two days after the feast of St. George occurs that of St. Mark. I need not describe the service in the cathedral, which, in its essential features, was the same as that on the previous saint's day. A singular scene, however, which I witnessed at the cemetery on the outskirts of the town, and around the church of St. Mark, merits a few words. In its origin it was a religious service, and even now a certain religious symbolism may perhaps be traced by a zealous archæologist in what is practically a secular fair. In

some way or another, the day is devoted to the memory of the dead, and these are supposed to be honoured by the dances which take place on the green, which is really a part of the cemetery for that purpose kept free from graves. A religious dance may sound strange to us, in much the same way as a Servian would be unable to connect the idea of a bustling bazaar with the Christian duty of alms-giving. We have come to associate the idea of dancing with a crowded ball-room, or to regard it as the relaxation after a day of toil on the village green; but with the ancients the dance was an act of religious worship; and theatrical entertainments were observances rendered to the gods of heathenism. In these dances upon the cemetery-green and in the midst of the graves, we have perhaps a relic of the olden times—a solemn commemoration of the departed in the very place where their ashes mingle with common earth.

The cemetery of St. Mark, which is the general burial-place for all the Christian population of Belgrade, to whatever rite they belong, lies on the outskirts of the city, and rests in part upon a gigantic stone quarry, which supplies large quantities of the building materials used in the construction of the houses of the city. Most of the cemeteries in Servia, and amongst the Servian population of Slavonia, which I have seen, are either on the top of hills or on their slopes. The unhealthy low ground of Semlin, where the living die, and the healthy high ground which has been chosen for the burial of the dead, has been re-

marked by travellers. For some reason or other, such a situation seems to be usually selected as the appropriate site for a cemetery. One of the best places for seeing Belgrade is from this cemetery of St. Mark. From it the eye not only takes in the streets of Belgrade, with the green lines of garden-ground mapping the city out into well-defined districts, but a large tract of the surrounding country, the two rivers as they run on either side of the city, and beyond them the low line of the Hungarian territory. Near the entrance to the cemetery stands the chapel of St. Mark, used chiefly for funeral purposes. It is divided into two unequal parts by the iconostasis, and consists of a sanctuary and choir and nave, but without any architectural division between these two latter portions. Within this chapel is the tomb of Prince Milan, the elder son of Prince Milosh, and the brother of the reigning Prince of Servia. Milan was, indeed, for a short time after the abdication of his father, the recognised Prince of Servia; but as at that time he was himself dying, it is said that he was never made aware of the honours to which he had attained. His death made way for his younger brother Prince Michel.

The belfry of the church, which is detached from the rest of the building, consists of the usual framework of timber. The cemetery is ill kept, ragged, and dirty. The scanty soil barely allows of the graves being dug a sufficient depth, and prevents the growth of shrubs which might otherwise cause it to have a less desolate

appearance. The small amount of rain which falls at Belgrade, and which is less than that in other parts of Servia, makes it very difficult to rear trees of any size, except in the lower parts of the town. The trees on the boulevards appear to have scarcely grown during the three years that they have been planted, and this want of water hinders any from being planted in those higher parts of the city where trees would add greatly to the beauty of the city and to the comfort of the passengers.

On St. Mark's-day the green in front of the cemetery was alive with a similar throng to that which in England is drawn together by the attractions of a country fair. The road, which lies between the ruined mosque and the gate of the cemetery, was lined by a row of canvas booths, at which were sold wine, cream, Hungarian beer, water, cakes, and gingerbread; and where tempting lotteries, in which the stakes were piastres, and the possible prize spice-nuts, were continually crowded with youthful gamblers. From the inside of the booths came the cries of happy, but not intoxicated peasants, shopkeepers, and soldiers, and the voices of gipsy musicians singing national songs to the few Servian airs which exist, and accompanying the voice by the beat of the tambourine. Nature is pretty much the same in most parts of the world, and but for two or three points of difference, I might have supposed myself at a well-conducted fair in England. The dress was, of course, one mark of difference; but there were two noteworthy matters in which the Belgrade fair was

behind—say one at Greenwich. Here were no pick-pockets and no drunkards.

Beyond the lane of canvas and the hilarious consumers of wine and beer, might be heard the noise of music and the bustle of a large throng of most industrious dancers. The sun was intensely hot; and those who had not taken shelter under the canvas and boughs of which the booths were made, were crowded together upon the grass under the trees, and trying to keep within the shade, except a large body of men and women, who were dancing with such vigour that the perspiration streamed down their faces and necks. About thirty of the women who were dancing had a head-dress, and a fall reaching down the back to the waist, composed entirely of coins, mostly of silver, but with a few gold ones intermingled. The whole resembled a casque and neck-piece of chain-armour. Over the head-dress was worn a wreath of roses. The coins, which were of all ages and to the number of a thousand in each head-dress, must have exceeded in value eighty pounds; what the weight might be could be guessed by the faces of the women, redder by far than the roses in their chaplets, and by the stream of perspiration which ran down their faces. It spoke much for the honesty of the idlers at the fair, that this display of wealth, which is envied more perhaps in Servia than even in England, could be made in safety. I much fear that neither at an English village fair nor in the streets of London could this amount of portable wealth have been seen and have long remained in the posses-

sion of the lawful owners. In addition to these head-dresses, several of the women had necklaces and armlets heavy with gold or silver coins. These treasured but costly ornaments are worn by them on all occasions which will, by any possibility, allow of their display. At these dances I remarked that the dancers are not accustomed to hold each other by the hand, but by the girdle, which is sometimes a belt worn for that special purpose.

But however vigorous the dancers, and however hilarious the crowd, I was not allowed to forget that I was standing in the cemetery.

Whilst looking at the crowd, my attention was arrested by the piercing wail of a woman only a few yards from the place where I was standing, and on going to the spot, I found the gravedigger of the cemetery busy in making the grave of an infant; whilst the poor mother, standing by, awaited the bringing of the corpse. In a few moments the funeral procession, headed by two priests and a deacon, came through the cemetery to the grave. The priests had evidently come with the body from the home of the parents, and the funeral service had no doubt commenced there. The coffin was that of a child only a few months old, and was coved at the top. After one or two short prayers—the whole not occupying three minutes, but interrupted throughout by the cries and sobs of the poor mother—the cover of the coffin was removed, in order that the relatives, in accordance with a beautiful and touching custom observed by the

Christians throughout European Turkey, might take their last farewell of the inanimate clay, and press the last kiss of affection on the face of the corpse. As the mother stooped to perform this last office of love, her shrieks and wails again burst forth with increased strength, so as not easily to be forgotten. For a moment she struggled with the sexton, in order to retain the body of her little one; and whilst the earth was shovelled over the coffin, it was necessary for the bystanders to hold her back by main force, and with much difficulty she was at length removed from the grave. It was a harrowing scene, not soon to be effaced from the memory; and it seemed almost ghastly and revolting from its too close contact with the ringing merriment of the dancers and the sounds of mirth which proceeded from the bystanders. The bitterness of life, forced into such close contrast with its joys, seemed doubly bitter.

These fête days, however, are not only times for the display of the varied peasant costumes of the country. All the women, of whatever station they may be, appear in their best dresses on these occasions. When speaking of these dances, it may therefore not be out of place to say a few words upon the costume of the women in the upper and middle classes of Servia.

The costume of the women of this country is amongst the most striking and graceful of any of the dresses of Europe. If Hungary be the country in which the art of the tailor seems to have attained its greatest perfection, and if the dress of the Hungarian gentry is the very

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model of gentlemanly attire, Servia is the country from which the milliners and dressmakers of other nations might learn lessons of grace, and acquire the art of adding picturesqueness to the garments of their customers. Until a journey to Servia becomes part of the stated summer or, better still, the spring holiday of Englishwomen, they must be content to learn from a pen unpractised to describe ladies' dresses, how their sisters of Servia are accustomed to dress. Over a chemisette of lawn, muslin, or some other very fine material, the usual habit is a body or skirt of some rich silk—Magenta is a very favourite colour, though occasionally white muslin is used; this is put over a crinoline of as ample dimensions as are to be met with in Vienna or Paris. This garment is trimmed at the wrists with a deep edging of embroidery, most commonly of silver. Over this is worn a jacket, generally of very fine velvet; for this a very favourite colour is green. This jacket, also, is edged with a deep embroidery round the neck; at the bottom and the wrists, of gold lace. If the embroidery of the dress be of gold, then that of the jacket will be of silver. Round the waist is worn a large sash, with the ends hanging down in front, often as low as the bottom of the dress. The head-dress is a small cap, generally of red cloth, fitting close to the head. Sometimes, however, this cap is made of leather, silvered, or gilded to represent gold ducats. Round this cap the hair, real or false, is braided in a deep band, so that every part of the cap is concealed, except the flat round top, from which a small gold coin,

or a pearl, is frequently pendant. Almost all the women wear heavy gold ear-rings. This dress is very costly, but is durable. One of these jackets, with its lace, will often cost from ten to twelve pounds sterling. Of course, as in all other countries, those who cannot afford so expensive a dress content themselves with one of a less costly material, and are satisfied with imitating the fashion of the garments, whilst choosing a humbler material. At Belgrade, unfortunately, the far less graceful fashions of Paris are coming into use—silk cloaks that seem to be modelled from the watch-coats of the sentries of a Zouave regiment, and hair worn in imitation of the Empress Eugénie. The Servian costume, however, is so very becoming, and so far more beautiful than that of Paris, that I should regret to hear of its being laid aside.

When it is remembered that Servia is only four days' distance from London, or at the most that such a journey will not occupy more than a week, and when we take into account the wildness and beauty of the scenery, and the attraction it offers to the sportsman, it is very surprising that so few English travellers should visit the country. It is so much easier to keep to the beaten track, which Hand-books make so smooth to us, than to explore new districts, that people are content with the Rhine or Moselle, when far more majestic rivers, with grander scenery and an equal historic character, are within their reach. As though the Drachenfels were a meet rival to the iron gates of the Danube, or the beauty of any part

of the Rhine could compare with that of this river in the upper part of its course! Those who endure, as part of the necessary evils of travel, the dirt of Germany, and the petty and vexatious inconveniences with which some continental governments annoy the traveller, will be charmed with the cleanliness of the Servian people, and the perfect freedom which is enjoyed in a country where the constitution is as free and the franchise more extended than that of England. There are, indeed, no wealthy magnates as in Hungary; but the country houses of the Servian gentry, and the homesteads of the farmers, are as comfortable as can be desired; and a residence amongst this most hospitable people will be one of real enjoyment. In no country is life or property more secure, and the peasants of no part of continental Europe can compare with those of Servia for that truest of all courtesies, which is based upon a spirit of independence, and springs from true gentleness of character. The salutations of the peasants to the traveller have no trace of servility. They are universal, but they are the mutual homage which one free man renders to another. I once asked of a Servian gentleman, "whether there were any nobles in Servia?" "Every Servian is noble," was the proud reply. Whatever might be the social and political import of these words, when I look back upon the kindness, the courtesy, and the hospitality with which I was treated, I cannot consider the boast altogether without warrant; and, at any rate, I am recording the result of my own experience, when I say that every Servian is a gentleman.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SCENERY OF THE DANUBE—IRON GATES—COAL MINE—VILLAGE CEMETERIES—DOBRA—WALLACHIAN CHURCH—MILANOWATZ—GIPSIES—FOREST ROAD—MAIDANPEK—IRON WORKS—MARKET—GRANPEK—COTTAGE—TAVERNS.

FEW greater contrasts are to be met with than that which is presented by the scenery of the Servian and the Hungarian banks of the Danube. The latter, for the greater part of the way from Belgrade to the entrance of the Iron Gates of the Danube, is perfectly flat, very fertile, and pleasing to the eye, but altogether of a quiet pastoral character. The Servian shore of the Danube, on the other hand, runs along the foot of a succession of hills, mostly well wooded at their summits, and having their slopes well cultivated or covered with flocks of sheep and goats, but bold and picturesque, with quiet villages shadowed by lofty forest trees, and hanging to the sides of the hills or nestling in the gorges which run towards the interior. Here and there the scenery is diversified by the ruins of an old Servian fortress of the days of the Empire, or by a modern church dating from yesterday, and the time of freedom from Turkish domination. The

steamboat, in its course toward the mouth of the river, passes on the one side in front of bold cliffs, with a fertile strip of land at the foot, oftentimes resembling the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight; and on the other a line of long low islands, covered with fragrant shrubs, in which the only sign of life is a small Austrian guard-house, or the encampment of half a dozen wood-cutters.

From Bazias, a little above the western entry to the so-called Iron Gates of the Danube, the scenery undergoes a change. Near that place the range of the Carpathians crosses the river, which has broken itself a course and now flows through a ravine formed during some convulsion of nature. Here the scenery on both sides is of the most romantic character, and the wildness and stern sublimity of the precipices on both banks of the stream have given to this part of the country the name of the Iron Gates. It is a portal of rock, through which the river flows, over ledges which in some places are barely covered with water. Bold bluffs of marble and of the hardest limestone run down into the water, whilst gigantic crags of porphyry, twisted into the most fantastic shapes and tinted with every colour of the rainbow, are seen in wavy bands or zigzag moulding, regular as though the workmanship of man, but on a scale utterly beyond the power of human hands to rival. Masses of many hundred feet in length present the fantastic appearance of an enormous agate, scored over with lines of faultless regularity which seem to counterfeit even whilst they mock the art of the engraver.

These walls of living rock were festooned with honeysuckles and clematis, and covered with miles of lilac-trees in full blossom. The hills which tower above these rocks are covered to the summit with forest trees of the greatest height, mostly oaks and beech, ash and plane; whilst wherever a margin of earth is interposed between the precipices and the river, the water's edge is fringed with rows of "pendulous" birch and willow. To make the green of this enormous sweep of forest more vivid, there is dotted here and there the wild plum and cherry, the pear and the apple; which in April were covered with blossoms of snowy whiteness. In the midst of this profusion of verdure gleamed in small patches of light, as the sun fell upon its bosom, what was in reality one of the greatest of European rivers, but what it was very difficult for us to believe to be otherwise than a broad and land-locked lake, so completely was every outlet hidden from our sight by the winding of the river banks. Within the "iron gates" the water is very shallow, and rushes in all directions in a multitude of tiny rapids over ledges of rock, which at all times, but more especially in the midst of summer, when the water is low, require great care and a perfect local knowledge to enable the pilot of a vessel to steer through. The western entrance of these gates is made more than usually picturesque, by a thin needle of rock standing some dozen feet above the surface of the water in the very middle of the channel.

A few miles below the entry to "the iron gates," our steamboat was moored for the night near the little

village of Dobra, as some of the company were desirous of examining the coal mine which had recently been discovered near this place.

In the cool of the twilight we set out for a scramble through the forests and over the hills to the mouth of the mine, which was some three miles from the place where our vessel had been moored. For more than a mile our way lay along the banks of the river, by the huts of Wallachian herdsmen and the farm-steads of Servian yeomen; over little rustic bridges, through meadows fragrant with newly-cut hay, and stubble-fields bristling with the yellow stalks of maize; past troops of children swinging under the gnarled boughs of gigantic ash-trees, and labourers returning from the fields with their tools slung across their shoulders, or more frequently carried in the hands of their wives and daughters. It required some effort of the mind to enable us to be sure that we were nearly three thousand miles from home, and that the pastoral scenes were not those of our own country, but that we were really in Servia and amongst a Sclavonic people.

After walking nearly an hour, we came to the mine which had been—not sunk into—but driven about twenty yards into the mountain side. The works were of the most primitive description; and the coal, which lay in heaps round the mouth, had all been taken from or near the surface, and had been dug out without knowledge of the proper way of managing a mine. One of our company, however, who was a coal viewer from the banks of the Tyne, having brought down a large

heavy compact mass, where the French overseer had hitherto only obtained dust, pronounced the coal to be of the finest quality, equal to that of Newcastle. As we were leaving, our miner, happening to notice the heap of rubbish accumulated round the mouth of the workings, was led to examine some of the earth more narrowly, and discovered that the seams of coal were mingled with fire-clay of a superior kind; and from what he saw that evening, confirmed by a more careful examination next morning, he was convinced that nothing but skill and enterprise were wanting to render these workings most valuable to the material wealth of the country, and most important to the navigation of the Danube.

Our way back to the steamboat was made over the shoulder of the mountain, instead of along its foot, our road leading us past large folds of sheep guarded by vigilant watch-dogs, and across the track of abundance of hares whom we startled by our intrusion, and down narrow pathways thick with the shade of forest trees, with their branches hung with sweet-scented shrubs, until we again reached the river. After supper, I paced the deck until midnight, listening to the song of countless nightingales. So still, indeed, was the night, and so pure is the atmosphere in these parts, that ordinary sounds can be heard to a great distance. Thus we could readily distinguish the call of one bird on the Hungarian bank of the river replied to by another on the Servian side. The nightingales, however, were not without their rivals. The frogs, which abounded in the little pools along the

border of the river, and in the meadows by its side, made the night vocal, not with their croak, but with their gabble; for the noise which is made by the frogs along this part of the Danube resembles the cry of a flock of infuriated geese rather than the genuine croak of a frog of Western Europe.

Next morning, whilst others of our party were engaged in examining the commercial capabilities of the neighbourhood, and were making an excursion to see some other coal works on the opposite side of the mountain to that which I had visited on the evening before, I strolled to the village of Dobra, about a mile and a half to the west of the place where our boat had been moored for the night.

The way to the village led past two small cemeteries, one apparently deserted, and both of them at least half a mile from any houses. The little village cemeteries of Servia are less squalid and forlorn-looking than similar ones in France and Germany, but they lack the neat appearance and the shade and repose of an English churchyard. The entrance lies through what is known in England by the name of a lych-gate. Such gates, however, as with us are only seen at the entrance of a churchyard, are in Servia common not only to cemeteries, but also to private houses: the piece of shingle roofing being absolutely necessary for the protection of the wood-work of the gate from the effect of the sun. In the centre of the first cemetery which I entered stands a square piece of cob-wall with a shingle roof, but whether tool-house or

chapel it was impossible to determine. One or two dry twigs stuck at the head of some of the grass evidenced an attempt at planting a tree, which seemed to have failed from want of water. The tombstones were of very singular forms, but scarcely any could be met with older than the time of the War of Independence. Over the little mounds of earth and in and out of the graves sported large green lizards, besides troops of small brown ones. In no place are so many lizards found as in these cemeteries; the dry hillocks of earth which rise over the graves, and the uninterrupted quiet which reigns around, makes the abodes of the dead a favourite retreat for these beautiful beings. Eastern fables represent the spirit of man under the shape of a lizard; and the reason for so doing seemed clear enough, as I looked on the number of these reptiles sporting around the graves, or lying basking in the rays of the sun on the top of a tombstone.

About half a mile beyond the cemetery the village commences. Like most country villages in Servia, it is surrounded by a palisade of stakes, some eight or ten feet high, stuck into the earth, and bound together at the top by a piece of wattle-work. This manner of enclosing a field or village is common throughout the country. The fence is made to prevent the cattle from straying during the night, as well, perhaps, as to guard against the prowling of a wolf or bear, which, when driven by hunger, has sometimes been known to carry off sheep or cattle. Most of the cottages in the village are of the old Servian type, walls of logs, or of

wattle, daubed over with mud and covered by a roof of oak shingle, with an enormously disproportioned chimney of the same material. The roof almost always projects on one side, so as to make a kind of open apartment, similar to the loggia which is found in a Turkish house, where, however, it is raised one story from the ground. Under this shelving roof, but in the open air, the members of the family assemble during the summer months, for their meals, surrounded by tubs, iron pots, and other wooden ware, which, equally with human beings, require to be protected from the rays of the sun. Here and there, however, throughout this village, neater and more convenient, though less picturesque cottages, of a type which, for want of a more appropriate name, may be called European, have been erected within the last few years, and others are now being built.

It is a satisfactory evidence of the progress of the nation in material prosperity, and also a proof of the security which is now everywhere felt in Servia, that in every village through which I passed during my excursion in this country, from the banks of the Danube on the north to the Turkish frontier on the south, and from Schabatz on the west to Milanowatz on the east, I found houses which had but just been erected, and almost invariably others in the course of being built; and these were always houses roomier and of a more comfortable and more durable kind than the cottages which they have replaced, or amongst which they are being constructed.

To face page 112.

W.D. del. J.R Jobbins

OLD SERVIAN COTTAGE, DOVRA.

The village of Dobra is divided by the channel of a little sluggish river which, in the summer and autumn months, finds its way to the Danube by half a dozen small streamlets of a few inches in depth. The breadth of the channel, however, and the quantity of pebbles brought down in its course from the mountains, are sufficient proofs of the respectability of the stream during the winter and spring months, when the volume of its waters is increased by the torrents from the hills and the melting of the snows in the interior. It was then, at a little distance from its mouth, a small and placid rill flowing through meadows alive with herds of cattle, shut in at one time by a gorge grey with lava and sombre with masses of basalt, over which flocks of goats were ranging in quest of food, which seemed to be regarded as sweeter because of the difficulty experienced in finding it; at another time widening into a valley, with a farmstead and mill perched on the slope of the hills, and shadowed by clumps of enormous trees.

In the village, the pebbly bed of the river was covered with long slips of new linen bleaching in the sun; and whilst this slow and silent process was going on, groups of women and young girls were congregated to watch over their property, and to enjoy that gossip which, whether in a little village in Servia, or in a fashionable drawing-room in Mayfair, makes up a great part of the occupation of life. At this time of year, and in all parts of Servia, when the women are not wholly employed in the more laborious works of agriculture,

the beds of the half-dried streams are almost always sure to present this scene. As the girls walk to their daily task in the fields, and the peasant woman plods along by the side of her husband to share in his labours, their hands are usually filled with the distaff. In the winter time, when the rigour of the season prevents all field-labours, they are to be found busy at their simple looms; and in the bright warm days of spring, as of old,—

> "Maids and matrons,
> On the banks their yarn and linen bleaching,"

meet for companionship and gossip.

The little Wallachian church at this place is so exact a counterpart of the village church in the rural districts where this people are settled, that a brief description of one will serve for that of all the other Wallachian churches which the traveller will find in the interior of Servia. It is built in the midst of the cottages of the village, and but for its detached belfry, and the absence of any litter of domestic furniture within the enclosure in which it stands, would scarcely be distinguished from them. The church is thirty-two feet in length by twenty-one in width, external measurement, without including the apse at the east end. The floor is of mud; the roof is of the same kind of oak-shingle as that which covers all the cottages of the village, and open in the inside. As the church was erected before bells were allowed to be used by the Christians of Servia, a detached belfry of woodwork in frame has been erected since the church was built.

This stands in the little churchyard and at the south-west corner of the church. Near the east end of the church are one or two tombs of former priests, and at the head of the last made grave is a wooden cross. Beyond these graves, of course no others are to be found, as all other bodies are buried in the cemeteries outside the village. The churchyard is fenced in with the same kind of palisade as that which is placed round the village.

The interior of this church is in keeping with the poverty of the exterior. It is divided into sanctuary, nave, and narthex; the choir is not architecturally distinguished. A simple slab of wood, resting on a block of the same material, serves for an altar. A small and common table is the only furniture within the diaconicon. The table of prothesis is rather better, and the piscina, which is of stone, is placed on the ground by its side. Two dirty tin candlesticks, with tapers about the size of children's Christmas candles, stood upon the altar; and the priest's vestments, the veil of the iconostasis, and the covering of the altar, were all of cheap printed calico. Two stone columns, serving for candlesticks, a little in advance of the sanctuary, a seat of painted deal for the bishop whenever he may chance to visit the church, and a desk for the icons, were the only articles of furniture in the nave. The church is dedicated in honour of St. Nicholas, and his image occurs twice on the iconostasis, which, in addition to the usual paintings, is decorated with cheap prints, daubed with the commonest colours.

During the evening our vessel dropped down to

Milanowatz, through the same kind of scenery which I have already attempted to describe at the beginning of this chapter. The town, which is thrown back a little from the banks of the river, is approached by a pretty pathway fringed with pollarded willows. It is a very pretty and thriving place, and is built with greater regularity than most of the other small towns of the country. The remains of the earthworks with which it was defended during the war of independence may still be traced round a great part of the town.

After dinner we were visited by a party of gipsies, who sang several of the national airs and popular songs of Servia, especially the piece of music which is a favourite with all classes in this country, the "March of Prince Milosh." The gipsies are a very numerous body in Servia; they are met with in all parts of the country; and the energetic part which they took during the war with Turkey, and the services which they rendered to the national cause, have tended to give them a higher position here than in most other countries of Europe. They are mostly members of the Greek Church, frequenting the churches like the other inhabitants of the country, and are altogether of more settled habits than gipsies in general, though they are still reckoned a class apart from either the Wallachians or Servians, and are especially excluded from the suffrage. On the borders of Turkey many of the gipsy bands profess the Mahomedan faith. These people are the charcoal burners, the tinkers and smiths, the basket-makers, and trinket vendors, as well as the musicians of Servia. In

the winter months they collect in the towns, but in the summer-time they resort to more congenial haunts, and are chiefly to be found in the recesses of the forests. The dress of this people, but more especially that of the women, is almost identical with that which, from the paintings in the tombs of Thebes, we know to have been the dress of the people of old Egypt, by many presumed to have been the native place of the gipsies. The head-dress, especially, bears the closest resemblance to that which is found in the paintings from Egypt preserved in the British Museum. In complexion they are as dark as the Hindoos or Nubians, and finer bronze figures than the naked gipsy children can nowhere be seen. In summer-time, and when they are in their home in the woods, not the children only, but the adults also, throw off the cumbersome and useless garb of civilised life, and roam about completely naked—wonderful models for the painter or the sculptor.

Next morning early we set out for a journey across the mountains to Maidanpek, the seat of some extensive copper and iron works. Our carriages consisted of three waggons about seven feet long, which were little more than a light framework of wood set upon wheels, without springs. A bundle of hay at either end, over which were placed our rugs and the scanty bedding that we might require, furnished us with seats, which an occasional halt for the purpose of shaking up made fairly endurable. Our drivers were Wallachians, dressed in long linen tunics and drawers of the same material; a deep leathern

girdle, ornamented with thongs dyed of various colours, was bound round their waist; a pair of leggings and shoes, made of thin strips of leather, curiously fastened together, protected their feet; and a small round felt hat, in which was jauntily stuck a peacock's feather, covered their heads, and completed their simple costume.

For upwards of an hour we were employed in climbing the side of the hill which overhangs Milanowatz. Although not much more than two thousand feet above the level of the river which we were leaving, yet the winding nature of the road and the steepness of the ascent, even with all the advantage of the zigzags by which we reached the top, took our ponies more than an hour to place us on the summit. For a short distance the way was a tolerably smooth one, but for the most part our road could only be compared to the piece of rough ground which is sometimes seen at the entrance to a ploughed field, where the clay soil is cut up by innumerable wheels of all dimensions, and the ruts have been afterwards baked hard by the sun. As the waggons jolted over these roads *in posse*, which, however, were certainly in no sense of the word, roads *in esse*, it was with difficulty that we could keep our seats by clinging to the side of the waggons. When, however, we had reached the summit, we soon forgot all this discomfort in the beauty of the scenery.

At our feet gleamed in the morning sun the Danube, flowing in countless eddies as the river rushed over the various ledges of rock which stretch across the bed of the

stream, every one of these eddies being distinctly visible even from the distance at which we were. Across the river we saw first the graceful swell of the mountains on the left bank, and then beyond these the bolder and more rugged outline of the whole Carpathian range in its sweep through Hungary. On the Servian side of our road we had a billowy sea of hills, not a range of mountains, but a chaos of conical hills covered with gigantic trees. Occasionally from the height over which we were passing, we looked down upon little plateaux of cleared and cultivated grounds, upon fields of Indian corn, and folds of sheep; but for the most part of the journey we had no trace of man, and when we lost sight of the river, as our road turned to the south, we made our way through a primeval forest. From the dense nature of these woods, the trees generally rise with straight and tall trunks, and majestic oaks and beeches with a stem of a hundred and twenty feet may be seen on all sides. We counted five varieties of the oak by the road-side. The banks, which sloped from our path, were covered with the usual weeds and flowers, spurge in great profusion, violets, pansies, harebells, speedwell, and the common flowers of our English fields. The else unbroken green of the forest was pleasingly diversified by the snowy blossoms of the various wild fruit-trees. All this profusion of timber-trees, however, is but of little value in a country which has no outlet for its trade. Every one therefore makes use of this timber as he needs it, and the largest trees are sacrificed for the commonest object. The

finest oaks are cut down for a stockade for the field, for shingles for the roofs of cottages and outhouses, or for fuel for the fire. Any passenger who needs a walking-stick may cut down a tree for the purpose, and the little consideration which is bestowed upon all this lavish profusion of nature may be gathered from the common proverb, "Whatever is scarce in Servia, wood and water are within everybody's reach." The best practical comment on this proverb is presented by the number of dry and blackened trunks of trees everywhere seen in these forests, which have been destroyed by the fires of the gipsies or swineherds.

This part of the country was well known to the Romans during their occupation of Servia, and here are situated the mines which were worked by them, and, until a recent period, have remained untouched and almost forgotten since their time. The intricate mountainous character of this corner of Servia, and its boundless forest fastnesses, made it the chief retreat of the patriot bands during the War of Independence against the Turks. It is a country in which a handful of resolute men might stay the march of an army.

On the plateaux of the smaller hills we saw spots of cleared land, surrounding small farm-steads and cottages; but with these rare exceptions, the only inhabitants of these interminable forests are the game, which is abundant, and the countless herds of pigs, which run wild and find ample food under the oak and beech trees. During our journey of some five and twenty miles, we met the mounted postman with his

mail of letters, and two or three labourers returning to their noontide meal; beyond these we saw no human being. After a journey of five or six hours, we came to a scene that instantly riveted our attention, but one to which no description can do justice.

Our waggons were drawn up by the road-side, where, on a sudden break in the mass of dense forest, a beautiful glade was interposed. A slope of some twenty acres of the smoothest turf, and of the most perfect park-like aspect, facing the south, broke the monotony of our forest journey. Around on all sides was the same dense wood, through which we had been passing; but here the edges of this piece of natural park were decorated with wild fruit-trees in full blossom, planted with as much regularity as though by the hand of man. Tufts of the Spanish broom, clumps of fragrant May, and blackthorn were mingled with these trees, and completed the fringe of white blossoms which surrounded the glade. The thread of snow which ran round and seemed to keep back the mass of forest-trees which pressed on all sides round the sward, brought out more vividly the green of the oaks and beeches in their fresh spring verdure. In the centre of the glade a magnificent wild pear-tree reared its head, covered, like the rest of the fruit-trees of the forest, with white blossoms. Beyond and on all sides stretched hundreds of conical hills in wild confusion, completely covered with stately timber-trees; and in the horizon three ranges of hills of various shades of purple, each range perfectly distinct, bounded the view to the south; whilst to the

right of our course, a wall of living rock, bare of all vegetation, shut in the scene in that direction. Two eagles sailing through the air, and hovering over the forest in quest of prey, completed the picture.

Late in the afternoon we reached Maidanpek, situated on the banks of a small stream which winds through a narrow gorge, with sufficient room at the bottom for two rows of houses. The cottages for the labourers, the offices, and the extensive sheds, furnaces, and foundries, were erected at the expense of the Servian Government about five and twenty years ago. The iron mines had been long known: indeed, they had been worked in the time of the Romans, and now, after some centuries of disuse, these works have been resumed. The construction of the necessary furnaces, smelting-houses, and forges, were undertaken by an Austrian contractor, and the expense to which the Government was put was enormous. This great outlay, and the non-remunerative character of the establishment, led the present prince to arrange with a company of French capitalists for the future working of the mines upon condition of paying a royalty to the Servian Government. With this was coupled certain concessions, as to the navigation of the Danube between the different ports of Servia, and the exclusive rights to the seams of coal which exist in various parts of the mountains between Milanowatz and Njeresniza. The Englishmen whom I met and accompanied on the journey from Belgrade to Maidanpek, and from thence to Semandria, were the representatives of a company of English merchants, to

whom the French company proposed to make over so much of their concession as related to the navigation of the Danube, and the working of the coal-mines near Dobra. The party consisted of a well-known merchant of London, a civil engineer, and a coal-viewer from the banks of the Tyne; and their report of the capabilities of the country and its commercial prospects, which is now before me, is only a confirmation of what I imagine every one, with the use of his eyes, will arrive at as to the riches of Servia, both agricultural and mineral.

The village of Maidanpek consists of a double row of houses, about half a mile in length. In the centre a large piece of land has been reserved for a market. One side of this is occupied by the store-houses of the company, with a colonnade running along the front. On another side stands a neat brick church, with a framework of timber, and a little bell-turret at the west end, of a very German appearance; and adjoining this the village school, with a couple of taverns, being, as it seemed, respectively houses of call, one for French and Servian, and the other for Wallachian travellers and labourers. Another side of the market-place is bounded by small neat cottages, and on the fourth the only boundary is the hill which towers over the village. One end of the Government store-house is set apart for the worship of the French Roman Catholics, the officers and *employés* of the company; and two or three of the superior houses in the village are tenanted by an officer of the Engineers, by a captain of Artillery, and by another agent of the Servian Govern-

ment, whose duty is to examine the cannon-shot and other military stores which are made at this place.

As Saturday evening closed in, the market-place began to be occupied by wine carriers and salt merchants, by traders in leather and corn, by flour-factors, and sellers of butter, cheese, cream, and other dairy produce, who had arrived overnight in order to be in readiness for the market on Sunday morning. As we walked through this place late on the Saturday evening, we found the owners of the various articles of merchandise stretched on the ground, with their heads resting on bags of camel's-hair, fast asleep, and their horses tethered by their side. Next morning, by daybreak, the business of the market commenced, and the sale of goods was nearly over before it was suspended during the morning mass. The Sunday service on that occasion was, I am sure, such as had never before been witnessed in the valley of the Pek. Within a circle of a hundred yards might have been heard the Sclavonic ritual of the Eastern Church, the Latin mass of a part of Western Europe, and the English service of the Church of "the farther West."

After our own service was over, we had a short drive through this romantic valley, past rocks which the Romans had torn down in their search for iron, and in front of mines which, in the time of the Servian empire of Stephen Dushan, had been worked with great success, and then had remained sealed up, and all but forgotten, during the ages of Turkish oppression and misrule, until the present age of freedom and of hope for Servia. The short rule of Kara Alexander appears

to have been honourably distinguished for the activity with which every scheme for the improvement of the country was pushed forward. Well-planned roads were then made, bridges constructed, schools built in every village and town, fresh churches erected, and several monasteries restored.

Nor were the arts of peace alone regarded, though these appeared to have received the chief attention of the Government. The freedom which Servia has acquired at the expense of so much suffering can only be maintained by the possession of means to defend it. In order to restrain that freedom, and to shackle the newly acquired independence as much as possible, the Government of Turkey stipulated that no military stores should be introduced into the country. The discovery, however, of mines of sulphur, the existence of abundance of saltpetre, and the boundless forests teeming with materials for charcoal, have rendered Servia independent of supplies of gunpowder from foreign countries; and her own mines of iron, and the mechanical skill of her sons, have made the importation of military stores unnecessary. At this village the whole processes of casting and polishing cannon-shot, of making shells and fixing the fusees to the carcases, are carried on under the superintendence of officers of the Servian army, a select number of whom are sent every year to Liège, or to the other military foundries of Europe, for instruction in this branch of their profession. About a couple of miles from the village of Maidanpek, passing through meadows already knee-deep in grass

and yellow with marsh marigolds, and crossing half a dozen times the little tortuous stream which runs through the valley in which it is situated, we came to the small village of Granpek, formerly a more considerable village than Maidanpek. Like many other places, however, it has changed with the times, being now greatly surpassed by its noisy and busy neighbour. One short street, of mud hovels, roofed with shingles, with here and there a cleaner and more commodious cottage of brick and plaster, each, however, with a little strip of garden ground, comprises the whole village. Its inhabitants, for the most part, are Wallachians, employed as labourers at the adjoining iron and copper works, or earning their bread as carriers and drivers. As we passed through the village, we saw groups of women gathered for friendly gossip, their infants slung over their backs, or lying on the ground at their feet, whilst the elder children were paddling in the water. However intermingled the Servian and Wallachian women may be, and however much they may resemble each other in their dress, they may always be distinguished by the way in which they carry their children. A small tub of thin wood, a little thicker than that which is used by us for hat-boxes, and very much the size and shape of an ordinary foot-bath, with the exception of having a curve to fit the back, is used as the cradle of the Wallachian infant. There, slung over the shoulders of the mother, it slumbers through the journey which the parent makes, or, laid on the ground, reposes whilst the mother is engaged in field-work. The Servian peasant, on the contrary,

carries her child slung over her back in a neat hammock of camel's-hair, or of coarse canvas. During the spring and summer months, whilst there is work to be done in the fields, the traveller will generally see some of these cradles hanging by the branches of the trees, or fastened to poles in the middle of the field, and covered with green boughs; the children who are old enough to be released from the cradle, and too young for the village school, sprawling on the ground, or playing round the cradles of the younger children.

Throughout Servia the love of finery in the peasant women shows itself in the display of coins, either in the shape of a necklace, or bound round the head. These treasures are handed down from mother to daughter, and reach back even beyond the traditions of the people. In these necklaces may be found coins of ancient Macedon, of the old Greek colonies of Asia, of Byzantium, long before it was known to Constantine, mingled with money of the lower Empire, of Venice, of Ragusa, and of the Servian princes, kneses, despots, or emperors. The smallest children, even though in other respects naked, are decorated with treasures which a numismatist might envy. In one cradle into which I peeped, the sleeping infant of some six weeks old was adorned with half a dozen smooth coins fastened round its unconscious head.

In our saunter through Granpek, we looked into one of the cottages, and was courteously invited by the peasant woman who resided there to enter. The cottage consisted of two rooms, one used as a kitchen, the other

as a sitting and bed room. A shed adjoining the cottage was filled with wood and garden tools, and at the end of a small kitchen garden, fringed with bright flowers, stood a little framework summer-house, raised some twenty feet from the ground, and giving a view of the whole valley. The small kitchen was almost entirely filled with the fire-place, which projected half across the room, and was so contrived as to enable the person engaged in cooking to do so without going in front of the fire. The sitting-room was scrupulously clean, with a polished oak floor, guiltless of any covering. On the walls were a couple of beautifully ornamented pistols, a musket, and a yataghan; and in one of the corners of the room hung pictures of St. Nicholas, the Blessed Virgin and Child, and a couple of Scripture prints, with a small silver lamp in front. The most conspicuous decorations of the room, however, in addition to a large bouquet of flowers on the table, consisted of the handsome black and red coverlet to the beds. As we were looking round the room, a little boy, about six years of age, came in, and after taking off his little red cap, took our hands and kissed them. This is the usual salutation which all children give to their elders. On a side-table in the cottage were three piles of books, a Servian Bible printed at Belgrade, school-books, an almanack, two or three religious biographies, a short abstract of history, and a collection of Servian songs. Of all these I made mental note in the absence of the woman, who, leaving the room as soon as we had entered it, shortly after returned with a tray of wine

and light bread. It would be impossible to find greater personal and house cleanliness in any place than we found here, or more courtesy, unmingled with anything like fawning and servility. We had stumbled into this cottage by accident, but we were told, what more extended experience confirmed, that it was an average specimen of the cottage of a Servian peasant. The cottages of the Wallachs are more dingy, and not so neat as those of the Servians; but even these are by no means dirty.

On our return to Maidanpek, we met at dinner the Greek priest, the captain of Artillery (who has the oversight of the shot and shell foundry), the village prefect, and one or two of the mining officials; the Roman Catholic priest was unfortunately unwell, and unable to join us. Whilst we were at dinner, which was more French than Servian, a band of the zingali assembled under the windows of our dining-room, and sang the usual national songs, which were now familiar to us. In the afternoon, as we crossed the village green, in which the market was held in the morning, we had found it alive with a long line of dancers; and in the evening after dinner as we went to the church, which the Greek priest kindly opened for us, we passed the Servian and Wallachian taverns, which were both filled with men and women, actively employed in the same exercise. In the former of these, the first thing which met our eyes was the floral decoration of the walls, the centre being filled with the English word "Welcome," worked in green leaves. I need not say that this spontaneous act of courtesy was done in compliment to ourselves.

Indeed, in whatever part of Servia we chanced to be, the hospitality and welcome given us by all classes was very gratifying, and the more so as when I left England the newspapers had begun to print paragraphs of mysterious origin, telling the world that Servia was "profoundly agitated"—that it was a country dangerous to travellers, but especially so to "Austrians and English." So far, however, from the truth were all these paragraphs, that it is impossible to imagine a country freer from agitation, or one in which the English traveller could receive a heartier welcome; and this is the more noteworthy, since the treatment which the Servians have received from the Austrian and English Governments is as unjust as it is ungenerous and short-sighted.

No power on earth can prevent the death of the Mahomedan power in Turkey, nor long delay the complete independence of the Christian races, who have acquired from adversity strength of character and firmness of will to fit them for prosperity and to enable them to rule. Apart from the injustice which marks our relations with the Servians and Bulgarians, it is surely impolitic to store the minds of these young and vigorous aspirants for national existence with the memory of long-continued wrongs and bitter sufferings, which we have aggravated by the support held out at all times to the oppressor. It is well to remember this, because at no moment since the days of Mahomet himself is the fanaticism of the Turks so unrestrained as at the present day, and consequently the sufferings of the Christians so great.

But to quit politics, and to return to the merry-makers at the taverns.

In the Servian tavern, mingled with the peasants, were several French and Germans employed in the mines and foundries; and above the roar of all other voices we heard that of a tall, sinister-looking, but good-tempered giant, the French overseer, who was singing, in strong patois and with appropriate gesticulation, the terrible Marseillaise. As he threw his whole soul into the words which he was singing, he appeared transformed from a quiet plodding miner into an infuriated *sans culotte*, and I seemed to see before me the model which De la Roche, and our own Ward, have transferred to their canvas—a mad patriot of the days of Robespierre; and I understood better why this song has been interdicted by governments desirous of leading the French nation into the ways of peaceful improvement and internal quiet.

The dances of which whilst in Servia I was at different times a spectator consisted of long lines or circles of dancers—never of pairs nor of small groups; and I noted that the dancers amongst the Servians, as I have mentioned before, held each other by the girdle. The Wallachians, on the other hand, were linked together, each dancer holding to the shoulder of the next but one to him; so that the whole mass of living beings was, as it were, chained together by links crossing each other. Again, the dances of the former people, though fatiguing, were less so than those of the Wallachians. These latter, men and women, locked

together indiscriminately, stamped and sang, shouted and perspired, like a company of furies. In the midst of all this madness, however, everything was governed by good temper. There was an absence of all quarrelling; and though the wine had evidently been strong enough to inflame, I saw nothing like intoxication.

After passing these taverns, we accompanied the Greek priest to his church, which he kindly showed us, and answered the questions which we put to him about the services. Like most of the priests in Servia, he spoke German, Hungarian, and Wallachian; but, what is not so universal amongst the parish-priests, he added to this very fluent Latin.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

FROM POSHERAWATZ TO SEMANDRIA—NJERESNIZA—VILLAGE INN—MOUNTAIN TORRENTS—POSHERAWATZ—TRADE OF TOWN—SCHOOLS—AGRICULTURE—SEMANDRIA—CEMETERY CHURCH—FORTRESS—CROSS OF GEORGE BRANKOVITCH — TURKISH GUARD-HOUSE — SERVIAN INN.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, we set out on our road through Posherawatz to Semandria, in order to rejoin our steamboat and return to Belgrade.

At first, our way lay through a narrow valley, part of which we had traversed in our excursion to Granpek the day before. After driving through the fields a couple of miles, we turned our ponies' heads westward, and our journey, for the first ten or twelve miles, was through a country of the same character as we had passed in our way from Milanowatz to Maidanpek. Our route was along the tops of a succession of moderately lofty mountains, their slopes on either side being clothed with oak and beech, plane and ash, and here and there an elm—a tree, however, rare in these forests. The monotony of this was broken by an occasional glade, with a thread of water running down the side of the mountain and breaking the silence of the woods with its musical flow. From the detached character

of the high ground over which we passed, our road was a succession of abrupt ascents and descents, and these our ponies seemed to think were especially intended to be galloped over. So long as we were on smooth ground, the pace of these animals was respectable, not to say at times slow; but no sooner did we come to a sharp descent, with a piece of rough ground and a fall of some twenty or thirty feet, down which the least mistake on their part would hurl us, than they broke into a furious gallop, and, swinging us from one side of the waggon to the other, to the grievous discomfort of our ribs, carried us in triumph to the top of the next ascent.

On our road, in the early part of the day, we passed groups of wine and salt merchants returning from yesterday's market at Maidanpek, and camps of gipsies scattered here and there through the woods, with their ponies tethered wherever an opening in the forest gave sufficient pasturage for their beasts. In several places these people had constructed little huts of green boughs to shelter themselves from the heat of the sun; and wreaths of blue curling smoke from the fires, round which the women were busied in preparing the morning meal, pointed out their encampments. After ten or twelve miles of mountain travel, our road for nearly the same distance ran through the middle of a valley swarming with peasants ploughing and harrowing their fields, or employed in watching their cattle, which the scarcity of hedges makes no light task.

A more busy scene than that which the whole valley

of the Pek, and indeed the land on the border of any of the rivers of Servia, presents during the months of spring, can scarcely be imagined. Whilst the men were ploughing, the women sowed the seed, and at the same time trampled it into the earth after the plough. The large number of oxen—oftentimes as many as ten or twelve yoked to each plough—and the children assembled in groups under the shade of the nearest tree, playing in sight of their parents, and the hammocks or Wallach cradles suspended to the branches of the trees, gave variety and animation to the scene. After about four hours' drive, we drew up our waggons at an inn-door in the little village of Njeresniza, inhabited by a mixed population of Wallachians and Servians.

The little tavern, or restaurant, consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, with a loft or sleeping apartment above for the family of the tavern-keeper. One of these rooms was open to the road, and on a board viands of all kinds were spread to tempt the hungry passenger. Not that the food in these taverns ever had this effect on me. Perhaps it was that I was never hungry enough during my travels to overcome the repugnance which I felt to the look of a lamb about the size of a large cat roasted whole, and at joints of miniature mutton cold and dry, heaped upon coarse saucers on shelves near the window. These dishes and a few bottles of raki or slivovitza—a kind of plum brandy—the national and very favourite drink, proclaimed the calling of the owner of the

establishment. In other parts of the room were piles of water-bottles, a stove for charcoal, and an oven. A large fireplace projected some dozen feet from the wall, and occupied more than a fourth of what was a good-sized room. In fact, the fireplace was in the middle of the room, and ready for the use of any customer who might require a fire. Where the smoke escaped, I could not ascertain. The floor of this apartment was of earth, and pigs and a brood of chickens, marshalled by an old hen, roamed under the long tables, from which no doubt they picked up a good livelihood.

Though on the whole the room was as unlike any apartment to be found in a country inn in England as could well be, one custom of trade identified the inn of Servia with that of England, and testified to their relationship to each other. Behind the door of the inn at Njeresniza were scores of chalk as voluminous as any that can be seen in England, the Servian innkeeper evidently thinking with old Gervase Markham, that "there is more trust in an honest score, chaulkt on a trencher, than in a cunning written scrowle, how well soever painted on the best parchment." Beyond this door was the second apartment, used not only as a dining-room, but also as a sleeping apartment, at least during the day. For this purpose a fourth of the room was raised about two feet from the ground, and was reserved for a hard, but no doubt welcome place of rest to the drovers and peasants, almost the only persons who had occasion to make use of this inn.

These little taverns appear to be much frequented. Indeed, out of five houses, which, with their out-buildings, stables, and sheds for cattle, make up the whole of the little square in the centre of this village, three are inns of the same description as that at which we baited our ponies and refreshed ourselves, having brought a supply of food from Maidanpek for this purpose.

Near this inn stands an old and picturesque Turkish house, now used for a draper's shop, and stocked with an abundant and varied assortment of goods. A little beyond this is a small Wallachian church of the same kind as that which I had seen at Dobra. The only peculiarity which I noticed in this church was, that instead of a copy of the Gospels merely, the whole New Testament lay upon the altar. Beyond this church, and at some distance down the village, stands the Servian church.

After resting for upwards of an hour, during which most of our party sheltered themselves from the heat of the sun under the far-projecting eaves of the inn, we resumed our journey for Posherawatz, where we hoped to find a resting-place for the night. For a while we kept along the banks of the Pek, here a very shallow and inconsiderable stream, but with a channel admitting a large volume of water, which no doubt rolled between its banks during the winter months, but especially after the melting of the snow on the high grounds during the spring. After about half an hour's drive through the valley our road ascended, and wound round bold projecting bluffs of limestone and over hills

covered with lilac-trees in full blossom; whilst far below us here and there we could see an eagle hovering along the banks of the river, and sweeping down upon its prey. The road was sometimes one of difficulty, as the hill-sides were channeled with the dry beds of mountain torrents, which in their resistless course had in several places swept away the road itself. One of these torrents had laid bare what on examination proved to be a bed of very fine cement; and it is to be hoped that the revelations which these channels make of the wealth which is at present hidden, may compensate for some of the mischief done every year by these mountain streams. It is the prevalence of these mountain torrents, and the force with which they rush downwards to the valleys, which renders road-keeping so difficult in Servia. Rain such as falls upon the heights, when collected into a rivulet, soon destroys the labour of months, and renders it necessary to tunnel the roads repeatedly, and to span the water-courses with small arches, which when completed may perhaps be never required. The hills on both sides of this valley are gradually being brought under cultivation, and on the top of those immediately adjacent to the river were fields of maize stubble, the remains of last year's harvest, now lying fallow, in preparation for the next year's sowing, alternating with brown patches of recently-ploughed earth. As soon as we had descended from this ridge we passed through a rich and fertile country, the lower grounds being mostly in pasture, and the slopes of the hills green with the

young foliage of the vineyards. For miles our route lay across what might have been mistaken for a park in England, but over roads which told us unmistakably that we were in a country as yet only half cultivated. Night closed round us whilst we were yet at some distance from our resting-place, and it was not until half-past nine o'clock that we caught sight of the lamps in Posherawatz, and fully ten before we had found our way to the inn. Our journey had lasted fourteen hours, including nearly two hours for rest, and we had driven at least sixty miles over the roughest of all roads without any change of ponies, and yet when we drove into the inn-yard our beasts seemed still unexhausted.

Like most of the towns and large villages in the interior of Servia, Posherawatz resembles an encampment of hucksters at a country fair, where the booths have been in some way made permanent without any improvement in their external appearance. With the exception of a few houses in the environs, white-fronted, with green verandahs and venetian blinds, each standing in the midst of a small garden gay with flowers, the whole town consists of streets of shops of one story, standing some ten or twelve feet high; the dining and sleeping apartments being situated on the ground, and in the rear of the shop.

Nothing could exceed the animation and bustle which reigned in all parts of the town as we walked through it in the morning. Our inn, which was almost the only house with rooms above the ground-floor, was situated

in the centre of the town; and long before five o'clock in the morning the noise in the streets made sleeping impossible, notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous day. Immediately opposite the front of our inn was the fountain, from which all the streets of the town seemed to radiate. This fountain is painted red, blue, and white, the colours of the national flag, and surmounted with a cross. In the shops of the town it would be hard to say what might not be bought. In addition to those of the butchers and grocers were shops filled to the roof with bales of cotton and bars of iron from Turkey; others with drugs and medicines to prolong life; and others, again, where tombstones might be purchased, with a space in which to record the powerlessness of all medicine to sustain life. Here were heaped together confectionary and comfits, crockery and coarse earthenware, clay balls for washing, good soap, and scented oils, mingled with Dutch clocks, and all kinds of tin work and hardware; some shops seemed entirely occupied with a counter covered with heaps of Turkish tobacco; others were filled with casks of wine and beer, with the spigot invitingly ready, and large glass jars of raki and slivovitza for those who loved these stimulants; whilst other shops, again, were filled with hosiery and all sorts of drapery hanging at the doors, or temptingly displayed, with a skill which English shopkeepers would not disdain. In fact, there seemed to be every article which was ever enumerated in the tariff of any nation, or that can be found in the list of goods in the commercial dictionary of

Mr. Maccolough. The whole town appeared to swarm with customers. The country round Posherawatz is very well populated, and the peasants and cottagers along the lines of road are for many miles dependent upon this town for the supply of the goods which they need. In one shop, with an unmistakably Hebrew name over the door, were traders bargaining for kid skins, for which the owner asked a sum equivalent to five francs apiece, but for which we were told he would probably be willing to take half a dozen piastres. In another were peasant girls seated at the door, and trying on the variegated stockings which are fashionable throughout Servia; whilst in another we saw some pretty gipsy girls cheapening artificial flowers, and blushing very perceptibly through their bronzed cheeks at being detected in the act. A more animated scene than that which the town presented at six o'clock in the morning, or one which proclaimed the great prosperity of the neighbourhood, can scarcely be imagined. Interested in the bustle around us, we slowly sauntered through the streets, examining the various articles exposed for sale, attracting quite as much attention from others as we ourselves bestowed on the novel spectacle. As we walked through the crowd, one of the bystanders, more acute than the rest of his fellows, or perhaps more travelled, detected our nationality, and to show the extent of his knowledge of our language, saluted us in very good English, and proudly wished us "Good night" at six o'clock in the morning.

There are two churches in this town—one at the entry

of Posherawatz from Njeresniza, and the other in the heart of the town; the former is a large building, of no particular ecclesiastical character, having a tower at the west end, surmounted by the usual chocolate-coloured bulbous spire. It is of the same date as most of the other large churches of the country, having been built within the last ten years. The town is also well supplied with schools, and at eight o'clock in the morning, through the streets in the outskirts of the town, many a group of boys and girls might be seen toiling slowly along, with satchel on their backs or a strap full of books dangling from their arms, and often with a lesson-book open in their hands from which they were endeavouring to learn the last column of spelling as they walked to school.

Attracted by the sound of a Gregorian chant, which proceeded from one of these schools, I went in, and found a room full of pupils learning the multiplication table, and aiding their memory by singing the "twice two are four" to one of the ecclesiastical tones. This school-house consists of two rooms for the scholars, which are separated by a central hall. In one of these rooms hung a tolerable painting of St. Sava, the national saint of Servia; and here the pupils, left to themselves, were employed in learning their arithmetic. In the other room I found the master engaged with a class of boys, who were repeating the catechism. On my entry, one of the boys stole out unbidden, and soon returned with a chair, which he placed for me. I waited whilst the master examined the pupils—

at first the class collectively, and then separately—in the catechism, which they were able not only to repeat fluently, but which they seemed to understand. After this had been finished, another class was examined from a book of geography. This lesson mainly consisted in an enumeration of the chief cities of the various countries of Europe and Asia, with, in most cases, the name of the river on which those cities are situated. In compliment to myself, I presume, the first question asked was the name of the capital of England, and the river on which it is built. The most perfect order reigned, not only in the schoolroom in which the master was seated, but also in that in which the scholars were employed in learning their tasks. The supply of books and slates, of black-boards and maps, appeared very ample, and the rudimentary books in use, so far as I could judge, seemed very good.

What chiefly struck me, however, in this and in other schools which I visited, was the mixture of the children of different classes or grades in society. As there is, properly speaking, but one class in Servia, the distinction which is created by wealth or by the possession of landed property is very trifling, and is practically almost disregarded. Many of the school-children at Posherawatz were barefooted, whilst others were evidently of a class that regarded shoes as a necessity, if not of life, yet at least of its social status. The courtesy, however, which is so remarkable a characteristic of all classes in Servia, whatever their worldly wealth may be, rendered it difficult to distinguish the

child of a peasant from one of the richer class of society.

After a breakfast of coffee, with plenty of new milk, and cakes of hot bread, we set out for Semandria, which we reached after a drive of about two hours. The country between Posherawatz and the Morava, which we crossed in our journey, resembled English rural scenery in the neighbourhood of the mansion of a large landed proprietor, where the trimness of the park seems to extend to and influence the cottages of the labourers. The road, however, on the east bank of the river was of the same primitive and chaotic character as that of which we had such woeful experience the day before. No sooner, however, had we crossed the river by the ferry-boat than we came upon the great road leading from Semandria to the frontier of Turkey, which is as good as the majority of roads in England. In contrast to that over which we travelled yesterday, we pronounced it excellent.

Our route now was through what may still be called forest land, but where the forest has already, in a great measure, disappeared, and where the cultivated lands are daily encroaching upon the domain of timber. The scene is exactly similar to that which is found in the neighbourhood of a new settlement in North America. Belts of wood, with patches of cultivated lands, in which the stumps of the trees still remain though charred and decaying, and in time to be worked into the ground as vegetable mould or manure. Between these stumps Indian corn is planted, and

the abundance of good land renders it unnecessary to economise the ground, which is under this partial cultivation. Agriculture, indeed, is in a rude state throughout Servia. The population is far from being so dense as to make it at all necessary to cultivate the land with care. The field which has been under crop one year, is suffered to lie fallow during the next, and the maize stubble is then sufficiently rotten to be ploughed into the ground, which in this way recovers itself without the aid of manure. The fields, again, for the most part, are very foul with weeds, and spurge and charlock seem oftentimes to be the only crops. In the neighbourhood of the large towns, more care is bestowed upon the ground than in the remote interior; yet even there the agriculture is of the rudest description.

Round Belgrade maize and pumpkins are sown together in the fields, and the whole process of ploughing, harrowing, and sowing, is of the simplest kind. After the strip of ground, which has been lying fallow during the past year, has been ploughed, and the maize stubble fairly covered, the seed is immediately sown. The wife or the daughter of the peasant follows the plough with an apron full of the mixed seed, which she drops alternately into the furrow, and at the same time covers and tramples it down with her bare feet. As soon as a strip of ground three or four yards in breadth has been thus ploughed and planted, the light simple plough is unfastened from the pole, and a harrow of bushes, weighted with clods of earth, like our common

bush harrow, is drawn over the field, and this is all that is needed until the plants of maize are high enough to require hoeing. At harvest time the heads of corn are cut off, leaving some two or three feet of stubble in the ground to rot, and in the second spring to be ploughed in as before. The pumpkins come to maturity long before the corn, and cutting these and hoeing the maize plants go on at the same time. Sometimes, in clearing fresh ground, it is found easier to burn down the trunks of the trees than to remove them by means of the axe, and then to grub up the roots. When this is imperfectly done, the charred trunks often remain in several parts of the field, rising from the midst of the crop of maize or wheat which occupies the site of the old forest. On one such blackened trunk of a once magnificent oak-tree, which we passed in our morning drive from Posherawatz, we saw a noble eagle perched and at rest, whilst three others floated in different parts of the horizon. In the course of our drive we often saw two, or sometimes three eagles at one time, but this was the only occasion when we saw more than three of these monarchs of the rocks and woods at one and the same moment.

As we approached Semandria and the borders of the Danube, the country grew more hilly, till, as we topped the last ridge which overlooks the town, we obtained a beautiful view of the river, flowing, as though in the calmness of conscious power, past the old Servian fortress of Semandria, which, with its strange coronet of towers, juts out into, and was intended to command,

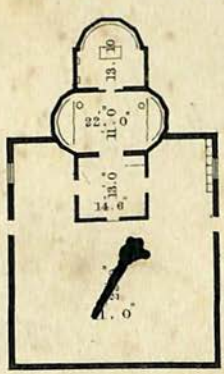
the Danube. The slopes of all the hills, in the neighbourhood of this town, are covered with vineyards, which appear to be very carefully tended. The wine made at this place is by many considered the strongest and best of all the Servian wines.

The environs of Semandria are prettier, the cottages more commodious, and the little patches of garden-ground better laid out, than in the outskirts of any other town which I have seen in Servia. The situation of the town, also, is one full of picturesque beauty, situated as it is at the foot of a range of hills some of which overhang and command it on the south and west. Unlike most other towns, there are sufficient objects of interest in and about Semandria to give it considerable attractions. The ancient chapel of St. Mary, in the cemetery, is probably the oldest ecclesiastical building remaining in Servia. The old fortress, built by George Brankovitch in the fifteenth century, is the largest and most remarkable piece of military architecture to be found in the country. Semandria itself abounds in old Turkish houses, with their gardens bounded by high walls, over which rise the mulberry and the fig tree; whilst the modern church of St. George is by far the finest of all the new churches in Servia.

On one of the spurs of the range of hills, which, like a half moon, rise to the west and south of the town, is situated the cemetery, surrounding the little church of St. Mary. The situation of the church under a high bank, which rises immediately to the west, and the fact

that the floor is some six or seven feet below the surface of the ground on the outside, favour the tradition that for a long time it was covered by earth, and its existence unknown to the Turks. To this, perhaps, may be owing its complete state of preservation, and the unmutilated character of the interior. With the exception of the usual dints of pistol bullets defacing the frescoed head of our Blessed Lord, which fills up the whole of the ceiling of the polygonal lantern in the centre of the building, there are no marks of violence noticeable. The church, consisting of sanctuary, nave, and choir, is only thirty-eight feet long. The apse, as well as the extremity of the transept, are polygonal in the exterior, though circular in the interior. The altar consists of a table of wood, probably modern, standing on three antique carved stone pillars. The rood surmounting the iconostasis presents this singular feature, that it is turned away from the people, and faces the east end of the church. There is no ambo, but the place of it seems to be marked with a round stone, though I am not sure that this is not accidental. In front of the iconostasis are two stone pillars for candles, and the candles, which are of wax, covered with sheet iron, each six inches in diameter, and about twelve feet high, being the largest candles which I have ever seen. The choir is separated from the nave by a solid wall built up to the roof of the building, and pierced by a doorway for the worshippers in the nave; the wall forming a support to the polygonal dome, which supplies almost the whole of the light to the building. The

THE CHURCH OF S^{T} MARY SEMANDRIA.



GROUND PLAN

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walls within the church are covered with old frescoes, some in a tolerable state of preservation.

Externally, the church is very interesting. The outline is cruciform; the north, south, and east arms of the cross terminating in an apse, which is, as I have just said, circular in the interior, and polygonal on the outside. These apses are arcaded; the whole exterior wall, from the roof to within four feet of the ground, including the apses, being constructed of stone, with thin red brick in horizontal and vertical lines of rusticated work. An octagonal lantern of similar work, but more highly decorated than the wall, rises from the intersection of the nave and transepts. Each face of the octagon is recessed with arcading down to a long narrow light in the centre. Both the wall and the lantern terminate in a bold cornice, with three lines of brick corbels.

In order to adapt this church to modern requirements, and to fit it for the use of the population living to the west of the town, a large square room has been added, without attempt at ornament, or any endeavour to make it accord with the rest of the church. This new part is used as the nave and narthex, and contains stalls and a font. From the western door a view of the church may be obtained by those who are standing in the new portion, and a narrow light on each side enables those near the aperture to join in the service.

On the other side of the town, and just outside of the fortress, stands the church of St. George, a modern building, erected only about seven years ago. It is a

fine and characteristic specimen of modern Byzantine work, and is surmounted by six domes, one of which is over the western entrance. A good effect is obtained by some beautiful foliage running round the windows and along the lines of the building. On examination, this turned out to be metal-work, covered with plaster. Unfortunately, such work has no durability, and the plaster has cracked and peeled off in several parts of the building. Inside the church the most noticeable feature is the pavement of the nave, sunk one step both below the choir and the narthex. In the diaconicon is a good library of Church books, together with a greater number of theological works—chiefly the writings of the Fathers of the Eastern Church—than I have seen elsewhere. It is not, I imagine, a mere coincidence that the width of the church is the same as the length of the nave (41 feet 7 inches), and that the choir and sanctuary are respectively of the same length (21 feet 6 inches). In front of the church, and outside the inclosure, stands a simple but effective wooden cross, about twelve feet in height.

But the most conspicuous object, and one which strikes the eye of the traveller as soon as he comes within sight of this city, is the old Servian fortress, which stretches out into the river. This is the most perfect specimen of military architecture existing in the country. It consists of a row of tall square towers connected by a curtain, neither tower nor curtain possessing rampart, battlements, nor embrasures of any kind, and seemingly only calculated for passive resist-

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THE CASTLE OF SEMANDRIA FROM THE DANUBE

ance. Both inside and outside of the walls is a ditch, which lends some additional security to the fortress. It is now occupied by a Turkish garrison, being one of the seven strong places reserved by the great Powers of Europe to the Sultan. A little in advance of the main gateway, which, indeed, is the only one accessible from the land side, a little outwork, with a wall loopholed for musketry, is the only piece of offensive work that I could see in the whole structure.

The walls of this fortress testify to the abundance of the Roman remains which existed in Servia at the date of the Turkish invasion. The towers and other parts of the walls are full of fragments of sculpture and inscriptions of the lower empire, the former possessing, probably, little artistic value, though the fragmentary inscriptions might settle many a matter of history at present doubtful, or help to unsettle what is now accepted for fact by historical students. One of the towers of the fortress, however, furnishes such an instance of foresight in its builder, that it will excuse a few words of description. Built at a time when the arms of the Turks, everywhere victorious, were pressing northward, and threatening to subjugate a great part of Europe, and when the conquest of Servia must have appeared imminent, the builder of this remarkable fortress, in the course of its construction, inserted into the stone wall of a tower which stands in the very centre of the citadel a cross of red brick, of some twelve feet in height, running through the thickness of the wall, and consequently irremovable,

except by the destruction of the whole building. Round the cross are the sacred monograms, and underneath an inscription in old Servian, all worked into the wall, and made of the same material, red brick. The mark for nearly four centuries for Turkish bullets, which have liberally battered both brick and stone, the cross stands out all the redder for the violence which hatred for the emblem has instigated. It met the eyes of the successful invaders at their entry, it has survived the assaults of rage and cruelty which has marked the times of the Turkish occupation, and it will doubtless be the last object which the Turkish garrison will see as it withdraws from the fortress. In various parts of the walls, in inaccessible heights, or in angles of the towers, smaller crosses have been here and there inserted; but this cross, which overlooks the whole garrison, and stands alone, like the banner around which a host is to rally, is one of the most remarkable trophies which the forethought and devotion of man has ever reared.

Outside of the fortress, the ditch which runs round the walls can at any time be filled from the river, but in the inside, the ditch is kept full of water, stagnant and stinking, covered with a vegetable coating of yellow and green weed, and looking the very haunt of fever. It must be very destructive to the health of the troops, who, to the number of six hundred, live in mud tumble-down cottages in the inside. These form a little town, as each house is surrounded, in proper oriental style, with a garden jealously fenced in and concealed from the eyes of all except its owner. On one side of the

gate of the fortress is a dilapidated mosque, rising, as is frequently the case, over a little sutler's shop, or canteen, where sherbet, tobacco, and sweetmeats, are spread out to tempt soldiers and the children of the garrison.

On the opposite side of the gateway is situated the guard-house. In front of this is ranged a number of muskets of every age and shape, and in various stages of uselessness. I naturally imagined that this, on a small scale, was like the armoury in the Tower of London—an exhibition, or museum of artillery; but to my astonishment, I learnt that these were the arms of the guard, placed here for daily use. How the ammunition can be served out for these heterogeneous muskets, and whether, in case of need, these fire-arms will not be found more dangerous to the possessors than to their foes, are matters for the consideration of the Turkish authorities. Without loopholes, however, to the walls, and in the absence of ramparts, it can matter little what fire-arms are placed in the hands of the defenders of such a fortress. But, indeed, the place itself, apart from the want of sufficient arms for the garrison, is utterly untenable. Within a mile it is commanded at various points from the hills, which overlook both town and fortress, and a few shells dropped into the midst of the clay huts, and setting fire to the shingle and thatch of the roofs, would force the garrison to a speedy surrender. At the first moment of any real warfare, this, and other garrisons in Servia, must be immediately abandoned by their present

holders. They are maintained during peace at a useless, and in the state of Turkish finances, at an enormous cost, and in time of war will have to be deserted.

When I visited this fortress, I met the son of Achir Pasha, the Turkish commander at Belgrade. He appeared an intelligent lad, of some eighteen or nineteen years old, and was dressed in modern Turkish fashion—that is to say, in a style that was completely Frankish. He was then on a visit of inspection to this fortress, to prepare it against any step which the Servians might take in a moment of exasperation, at the bombardment of Belgrade, which had at that time been determined upon.

At my entry into the guard-house, I was invited to a seat on the divan, and complimented duly on being Ingleski, and, therefore, a thick-and-thin friend of the Turk. Delicious coffee and a paper cigarette were handed to me, the former of which I accepted, but, as I did not smoke, declined the tobacco. The conflict between the new and old fashions—they are not ideas, for these survive outward fashions—was very noticeable in the place. On one side of me was the son of the Pasha, who, with his attendants, sat forlorn and uncomfortable-looking in their ill-made and, upon an oriental, certainly most ungraceful Frankish dress; and on the other side the commander of the garrison, a Turk of the old school, in the flowing graceful robes which, to our minds, is inseparable from the notion of a Turk. The Pasha's son, again, was puffing away at a cigarette in the style of a lounger about Paris, whilst the old

Turk on my right was soothing himself with the long chibouque.

I slept at a small and—smallness apart—very comfortable inn in Semandria. Everything in my little room was clean and neat, like what would be found in a village inn in England. Supper was served up to us—my Servian friend and myself—in my own apartment. Besides the bed, table, chair, and German stove, the only furniture of the apartment consisted of a few pictures, one or two of which were of some antiquity. On the walls hung a small old panel-painting of our Blessed Lord; another of the head of St. John the Baptist in a charger; a large and showy one of St. Nicholas, a popular saint in Servia; together with these was a small carved and painted diptich of the Virgin and Child, and the Archangel St. Michael—a fair amount of religious paintings for a small bedroom in a small inn. Next morning, after an abundant breakfast, we took the steamboat for Belgrade.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE — DIFFERENCES BETWEEN CHURCHES IN SERVIA AND OTHER PARTS OF ORTHODOX CHURCH—DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH—ALTARS—APSES—ICONOSTASIS—ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS.

THE only pure examples of Servian church architecture which are to be seen in that country, are the few churches which have survived the devastation made during the conquest by the Turks, and their subsequent occupation of Servia. Of those which remain, scattered as they are, and often owing their preservation to the inaccessible nature of the country where they are situated, my wanderings only led me to the cemetery church of St. Mary, at Semandria, and the monastic churches of Rakowitza, Ravanitza, and Manassia. The town churches are almost all modern, and the village churches which were built during the closing days of Turkish rule, and before the independence of Servia was guaranteed by treaty, are mean, and constructed of the simplest materials. Walls of logs or of hurdles, covered with mud, and roofs of shingle, do not admit of any architectural ornament. The description of the church at Dobra will give the reader a fair idea of this class of churches.

In the towns and some of the larger villages, more ambitious churches of stone, or of brick, covered with plaster, have been erected since the expulsion of the Turks; but these, for the most part, were hastily constructed, to supply a grievous need in the first moment of newly-regained independence; and from one cause or other, the badness of the mortar, or the ignorance of the builders, unaccustomed to construct works of such a magnitude, they already show signs of decay. The walls of the cathedrals of Belgrade and of Schabatz, and the large church at Semandria, are all rent with long cracks; and unless the progress of destruction can be arrested, they will, no doubt, before long, fall to the ground.

The types which the architects of these modern churches have imitated are either the Servian churches in the Austrian territories, or the more purely Byzantine churches of Russia. The builders of the Servian churches of Sclavonia, and throughout Hungary, in those villages where the Serbs are settled in any considerable number, adopted the style which was found to prevail in Austria, and were content to make the interior conform to the essential requirements of the Eastern rite. Thus throughout the Servian portions of Austria the churches of the orthodox communion have generally square towers, surmounted by an ungraceful, not to say ugly, spire, swelling out into one, and sometimes two bulbs, painted of a black or chocolate colour; whilst the body of the church is made up of a jumble of classical details—Tuscan pilasters, Corinthian or composite-

capped columns, Palladian windows, and anonymous doorways. When the Servians in their own country were able to begin to rebuild their churches, it was natural that in many cases they should be influenced by the style, or absence of style, which they found to prevail amongst their brethren in Sclavonia, and that they should faithfully copy these incongruities. Other portions of the Eastern Church would probably have resorted exclusively to Byzantine models; but then it must be borne in mind that the Servian Church was never so exclusively oriental as most other parts of the great orthodox Church of the East. The Servian architects of the middle ages, and during the period of the national greatness, were always ready to adopt the details of the architecture of Italy; and especially those which they had seen in Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, with which a considerable literary and artistic intercourse was maintained. Thus, whilst the older churches of Servia are romanesque in outline, and even in some of their principal features—as, for instance, in the exterior arcading of the sanctuary and choir apses—yet the details, such as the windows and the pillars, are often twelfth century in character, and are what one of our own architects would call Early English. The mouldings of the doorways and the capitals of pilasters are oftentimes of the same character. The traveller will sometimes find in the choir lancet lights with trefoil headings, and in other parts of the building windows with plate tracery, such as may be found in Venetian churches; whilst the frescoes in the interior of these churches

are oftentimes of the best age of Italian painting, and executed in the style of Tintoretto, or after the early manner of Raphael.

The canons of criticism, then, which are applicable to churches in other parts of the Eastern communion will require to be considerably modified when we come to speak of Servian architecture. In almost every other portion of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and of the Churches in communion with it, the absence of any external transept is a rule; but in Servia the churches almost always show some trace of the transeptal construction on the outside of the building, and in most of them it is a marked and characteristic feature. Thus, for instance, in the old church of St. Mary, at Semandria, whilst the nave is only 14 feet 6 inches in width, the choir, which is included in the transept, is upwards of 22 feet across. Indeed, except in poor mud-built village churches, the choir is always formed by an addition to the width of the building, making the church, of course, externally cruciform. Again, it is usual, in most other parts of the East, for the prothesis and the diaconicon, each of them, to terminate in a small apse, not always externally visible, but almost always so internally: this is very rarely the case in Servia. In the churches of that country the apse of the sanctuary usually embraces the table of prothesis and the diaconicon; and when this is not the case, in place of the recessed wall of these two adjuncts to the bema being circular on the outside, as is the case in almost all other Eastern churches, the wall on the out-

side is invariably, and on the inside usually, polygonal. Whilst, again, in most other parts of the Eastern Church the bema or sanctuary is cut off from both the prothesis and diaconicon by internal walls, this is never the case, so far as I have seen, in Servian churches, the whole space behind the iconostasis being undivided. The nearest approach to internal walls of division occur in the church which is at present building in the western suburb of Belgrade. In this instance, the prothesis and diaconicon are so deeply recessed, as to give at first sight the appearance of a wall extending across the bema, but this is only in appearance; and this church, so far as I could judge, in its present incomplete state, has more features of Byzantine architecture and arrangement than occur in any other Servian church.*

Having pointed out some of those specific differences from the other churches of the Eastern communion which are to be found in those of Servia, it may be well to say a few words on the plan and construction of Servian churches in general. In the first place, unlike the Continental Church of Western Europe, the ancient ecclesiastical custom regarding Orientalism is strictly observed throughout the East. The churches are always built due east and west.

But to come to a description of the several parts of a church. The churches of the Eastern communion are always divided into the sanctuary, the choir, and the nave. These divisions are never wanting. In addition to these essential features, most

* See the plan at page 168.

churches have a narthex, or place west of the nave, in which the women stand during the time of service; and still west of this an internal porch, extending across the whole width of the building. Some, again, have what is called a double narthex, and even a double porch—that is to say, these portions of the church are sometimes divided by pillars, or even by a wall. In the sanctuary, to the north of the altar, is the table of prothesis, on which the sacred elements are prepared for the Holy Communion; and to the west of this the aumbry and the piscina, which latter is always placed in the north wall, and never, as in other parts of the Eastern Church, under the altar. In small churches, the aumbry is occasionally wanting. In the aumbry is placed the chalice and paten, covered with the corporal; here also will be found a singular kind of *double flask of glass*, made to hold the water and the wine which is required in the Holy Communion. The diaconicon occupies the south side of the sanctuary, and in it are kept the vestments used during the celebration of Divine service, as well as the various office-books of the church. Here will be found the library attached to the church, whenever such exists. The altar occupies the centre of the sanctuary, standing on the chord of the apse, and having sometimes seats behind for the bishop and the officiating priests. Only in one church in Servia—that in the monastery of Manassia—does the old stone bench or synthronus remain.

The altar—for in the Eastern Church there is but one—is sometimes of wood, at other times of stone; or a table of wood is placed on a pedestal of stone; or, again, a stone slab is supported by wooden legs. There appears, in fact, to be no rule in this matter; wood, however, is more commonly used than stone. The altar is always much smaller than with us, and is generally almost square. Thus, for instance, in the church of St. Mary, at Semandria, the altar is three feet nine inches in length, by three feet four inches in width. At the church of the Ascension, in the monastery of Ravanitza, it is three feet eleven inches in length, by two feet eight inches in width; and the altars in other churches are of similar proportions.

These altars appear small to a person accustomed to the larger ones of the Western Church; but the former are more likely to represent the altars of the early Christians than those which are usually seen either in the Roman Church or amongst ourselves, especially in some new churches. The position of the altar behind the iconostasis at all times prevents more than a portion of it from being visible to the people standing in the nave; and the Eastern Church has thus been saved from the temptation of enlarging the altar to a disproportionate size, in order to obtain effect by increased dimension merely; whilst the well-known constancy with which the Oriental mind adheres to old traditions, and preserves old forms, is tolerably sufficient evidence that the proportions of the altar in the churches of the East are the same as those of the primitive Church.

On the east side of the altar will be found the candlesticks, and generally, but by no means always, a crucifix. In the middle is laid the Evangelium, or book of the Gospels, to be used in the Communion Service, and sometimes a copy of the Eucologion will be found on one side of the altar. With these will often be found the icons or images, usually one of the saint in honour of whom the church is dedicated, and another of our Blessed Lord. But whatever articles of furniture may be wanting, I have invariably found on the altar of every church, whether large or small, a piece of cloth nearly covering the whole top, but, except during Divine service, folded and placed in the centre, and under the copy of the Gospels. On this is painted the figure of our Blessed Lord resting in the tomb, thus apparently setting the altar before the eye of men as the sepulchre of Christ.

In the churches of Servia the sanctuary invariably ends in an apse, and occasionally it terminates in a central and larger apse, with two small ones on either side, one for the table of prothesis and the other for the diaconicon. But in speaking of an apse, care must be taken not to confound this invariable feature of Eastern churches with what has of late been called by the same name in England; from which, however, it differs essentially. The genuine apse is a semicircle described upon the chord of the arc on which the altar stands—a circular extension of the sanctuary; it is not, as so many seem to imagine, the square east end of a church narrowed by an inner circle cutting off the outer angles

of the square, and giving a circular form to the chancel. Still less shall we find in the East a rectangular altar placed most incongruously against the circular wall of the sanctuary. Such an arrangement has arisen from a strange confusion of ideas as to the meaning of an apse. The true apse, then, is formed by a semicircle standing on and projecting beyond the extreme east of the chancel, as in fig. 1, whilst the false apse is made by a semicircle described on the east end of the nave, and usurping the place of the chancel, as in fig. 2—an essential difference, as it seems to me, between the true apse of the East and the make-believe apse of some of our modern churches. A ground-plan will show the

Fig. 1.

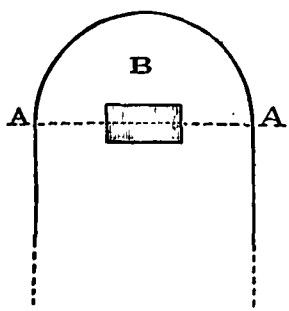
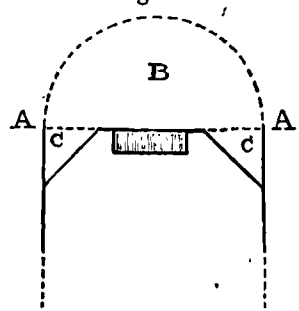


Fig. 2.



essential difference between an Eastern apse and a rounded chancel. The space B in fig. 1 is the apse of an Eastern church, the circular sweep behind the altar, which stands on the line AA, from which the circle is struck. The English Church, in disusing the apse and in finishing with the line AA, lost nothing of available space for the church. But the now-a-days restorers of

apses, in place of giving back to us the space B, always narrow the chancel itself by robbing us of the corners CC, and thus deprive the altar of that dignity which is due to it. This will be evident by a glance at fig. 2. But to return to the description of an Oriental church.

The iconostasis in the Eastern churches takes the place not of the chancel screen, but of the altar rails. It is a wooden partition stretching across the church, and shutting off the sanctuary from the worshippers. It has usually three doorways, though in poor churches one only is sometimes found. These openings have generally a kind of gate reaching half-way up the doorway, and usually a vail. Sometimes, however, a vail without any door is found, and at others a door without any vail. The paintings upon the iconostasis differ in different churches. Usually, however, the figure of the patron saint is placed at the north end, whilst that of the Blessed Virgin occupies the north side of the central door, and a figure of our Blessed Lord is invariably painted on the south side of the same door. Under the figure of the Blessed Virgin the woman kneels during the service for churching.

On each side of the central door of the iconostasis, and in the choir, stand two standards of brass or stone for candles, and near these, on the south side, a small sloping desk with two icons, one of which is a painting of the patron saint, or the event from the Gospel history in memory of which the church has been dedicated; the other icon is that of our Blessed Lord. On entering a church for service, or even for the purpose of seeing

it, and again on leaving, it is customary to kiss one or both of these images. This is the simple act of reverence which is expected from all. Before the central door of the iconostasis stands the ambo, from which the Gospel and Epistle are read in the Communion Service. In old basilican churches there were usually two, sometimes even three ambos. In the churches throughout Servia there is but one. The ambo in several parts of the old patriarchate of Ravenna, and again in the Byzantine churches of Sicily, is an important feature. It is a large pulpit or desk raised to nearly the same height as pulpits with us. But in Servia the ambo is a far less ambitious structure. It is nothing more than a small round spot of about four feet in diameter, generally of stone, and usually raised one step above the rest of the floor, though it is sometimes to be found with two, and, in the metropolitical church, with three steps. In old and in poor churches, however, the ambo is often wanting. It may have been that the ancient ambo was of wood, and of a different form from that now in use, and that this has perished during the time of Turkish occupation. It is, however, remarkable that, in the older churches in Servia, where the ambo is found, it is of wood, and evidently of modern construction, the place for reading the Gospel being marked by a circular stone not raised above the level of the floor.

Immediately in front of the iconostasis is the choir, and in the extremity of the arms of the cross, north

and south, are placed the desks for the singers. Sometimes a pulpit projects from the wall of the choir. In the churches where I have seen it, it has been of wood, forming five sides of an octagon, standing on the north side of the choir and reached by steps made in the thickness of the wall. A pulpit, however, is of rare occurrence throughout Servia. In the choir of most churches are seats, one for the bishop of the diocese and another for the prince; in poor churches but one of these will be found, that for the use of the bishop in the course of his visitations. These seats are on the south side of the church, and are generally placed against the wall; but sometimes they occur on the two faces of a pillar, the bishop's seat in that case being made to look west, and the prince's seat being placed at right angles with that of the bishop, and looking northward. West of the choir is situated the nave, which is often undistinguished architecturally from the choir. In some churches in Servia the floor of the nave is sunk one step below the choir, whilst the narthex rises again to the choir level. Round this part of the church are ranged miserere stalls for those who are unable, from age or infirmity, to stand without some support during the long services of the Greek ritual; but in some of the more ancient churches—as, for instance, in the monastic church of Ravanitza—there still remains the stone bench which formerly, in all churches, ran round the narthex and porch. West of the nave stands the narthex, which in primitive times was the place assigned to penitents, but is now occupied by women; and

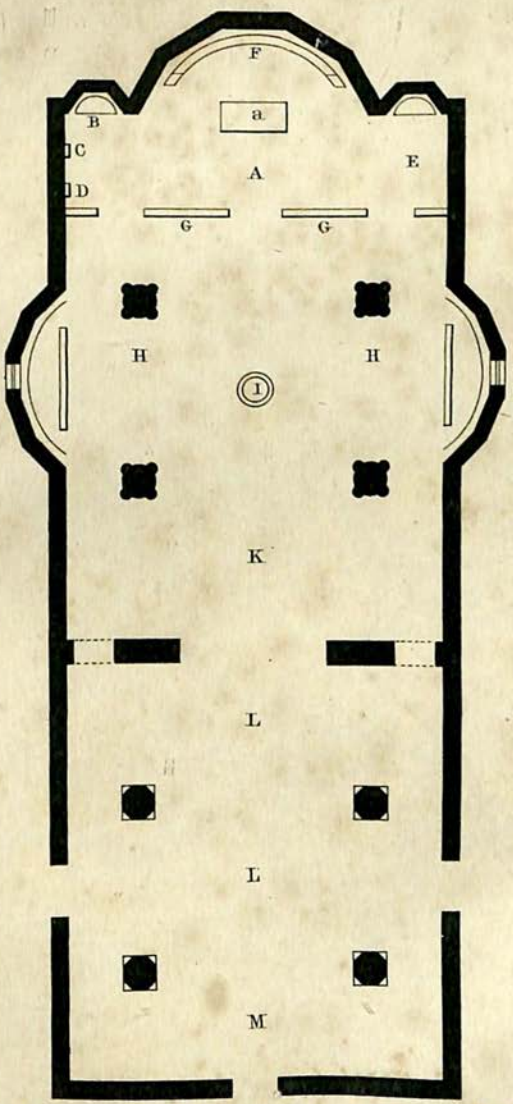
beyond this is one and sometimes two porches. In the south-west angle of the porch, or if there be no porch to the church in the same angle of the narthex, is placed the font, which is sometimes of copper or other metal, but more commonly of stone; and behind the pillar which is nearest to the place where the font stands, will be found a table, and upon it the register-book for baptisms. The porch and narthex is sometimes covered by a gallery running across the whole width of the church, and called a narthex gallery. Here was formerly the place for the women, but it is now seldom used, except as in churches in Sclavonia, for a school or sometimes as a convenient receptacle for lumber.

Those churches which were built during the time when the Turks occupied the country were necessarily made without any place for bells, which were forbidden to the Christians; but when this interdict was removed, and freedom of religious worship was insured by the independence of the country, a framework of timber, two or three stages high, was usually erected near the west end of the church in which to hang the bells. In churches, however, built since the deliverance of the country from the Turkish yoke, the belfry is in the tower, over the west door of entrance.*

For the sake of students of ecclesiastical antiquity, I

* What I have endeavoured to describe in this chapter will be more fully understood by a reference to the plan of the church of Manassia, with the various portions of the building distinguished from each ther.

GROUND PLAN OF THE MONASTIC CHURCH AT MANASSIA.



A. *The Sanctuary.* a. *The Altar.* B. *Table of Prothesis.* C. *Piscina.*
D. *Aumbry.* E. *Diaconicon.* F. *The Synthronus.* G.G. *The Iconotasis.*
H.H. *The Choir.* I. *Ambo.* K. *The Nave.* L.L. *Narthece.* M. *The Porch.*

10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 FEET

J.R.Johbins.

add the Servian names of several parts of the church and its furniture, and the vestments of the clergy. The names were kindly written in my note-book by the parish priest at Topschidere.

Oltar—the whole space within the sanctuary; the place of the altar.
Prestol—the altar.
Gertwenik—the table of prothesis.
Ouchiwallick—the piscina.
Zavyesse—the vail before the doorway of the iconostasis.
Pewnitza—the seats for the choir.
Phekonostasse—the small table in the nave on which the icons stand.
Krstalnitza—the font.
Mouska preprata—the space in a church between the iconostasis and narthex; the choir and nave of a church.
Genska preprata—place for women; the narthex.
Kadionitza—the censer.
Odyeyanie—vestments.
Epitrahil—stole for priests.
Phelon—chasuble.
Naroukwitze—the maniple.
Poyasse—the girdle.
Stirhar—the stockarion or alb.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

DOBROWITZ—COUNTRY ROUND POSHERAWATZ—NATIONAL COSTUME OF MEN—FIRE-ARMS—SINGULAR CUSTOM OF WOMEN—FLY WHICH ATTACKS CATTLE—SWILAINATZ—STOJAN PETROVICH—FARMHOUSE—SERVIAN COOKERY—MILITZA—MEDVEDJE—VILLAGE PARLIAMENT—MANASSIA.

ARMED with the letter of the Archbishop of Belgrade commending me to all and several "the clergy throughout Servia," I soon, after my return from Maidanpek, set out upon an excursion into the interior, with the intention of visiting the monasteries of Studenitza, Ravanitza, and Manassia. The first of these, however, which is close to the southern frontier of Servia, and in the midst of a very inaccessible country, I was not able to reach, and had to content myself with the sight of the two others. In this journey I was fortunate enough to secure as my companion a Servian gentleman of good connexions, and possessing a most extensive acquaintance in all parts of the country. My companion proved a most agreeable and intelligent fellow-traveller, cordially entering into my views, and doing his utmost to assist me.

We left Belgrade by the Austrian steamer which was bound for Bazias and the mouth of the Danube, but

which would put us out at Dobrowitz, a short distance to the east of the Morava. From the quantity of goods and the passengers on board who were to land at the same place as ourselves, I anticipated that Dobrowitz would turn out to be a town of some importance and magnitude. It resembled, however, some of the new cities, with classical names, in the north-western States of America, where the plans on paper of the edifices, to be hereafter built, are the only signs, and these not always prophetic ones, of the future city. When we reached Dobrowitz, the goods and passengers were landed on the mud bank of the river, and all that could be seen of the town was a wooden shed for shelter from the sun and rain, a box of the same material for the accommodation of a booking-clerk, and a kind of tavern for the use of the hungry and thirsty amongst ourselves. About a dozen light waggons, however, stood ready to be hired; and it was evident from the quantity of the goods which were put out on the river bank, that this is a place of some importance, and the *entrepôt* for the towns and villages in the neighbourhood. In my journeys in various directions, I had never been particular as to the character of my equipage; but in this instance my companion felt that some regard was due to the reputation of his country; and as the only waggon which we were able to hire at Dobrowitz was very fragile, very uncomfortable, and, added to this, very disreputable in appearance, we only engaged it to carry us a few miles on our way as far as Posherawatz. The road between Dobrowitz

and this place was of the same half-cleared, half-cultivated character as that which we had passed over a few days before in our drive from Posherawatz to Semandria.

At Posherawatz we stayed until we could procure another waggon to take us to Swilainatz. The charge made for a waggon for a day's journey is fifty piastres, or about eight shillings English. This includes the payment at the end of the journey for the driver; and as there are no turnpikes in Servia, it represents the whole expense of travelling. With this sum a driver is well contented; and when I handed the money to our own driver at the end of the day's journey, the way in which he thanked me by kissing my hand seemed to be a proof that I was not supposed to have behaved illiberally towards him. The road from Posherawatz for the first twenty miles, and as far as Oreowatz, runs through an almost continuous street of cottages. It was very seldom that we had not in sight at the same time half a dozen of these houses; thrown a little back from the road, and each surrounded by its inclosure of vegetables and flowers. To the right was a long sweep of rich pasturage, running down to the Morava; and though the river was beyond the reach of our eyes, the course of it was marked by the line of timber trees on its banks, and by the range of hills beyond. These meadows were full of cattle, and were still dotted over with the remains of the forest, which at no very remote date must have covered the whole face of the country. On the left hand was a gentle range of hills, mostly

cleared and under cultivation, or in the process of being cleared, with just a sufficient space of level ground interposed between the hill-side and the road-way to allow of the fringe of cottages which gave animation to the whole scene. The wells and fountains were planted thick along this line of road; and as it was late in the afternoon or early in the evening when we passed over the greater part of the way, we found these places surrounded by groups of women and girls engaged in the feminine occupation of drawing water, or seated on the brink of the well or on some convenient stone gossiping with their neighbours, whilst

"The bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well."

The scene was very Oriental, and the dress of the women brought back the remembrance of pictures of Eastern life, and the going forth at eventide to draw water for the cattle and the household to which such frequent reference is made in Holy Scripture. Nor was it only the poorer classes and the peasant women who were thus employed; oftentimes we met water-bearers, with their jars hung at either end of the short pole which they carried across their shoulder—tall, comely, well-proportioned girls, evidently of superior rank, with their dark hair carefully braided and arranged in broad bands across their foreheads, and though barefooted, adorned with earrings, necklaces of gold coin, and heavy bracelets, and looking what a patriarch's daughters of the olden time might have been.

Whilst delaying at Posherawatz until we could procure a more respectable-looking waggon for the rest of our journey, my companion met many of his friends who were returning to the village, which we hoped to reach before nightfall. Several of these he had not met for some time, and it was strange to see with what solemn affection—middle-aged, moustached man as he was—he embraced and kissed his old companions, from grey-headed farmers to young lads in their teens. This public salutation is far more common amongst male friends than amongst female ones, and marks the degree and intimacy of the friendship. It is the mark and recognition of brotherhood; not merely of the tie of blood relationship, but of that choice which a man makes, and of the compact, whether formal or only tacitly implied, for mutual assistance between friends, which is a peculiar feature of the Sclavonic race. One of these friends of my companion, a young trader from Swilainatz, was accommodated with a seat in our waggon; and as our journey together was one of some hours, during which time he sat directly opposite to me, and as he wore the national costume, I will try and describe my friend Milan's dress, in order to give some idea of the costume of men in general throughout Servia.

On his head he wore a small skull-cap of red cloth, with a black silk tassel pendant from the top. A magenta and white tie, over which fell the collar of his shirt, was lightly fastened round his neck. Enough of the shirt-front was visible above the vest to show that

it was tastefully embroidered. The vest itself, which had wide sleeves, was made of a stuff of dark blue relieved by a white stripe. Over this was worn a jacket of fine purple cloth lined with fur, although the heat of the sun made travelling very oppressive to me. A wide sash of silk, ornamented with gold threads, was worn over the real girdle, which was of several folds of red leather. In this, on the left side, he carried a loaded pistol, richly ornamented in the handle, and apart from it a ramrod, ending in a knob of black horn, studded with pieces of brass. In his girdle, on the right side, he wore a gold watch, with a massive chain of the same material, set off with the usual little trinkets; an embroidered cartridge-box; a bag of leather for the tobacco; and under all these a small dirk or knife. His trousers, of knickerbocker fashion, of a different shade of purple from his jacket, were confined at the knees by red garters, and ended in a heavy and deep piece of embroidery of black braid, which fell over the instep, and, by its weight, made the ends of the trousers set close to his boots. On meeting him again at Swilainatz, when he had changed his boots for slippers, I saw that his stockings were figured with red and black, the favourite colours of all orders in Servia. By his side he carried a double-barrelled rifle, with damascened steel barrels, carefully covered up with a handsome case of Russian leather. Milan looked, it may be, somewhat of a dandy; and the crisp curls which shaded his brown face were evidently arranged with some care, and betokened a

consciousness on the part of my good-tempered friend that he was also good-looking. His dress, however, is a fair average specimen of a Servian shopkeeper or merchant when on a visit of friendship—jauntily put on, arranged with care and with a view to effect, but not differing from that usually worn by persons of his position in life. During our journey he occasionally indulged in firing off his pistols, and amused himself with noting the sudden plunge of the startled ponies. This and repeated delays at the little taverns on the roadside, secondarily to bait the ponies, but primarily to procure small—very small—glasses of raki, and the making and smoking little cigarettes of mild Turkish tobacco rolled in tissue paper, constituted Milan's occupation during the journey. I say "making and smoking," for these seemed to take up an equal portion of time. A few days afterwards I was glad to meet him again, when stopping for a short time at Kjuprija; but he was then dividing his time between the tavern and the court of the prefect, awaiting the slow progress of a lawsuit, and was dressed in less taste, in the unpicturesque dress of Western Europe—in a surtout and waistcoat, which would have passed muster in Paris or London.

In most other countries this almost universal practice of bearing arms would lead to frequent accidents, or be attended with danger in moments of passion. This, however, I am assured, is rarely the case in this country. In the first place, the perfect familiarity which every Servian has from his childhood with the use of fire-

arms, prevents those frequent accidents of which ignorance, even more than carelessness, is amongst us the cause. In the second place, the temper of this people is not a passionate one. Capable of the greatest amount of endurance in carrying out his plans, the Servian is not soon aroused, and crimes and murders arising from revenge are rare. There are probably more murders committed in London in one year than in the whole of Servia in ten.

At first sight, the constant practice of wearing arms might seem to denote an insecure state of society. This, however, is not the case. Arms are not worn from any such feeling. During the whole time of the occupation of the country by the Turks, fire-arms were strictly forbidden to the inhabitants of the subjugated provinces. It was the badge of their subjection. The rigidity with which this law was enforced increased as the consciousness of the growing strength of their Christian subjects was made evident to the governors. Arms, therefore, became not only the means by which their independence was to be secured, but are also the outward tokens of deliverance from the Turkish yoke. The permission to bear arms was pertinaciously insisted on by the Christian subjects, and as pertinaciously refused by their Mussulman masters; and when the virtual independence of Servia was secured, the carrying arms became like the bearing a distinct flag, a mark of national freedom—cherished all the more from the difficulty with which the right had been obtained. The practice now, after thirty years of liberty, is less

strictly adhered to; and with the growing sense of security from any chance of the return of the days of Turkish oppression, the constant wearing of fire-arms will, no doubt, be gradually discontinued. The time, however, has not yet arrived when this can be safely done. The Court of Constantinople has sufficient allies amongst the great Powers of Europe to whom the substantial liberties of Servia, the simplest privileges of the Christian subject, the common rights of humanity, are as nothing compared with the chimera of maintaining what is called the integrity of the Turkish empire. Whilst this is the case, the pistols which now decorate his girdle, and the rifle which hangs in his bedroom, cannot safely be parted with; and the Servian must be content, so long as he is surrounded by the watchful and vindictive hosts of his old oppressors, to "keep his powder dry," and to maintain the right and perfect himself in the use of his arms.

In passing through Servia, the traveller will not fail to notice a singular custom amongst the women. During our drive from Posherawatz to Swilainatz in the afternoon, and especially in the cool of the evening, we constantly met, or were passed by, groups of peasants returning from their labour in the fields and going homeward: peasant men and women—fathers and mothers with their daughters, the latter plying the distaff as they chatted together. Many of these groups, from time to time, crossed the road along which our waggon was driving. If the direction in which they were going led across our path and in front of our

waggon, the men invariably pursued their way; the women as invariably remained until we had passed, and then crossed behind us. There was no aversion to being seen, or even to meeting us; their care only extended to not crossing the path of the traveller until he had gone by. Of this custom I could learn nothing, save that it was the custom in Servia. It is one which, in travelling into the interior, I never saw broken through.

And now, as sunset was approaching, all along the valley of the Ressava and the Morava, the existence of a considerable number of fires was made evident by the small wreaths of smoke which were seen curling over the tops of the trees, and from the midst of the homesteads on every side. From the end of March until the first week in June, the time of sunset is marked by the simultaneous lighting of these fires. During that time the valleys of most of the rivers in Servia are infested with a small fly,* which attacks the nostrils of cattle; and causing almost instant death, would, but for this precaution, be very destructive to the herdsmen. It has been found that the fly is scared away either by the fire or smoke, and hence all these fires, which at first sight puzzle the traveller.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening we reached Swilainatz, where we were to pass the night. Our destination was the house of a gentleman farmer, the brother-in-law of my fellow-traveller. Swilainatz is a town, or large village, with a population of nearly

* The *Simulium reptans* of the naturalist.

three thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the banks of the little river Ressava, famous in Servian song. The main street presents much the same features as the streets of Posherawatz, though on a smaller scale. The shops run along the whole front of the houses, which, however, have more frequently a second story than in many other towns and villages of the interior, but resemble these others in their temporary or booth-like appearance. In the middle of the village is a large well, with the usual enormous lever for raising the water; and by the side of this stands the only lamp —at least, the only efficient one—in the village. On walking through the streets next morning, I found that the front of all the shops had been decorated, in honour of St. George, with green boughs, which, however, in their dry and decayed state, looked anything rather than an ornament to the place.

Stojan Petrovitch, at whose house I was lodged, is the son of one of the best known and most respected of the country gentry of Servia. The father, who has been dead for several years, was an active member of the Senate, and the governor of the department in which Swilainatz is situated. His widow, the mother of my host, still survives, and occupies the family mansion, which adjoins the farmhouse of her son. Unfortunately, she was absent at the time of my visit, having passed us on her way to Belgrade, from which we had that morning set out. The house in which she resides is a spacious and comfortable dwelling, and from being mostly of one story, occupies a considerable space of

ground. It contains several portraits of Servian patriots, the statesmen and heroes of the War of Independence, of no great value as works of art, however successful they may be in preserving the likenesses of the men whose names they bear. To their late governor, the father of my host, whose tomb is a conspicuous object in the churchyard, the people of the village are indebted for their church, which stands in a convenient and commanding position near the Ressava, and at the entrance of the village. When a church is needed in a parish, the whole of the inhabitants are required to supply the materials, and are assessed to pay the wages of the labourers; but when, soon after the deliverance of the country from the Turkish yoke, the parish vestry, as we should call it, had met for the purpose of building a church, the governor undertook, at his own cost, to defray the chief part of the expense, the wages of the workpeople.

Like almost all the country-houses in the interior, and, indeed, like the larger shops in the towns, the house to which I was warmly welcomed is built on the four sides of a square. The chief apartments are toward the street, and occupy one side; on the other sides are the kitchen and rooms for the servants, and the other domestic offices; and separated from the rest by a doorway, the farm buildings and mill. Close to this, which is properly the farmhouse attached to the family mansion, are spacious kitchen and flower gardens. Immediately in the rear of these buildings the river cuts a deep channel through the soil, and winding

deviously round great part of the farmstead, separates the dwelling-house from a great portion of the out-buildings, the stables, coach-house, and barns. These, again, are connected with the rest of the offices by several rustic bridges. The view from the porch to the back of the house is very fine, the eye ranging over a well-cultivated and gently-undulating ground, till it rests on the grand outline of the Oom mountains, which rise only a few miles from Swilainatz. Our visit was unexpected; and it can be no light trial for a man, just when his whole household are preparing for bed, to be disturbed by strangers, for whom the best bed-rooms are to be at once prepared, and a supper extemporized. We were, however, very hospitably received. If we inconvenienced anybody, there was no trace of the fact in the hearty countenance of my host, who gave a welcome which it required no words to translate to me.

When we arrived, the supper of the master had just been finished, and the maids and farm-servants were about to occupy the board from which he had risen. By the time, however, we were ready for our own supper, the table had been replenished. It was spread under one of the windows of the house, and in the open air. Before we could take our seat at the table, the servants waited upon each of us with an ewer and basin, pouring over our hands a grateful stream of cold water whilst we washed them. Then, not as a part of the supper, or with any reference to food, but as a mode—and a very pleasing mode—of telling us we were welcome, came the invariable tray of sweetmeats,

delicious syrup of roses, flavoured with strawberries, and small glasses of raki. The supper which followed was my first real Servian meal. At Belgrade I had met with German dishes at the hotel, or French ones at the table of my hospitable friend, M. B——, and his family; or a repast half-French and half-English—the elegance of one and the solidity of the other—with Mr. Longworth, our Consul-general. Indeed, from the difficulty of procuring Servian servants, and the almost necessity which exists for importing them from Hungary or Germany, it is seldom that the traveller will meet with genuine Servian cookery in the large riverein towns of this country. Ignorance begets distrust; so that when my friends knew of my intention to penetrate into the interior, they represented in lively colours the alternative to which I should be exposed—starvation or Servian cookery; and pressed upon me the absolute necessity of providing myself with French or German cooked food. This, however, was an insult to the country in which I was travelling, of which I was determined not to be guilty; nor did I regret my determination. It will be found, I believe, that if Servian dishes are not at the first as palatable as French ones, yet that they are more wholesome. They retain far more of the natural flavour of the meat, or other material from which they are made, than is generally the case with Parisian dishes.

I have not ventured to obtrude many culinary or gastronomic observations; because, in truth, I feel that I am incompetent to speak of such matters; and any

remarks which I might make would be but a confession of my ignorance of the mysteries of the kitchen. I may, however, be allowed to say a word or two upon such simple Servian dishes as are always occurring. The traveller, then, whether on a visit to a family in Servia or staying at an inn, will almost to a certainty be served with sour soup—that is, with soup flavoured with lemon-juice—and perhaps thickened, as was the case at Swilainatz, with champillons shred into it. Then will come forced meats, or rissoles, dressed in vine leaves or mixed with raisins, followed by a more substantial dish either of lamb or mutton, according to the season. The bread will be of the same dark and sour description to which he has been accustomed in Germany, unless he be fortunate enough to meet with maize bread, which is sweet and agreeable, but is generally rejected as being of too heating a nature to be wholesome. Should a ham make its appearance, he will find it well flavoured, and partaking of all the excellency of wild boar. By the side of one dish or another, but most likely with a plate of soft cheese, will be laid two or three very strong green onions; and the whole meal will invariably close with two eggs, just warmed—and barely warmed through in fact, raw—which, if careful to follow the practice of the country, he should suck. Good Negotin or some similar wine, of a bright rose-colour, will be placed on the table in decanters holding half a gallon, to be taken—as, indeed, the size would indicate—*ad libitum*, and with this a small glass or two of raki or slivovitza.

Between fatigue and over-hunger, as I had scarcely tasted anything since dining the day before, in our Consul's garden overlooking the Save; and weakened as I was by the remains of a sharp attack of fever which I had had two days before leaving Belgrade, I confess that I was able to render but scant justice to all the abundant fare which was spread before me. I was more anxious for rest than for food, and was shown into the sleeping-room which had been prepared for me. This, like all the other parts of the house, was on the ground, and the bed on which I soon slept soundly was spread upon the floor of the apartment. Before sleeping, however, I was able to take note of the few but characteristic articles of furniture or decoration in this the guest-chamber of the house. On two sides of the room was that most convenient and luxurious arrangement, a divan. On the walls were handsome pistols, a short rifle, cartridge-boxes, and a yataghan. This was all Oriental. A table, washhand-stand, and looking-glass, were concessions to Western taste and necessity. The one large window, guiltless of any kind of blind, looked out into the courtyard which I had just left; but this publicity was of very little moment to a tired traveller. The candle which was given me was utterly superfluous, as, with a full moon of most wondrous clearness, the difficulty was how to shut out the light. This apartment, I afterwards learnt, had, two or three years ago, been occupied by the late Prince Milosh in the last progress made by him into the interior of Servia.

However fatigued I might have felt over-night, it was impossible to obtain any sleep after four o'clock in the next morning. The cooing of the doves, the barking of the dogs, the lowing of the cows, and all the other varied clamours of a busy farmyard, effectually woke me from my slumbers, and all inclination to sleep was driven away by the jangle of the church bells, which, at five o'clock in the morning—it was Sunday—began to make themselves heard. I soon commenced dressing; but, before I had fairly finished, my room-door was swung open, and *sans cérémonie* in marched Militza, the housemaid, with the ewer and bason, and by signs informed me that she had come to assist me in washing my hands. Demure as an Eastern sage, my pretty attendant performed her duties in this respect, and then, as I was shaving, brought me comb, brushes, scented oil, and all other things necessary to enable me to finish my toilet. Whilst this was going on, my host was submitting himself to the hands of one of his farm-servants, who was employed in smoothing his master's chin. A Servian rarely shaves himself, but prefers the services of a barber.

In the yard I found waiting for me a cup of *café au lait*—if it be not a misnomer to speak so of a cup of coffee which was thickened with most delicious cream—and slices of toast; and after the early morning service was over in the village church, I was ready to set out upon a visit to the monastery of Manassia, situated about twelve miles from Swilainatz. However, as is usually the case with early travellers, my haste was

all thrown away. When the waggon in which we were to journey was brought to the door, it was found that one of the ponies absolutely required a new shoe, and that two of those on the other pony were in a most suspicious state of insecurity, so that it was past eight o'clock before we commenced our journey.

The route from Swilainatz to Manassia passes for the first eight or nine miles over a very good road, constructed at the cost of Kara Alexander, and kept in its present efficient repair at the expense of the district, or, as we should say, of the parishes, through which it passes. The scenery in this part of the journey is very fine: in the foreground was a pretty river, broken into three or four little streams, spanned by small water-mills; whilst, in the background, stretched a range of hills with well-cultivated slopes, overtopped by more distant and loftier ranges, dotted here and there with large patches of old forest, where the staple wealth of Servia—herds of pigs—range in almost primitive wildness. The number of mills which cluster along the banks of these streams, wherever a sufficient body of water can be found to turn the wheels, gives a favourable idea of the extent of corn cultivation. On our return from the monastery on the following day, I went into two or three of these mills. They are all moved by wheels fixed horizontally, and not vertically as with us; and are, therefore, not dependent so much upon the volume of water by which they are turned as by the force of the stream that can be impinged against them. Most of the farms which are of any magnitude

have one or more of these mills as parts of the farm-buildings; but sometimes they are rented without any land attached. The rent received by the proprietor of an ordinary mill is about sixty pounds per annum—a good sum in a country where the prefect and mayor of a village, each of them, subsists on a yearly salary equivalent to some eighty-five pounds.

A drive of about an hour and a half brought us to the village of Medvedje, where we found the parish priest—the service in the church having been over more than two hours before—seated under the far-projecting roof of a little tavern, and engaged in explaining to his flock the provisions of a bill, as we should call it, then before the Skoupschina, or Servian Parliament, for an alteration in the law of assessment to the public service. The main feature of the new bill was, that it proposed to lighten the amount of taxes to be paid by the classes which had been hitherto the sole contributors to the revenue of the country; but by enlarging the area of taxation, to maintain, or perhaps to increase, the whole sum received by the Treasury. In order that the wishes and sentiments of the people should be made known, the Government had directed the various parish priests throughout the country to assemble their parishioners, and invite a discussion on the proposed alteration. When we drove up to the inn-door, the pastor or pope of Medvedje was engaged in reading the proposed enactments clause by clause. An animated and very creditably conducted debate on the part of the people then ensued, and the opinions of

the village parliament appeared to be much divided as to the prospective advantages of the new bill. On the whole, however, it seemed to me that the proposed scheme of the Ministry of Prince Michel was regarded with disfavour by the majority of the community. At least, the villagers of Medvedje, which probably comprised a larger proportion than some other districts of hitherto non-paying members, were not disposed to acquiesce in the alteration of the law, which would deprive them for the future of exemption from taxation. Of course, it is impossible to please those who feel the constant pressure of a direct tax, but it must be owned that the temper and ability with which the bill was discussed by the Medvedjean Parliament was very creditable to them, and might advantageously be imitated in larger popular assemblies.

Though the village of Medvedje does not, so far as I know, appear in any map—at any rate, it is not marked in Kiepert's map, which I carried with me—it lies about equal distances from Swilainatz and the monastery of Manassia, on the cross road which leads to towns and villages in four different directions. The village itself seems to have grown out of the necessities of such a position, and consists largely of small taverns and eating-houses, mingled with the homes of labourers and small cottage proprietors. For their needs a church was just about to be erected. The ground had been cleared, and the stone for building had been collected and brought to the spot, by the various inhabitants, and a small assessment on real property would soon supply the

means for paying the workmen. Judging from what I saw in the course of my rambles, there must be a considerable amount of church-building going on in Servia. My travelling led me through thinly-peopled and rural districts more than through towns and amongst a concentrated population; yet merely taking account of those which were building by the road-side, there seemed to be every disposition on the part of the people to supply themselves with churches adequate to the population. Indeed, a monk with whom I had an interesting conversation on the state of the Church in Servia, whilst lamenting that so many persons neglected the service of the Church, yet added, what might well be the confession of other priests than those of this country, "The people are ready enough to build churches, and are willing to die for their religion at any time, but it is not so easy to get them to come to church." There is great truth, no doubt, in these words; but the difficulty, as I assured the monk, was not altogether and solely a Servian one. In the present case it may perhaps be a satisfaction to sermon-writers to know that the disinclination does not arise either from the length or the quality of the sermons, as people are but little troubled with preaching in the orthodox Church—at any rate, in this part of it.

At this village we left the main road along which we had hitherto travelled, and for the rest of our journey made our way, to the sore affliction of my fellow-traveller and to our mutual discomfort, over what, on the whole, resembled the gateway of a ploughed

field, in a stiff clayey soil, where ruts crossing ruts at every possible angle makes as lively a picture of chaos as can well be seen. Let the reader imagine ground like this, baked hard by the sun, and he will obtain some idea of the remainder of the way which we had to traverse. After some miles, not of road, for road there was none, but of the journey, we arrived at the outpost to the monastery, half a dozen cottages for labourers, clustered round the monastic mill, which was in full work, under the superintendence of the monk who, in the absence of the Hegumon, was in charge of the monastery—a good-tempered, well-informed, gentlemanly man, with very little of the monk about him, save his frock.. Indeed, as the fashionable chain of his gold watch fell across his girdle, it was hard to realize the fact that we were talking to an Eastern monk.

A drive of two or three miles beyond the mill brought us to the mouth of the gorge in which is situated the monastery of Manassia.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF MANASSIA AND RAVANITZA—MANASSIA —CHURCH—EARLY ENGLISH DETAILS—FRESCOES—HOSPITALITY OF MONKS—ROAD TO RAVANITZA—MONASTERY—CHURCH—RELICS OF FOUNDER — KJUPRIJA — PRISONS — SWILAINATZ — ROAD TO SR-MANDRIA.

AS we approached the monastery of Manassia, our road over the fields ran by the side of a small river, which, in the lower part of its course and before its junction with the Ressava, turns two or three mills in addition to the one belonging to the monks which we had just passed. Along its whole course this river also supplies abundance of fish for the tables of the cottagers. Suddenly the banks, which had been hitherto almost level with the little brawling stream, began to rise, and the scenery grew more stern and sterile as our way, after crossing a handsome and substantial bridge, wound between two precipitous walls of grey rock spotted over with lichens, but destitute of any other vegetation. By the side of one of these walls of rock ran the road to the monastery, too narrow to allow of vehicles passing each other, and overlooking the river some ten feet below, from which it was protected by a line of young oaks and beeches, garlanded with wild creepers.

Through this screen we caught sight, from time to time, of the stream flowing below. At length the gorge widens, and the rocks are thrown back on either side. About twelve acres of meadow-land, round which the stream runs on three sides, clings on the other side to the wall of rocks. Here Stephen Lazar, at the end of the fourteenth century, founded a monastery. Built in troublous times, when the Turks were every day encroaching more and more on the bordering states, the founder girdled the monastery with square towers united by a curtain, resembling, on a small scale, the fortifications of Semandria. In front of this wall had run a ditch, now only to be traced at intervals; and outside this ditch is a low wall, with towers flanking and defending the great gateway. The inner line of walls and towers are quite perfect, and, though massive and admirably adapted for defence, are—as a Christian fortress, perhaps, should be—entirely without means of offence against any foe who might attack it. Neither loopholes, embrasures, battlements, nor anything by means of which a missile could be hurled at an enemy, is found in these walls. Their great height and solidity gave security, such as it was, to the monastic body; and the safety of any who might take shelter within the fortress would probably be sufficiently insured by the passive resistance offered by its walls, until succour could be obtained from without.

In one corner of the meadow in which the monastery stands, overlooking the little brawling stream at a point

where it suddenly sweeps away to the east, and opposite a tremendous piece of grey precipitous rock, softened down and overhung with alders and birch, stands the remains of a bath, of the same age as the monastic buildings. An examination of a small ruin like this, over which one can clamber at every point and look at in detail, will enable the traveller to satisfy himself of the influence which Roman architecture had, for a very long period, upon the countries which once formed part of that empire. The wide joints of mortar, hard as when first laid, or rather far harder, and the thin bricks—almost tiles—interposed between the courses of stone, are so many traces of the masonry of the old masters of the Western world.

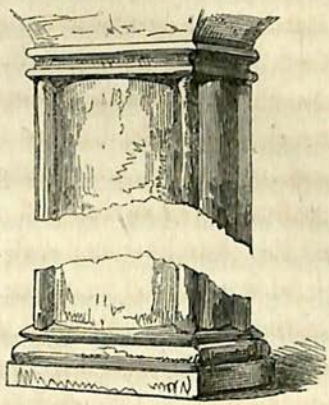
In the ruins of the fortress red brick has been occasionally introduced for the purpose of giving colour, and for the contrast which it makes with the dark grey of the stone in the rest of the building. The arch of a fireplace, which is seen in one of the towers, is a striking instance of the fine effect obtained in this simple way.

During the time that Servia was governed by the Turks, the fortress was occupied by a Turkish garrison, and the church converted into a stable for their horses. It was, however, restored to its original use by Kara Alexander during his short rule. The fortress is about three hundred feet in diameter. On the south side stand the monastic buildings and domestic offices. The dining-room and kitchen occupy the ground-floor. Above is the usual loggia running along half the front,

the rest being taken up with the simple sitting-room and sleeping apartments of the brethren. On the west, near the great gateway, stands one of the common wooden belfries spoken of before; and the centre of the enclosure is occupied by the church dedicated in honour of the Ever-blessed Trinity.

This is a noble Romanesque edifice, cruciform in its plan, with polygonal apses at the east, north, and south arms of the cross, arcaded up to a string course immediately under the roof. The roof itself is surmounted by a central tower, surrounded by four turrets, besides one nearly over the west door of the church. Unlike its sister monastery of Ravanitza, the original capping of the tower and turrets remain; and, though whitewashed apparently once a year until almost all the mouldings have been obliterated, all the sculpture hidden, and the red bricks of the tower almost reduced to the same colour as the courses of stone with which they alternate, it is still a very striking and characteristic building, meet for a Christian temple. It is one of the largest churches which is to be found in Servia, and measures one hundred and ten feet in length. Internally, it is divided into sanctuary, choir, nave, a double narthex, and porch. The four columns which stand in the choir and nave, and by which the lantern tower is supported, are Early English in character—large round pillars, with small pilasters standing on a square base. In form they are almost similar to the pillars in Islip Church, which was erected about the year 1180, the chief distinction being

that, in place of a Norman capital, the pillars at Manassia are surmounted by a square classical abacus.



The nave is separated from the narthex by two pieces of solid wall running two-thirds across the building, pierced by a doorway in the north aisle.* In the narthex and porch the columns are octagonal; and the sanctuary has, in addition to a large central apse, two small ones, for the table of prothesis and the diaconicon.

In the porch will be found a fine piece of mosaic pavement, unfortunately mutilated, as might be expected in a church which has served for two or three centuries the purpose of a stable. Enough, however, still remains to show the pattern of the pavement, and to prove its rare beauty. It consists of a noble floriated cross of white marble, standing upon a ground of the common dark red marble of Servia. Here and there,

* I am not sure whether this is so in the corresponding aisle on the south.

in various parts of the floor of the building, other fragments of the old mosaic pavement are to be found; but this piece in the porch is the only large and what, notwithstanding the mutilations, may in one sense be called perfect piece in the whole church. But the glory of the church in earlier days must have consisted in the adornment of its walls. Three tiers of frescoes, filling every inch of walling, and finished at the time when Italian painting was in its best days, still cover the interior of the church—mutilated, defaced, white-washed over, and scraped off in parts, yet still lovely and glorious in their decay. Mingled with scenes from Old Testament history, or from our Blessed Lord's life, from the legends of the saints, and from the national history of the country, are the figures of some of the early Servian kings. The effigies of the founder are still fresh, and his portrait full of character and animation. Lazar is represented crowned and clad in robes which are at once regal and sacerdotal. These frescoes, no doubt, owe their preservation, in a great measure, to the whitewash with which they have been covered, and which now has worn off, and given back to life the long-buried glories of the past. The Turks, however, after the first flush of conquest had passed by, have never been found systematic destroyers of the relics of antiquity. There is but one exception to this indifference. No head of our Blessed Lord is to be seen which is not utterly defaced by the marks of bullets, and the mosaic cross which remains in this church has no doubt owed its preservation to the

convenience of the position which allowed of its being trampled under the feet of men and horses.

One conclusive proof of the common origin or identity of the civilization of Servia with that of London, Paris, and the rest of the Western world, may be seen in the scrawling and scribbling along the walls —records of the visit of Milan this and Stephen that, of Sophia from Jagodina, and Caterina or Margareta from Kjuprija. Unfortunately, like similar records in other places, these names of the Mæsogoths oftentimes are remorselessly embroidered on a fresco over the hem of a beautiful garment, or across the nose of an interesting saint. The lay brother to whom I pointed out the desecration promised to guard these paintings, so far as he was able, from these ruthless engravers; so that visitors may possibly read in choice Servian, "Il est defendu de toucher," or "Persons are requested not to write their names on these walls."

The contrasts which are met with throughout this edifice between the Byzantine building and the Italian frescoes are very striking, but this is only one out of many instances of the happy incongruity which reigns throughout the whole church. The polygonal apses of the prothesis and diaconicon are lighted by small Early English lancets, with trefoil headings. Two of the windows on the north side of the church are of pure Italian Gothic, with plate tracery, such as is so often seen in the Venetian provinces. The capitals of the pilasters, which form the arcading in the sanctuary and choir apses, as well as the small columns in

the doorway of the choir, have what we should call pure Early English mouldings. The base moulding, running round the whole of the nave on the outside, is of the same character; and whilst the massive columns of the porch and narthex are octagonal, with Lombardic capitals, those which support the central lantern are round and Early English in character.

In this church is the only ancient synthronus which is to be found in Servia. It is a plain stone bench, perfectly level, ranged round the central apse of the sanctuary. The old iconostasis, which had been totally destroyed, has its place supplied by a mean framework of wood, some seven feet in height, covered with painted calico. On this has been hung several old paintings, the fragments, it may be, of the old iconostasis.

As in the other monastic church of Ravanitza, which bears a great resemblance to this of Manassia, a door leads through each of the transeptal apses into the choir from the outside. On the south side of the choir a raised stall is set apart for the hegumon. Seats for the bishop and prince are set against the two columns of the nave, looking eastward.

Of course, after nearly four centuries of havoc, it is not to be expected that any literary treasures will be found either in the church or monastery. There is not even an apology for a library. Beyond the books necessary for Divine service, which are kept in the diaconicon, and a few ordinary and elementary volumes in the apartment of the hegumon, the monks are dependent upon the Belgrade newspapers for information.

The monasteries, for the most part, throughout Servia are very poor. The restoration has been limited to the buildings, and has not extended to the recovery of the monastic property. There are consequently but few monks in any of them. The ancient monastery of Manassia has only a superior and two monks, with one lay brother. At Ravanitza it is much the same. At Racowitza I only found one brother besides the hegumon—one superior and one inferior. With one or two exceptions, such as the monastery of Studenitza, and another which is in course of restoration by the Bishop of Tchatchat at Ushitza, these are average specimens of Servian monasteries. Practically, the churches in these establishments are collegiate, with very few canons, and with ample cure of souls.

Having presented the letter of the Archbishop, which was read with all respect, but without which I am bound to confess my belief we should have been welcomed and hospitably received, and after the invariable tray of sweetmeats had been handed round to us, we were invited to join in the noon-tide meal, about to be placed on the table. The hegumon was absent at the diocesan or provincial synod, I forget which, then sitting at Belgrade. After washing our hands in one corner of the dining-room, which is situated in the basement story of the monastery, and is very barn-like in its absence of furniture, in its whitewashed walls, and raftered ceiling, I was asked to take the head of the table, and for the occasion to become the president of the monastic body. After grace the lay brother placed

on the table the dishes in due succession. The cookery-book in use in the monastic kitchen resembled that which served the same purpose at the country house of my friend Stojan Petrovich; so that a description of my last night's supper will serve for my dinner at noon to-day: sour soup, forced meat, roast mutton, cheese, onions, and the two raw eggs, washed down with excellent wine, which is the produce of the vineyards on the sides of the neighbouring hills, and for which, far and near, the monastery is somewhat famous. After dinner the lay brother and the other attendants sat down to their meal; and when this was finished the lay brother —a young lad of some sixteen or seventeen years of age—assisted me kindly in taking the admeasurements of the church, and then showed me the very few treasures of which the monks are now the guardians. The books in use at the altar, with their massive and beautifully-chased silver coverings set with precious stones, were the gift of the Dowager Empress of Russia, on the occasion of her visit some years since to this monastery. An exquisitely enamelled crucifix was presented by another member of the Russian royal family. Some book-markers, with a heading worked with seed-pearls, had, at the same time, been given by one of the ladies of the imperial suite. A few treasures of this kind, intrinsically very valuable, but possessing no historical importance, were all that we saw.

When our examination of the church was over, we adjourned to the sitting-room of the monastery, which opened into the loggia. The simple furniture

of the apartment consisted of a divan running round two sides of the room, a plain oaken table, and a porcelain stove. The walls were ornamented with two or three engravings of ecclesiastical buildings, connected in one way or other with the history of the Servian Church; with portraits of patriots and notabilities of the War of Independence; and of members of the family of Kara-Alexander, the refounder of the monastery. Here wine and sweetmeats were again served to us; and at three o'clock we took leave of the monks, regretting that the necessity of reaching Ravanitza before nightfall, where we were to sleep, prevented our being present at the evening service, which was an hour later. The lay brother accompanied us with a tray of wine to the gate of the monastery, and, taking one parting glass, with the expression of best wishes for the brethren, and kindly farewells on their part, we resumed our journey.

Whilst at the monastery, we were joined by a Government official, employed in purchasing horses for the public service. As we were to traverse the same road as far as Ravanitza, we set out together on our journey, though it was with some feeling of shame that we saw our dusty and dilapidated waggon, guiltless of paint, with traces of all kinds of materials tied and sewn together with twine, and laced and interlaced with thongs of every description of leather, drawn up side by side with the spick and span new and well-painted waggon of our fellow-traveller. Our beasts and harness were as great contrasts to those of

the Government officer as were the respective waggons. His was new and thoroughly good harness; and his two spirited and thorough-bred horses, which on a decent road would have distanced all ordinary cattle, jogged on over the worse than corduroy road which we had to find or make for ourselves, side by side, or just ahead, of two as sorry-looking beasts as ever Knight-of-the-rueful-countenance was content with, or novelist could describe. As to our harness, it was pieced out with odd bits of leather, and botched at remote intervals with antique fragments of cord and ends of old canvas. We were heartily ashamed with the indifferent figure which we felt that we were making, when compared with the Government equipage. However, there were few spectators to make unfavourable comparisons; and before our journey was over, we were rather disposed to be proud of our waggon than otherwise.

As the crow flies, the distance between one monastery and the other is about ten miles; but then we were unable to fly as the crow does. Our journey was necessarily much longer than a bird's would have been. Our way lay across half a dozen hills, with corresponding valleys, over a tract of country through which neither Roman nor Servian had ever thought it necessary to make a path of any kind. At one time we drove over a piece of half grubbed-up forest, down the course which a torrent had conveniently made for us in the side of a hill, with here and there, at long intervals, something like a bridle-path, or extemporised road, made by the ruts left by country farm-waggons, but

so overgrown with grass and weeds, that when found, it was hardly possible for us to be sure that it was meant for a road. Every five minutes we had to stop, and to shout at the top of our voices, if happily some wanderer or holiday-maker was in the fields who could direct us to our journey, and then generally, as the result of the information thus obtained, we were obliged to retrace our steps and to seek a road half a mile in another direction.

Having in this manner gone some seven or eight miles on our way, we at length found ourselves at the bottom of a lane too narrow to turn in, and before a swamp, with a road not discernible, but pointed out by the fact of a couple of planks laid across a small stream, which wound its sluggish way through the swamp. To cross the planks with our beasts was out of the question; the only way left was to dash boldly into the stream. Our fellow-traveller took the lead, and, in the middle of the water, broke the pole of his waggon in two. Here I thought was a warning what to expect with our fragile waggon. Undeterred, however, by the misfortune of our companions, our driver urged on our ponies, and soon we were not only in the midst, but safe across, on, comparatively speaking, firm ground, and were able to assist in the repair of the spruce Government equipage. It was clear now that, notwithstanding appearances, and in spite of the little value of our waggon, we had secured the most trustworthy vehicle of the two. After wandering about amongst young hazels and alders, over

the stumps of pollarded ash-trees, and through innumerable rills of water, we reached the main road about seven o'clock, and, making our way through swarms of cattle which were being driven to their stalls for the night at the village of Segnè, by half-past eight we arrived at the gates of Ravanitza.

The situation of this monastery differs but little from that of Manassia. A road, overhung on one side with limestone rocks, overhangs, in its turn, a little stream having its source in two singular springs which gush forth with considerable force a few hundred yards from the entry to the gorge in which the monastery of Ravanitza is situated. These springs are so close together, that, standing between them, I was able to take up a handful of water from each. Uniting their waters, they run brawling along, and soon become a fair-sized stream, dashing its way over a very rocky bed, and flashing in the sun wherever a gap in the vegetation which overhangs its banks enables the traveller to catch sight of it. Taking its name from the monastery, or lending it —at any rate, obtaining the name of the Ravanitza—it drains and fertilizes the valley for a considerable distance, and at length mingles its waters with the Morava near Kjuprija.

The monastery has been built at that point where the valley narrows into a very small gorge, overhung on both sides by lofty precipices, and still further contracted by the bed of the stream which flows through it. Like Manassia, it was built with a view to defence, and is still partially surrounded by the same kind of

fortification which is met with in its sister monastery. Unlike, however, the sterile rocks which hem in the monastery of Manassia, the precipices of Ravanitza are fringed with shrubs; and the hill, which rises like a gigantic cone on the south side of the monastery, is covered with magnificent timber trees. A few yards from the east end of these fortifications, and on the other side of the small stream which flows under the walls, is a singular cavern, which is said to extend a considerable distance into the mountain. It offers, however, so convenient a retreat for cattle during the heat of the day, that the floor is knee-deep in mud and manure, the accumulation of many years; and I contented myself with scrambling over some stones, and advancing a few yards into the cave. A wall, now in ruin, had at some remote time been thrown across the entrance of this cavern, which has evidently been made use of for defence, so that it is likely that local report is true, and that it penetrates some distance into the mountain.

My first view of this monastery, its whitewashed church and cloisters, the ruins rising on three sides of it, and the mountain of forest trees which overhangs it, was by moonlight; and it was a scene not soon to be forgotten. The light of the moon in these parts is so vivid, and the atmosphere so clear, that no inconvenience is found in reading the smallest print, or in making a sketch of a building on a clear night.

The monastery had been surrounded by the same kind of fortress as that at Manassia. The towers and the connecting walls are not, however, in so perfect a

state as at the latter place. Indeed, on the south, they have almost entirely disappeared. In one of the towers on the north side are the remains of what appear to have been a private chapel, and a small piece of wall-painting, thirty feet from the ground, is singularly fresh.

On our arrival at the gate of the monastery, we found that the archimandrite was absent at Belgrade, whither he had been summoned by the Archbishop, to answer sundry charges alleged against him of unfraternal behaviour to the two other monks who compose this establishment. Unfortunately, as we found afterwards, the vindictive superior had locked up every room which it was possible to fasten, and every portable article that could be stuffed into his own apartment. Added to the inconveniences which we suffered in consequence, it was matter of regret that we were deprived of the pleasure which we should otherwise have had in examining several relics of historical and artistic value which are preserved in this monastery.

Having, however, presented the letter of the Archbishop to the sub-superior, he no sooner read of my being a priest of the Church of England, than he hastened to give me the salute due to a brother, kissing me on both my cheeks. Whilst supper and an apartment were being prepared for us, I sat in the open gallery or cloister, and admired the calm beauty of the scene before me. It was well that there was so much to admire in the singular scene around me, for I waited long before the supper was ready. The embargo laid upon the great part of the monastic

furniture must have made the presence of strangers at such a time most embarrassing. Nothing, however, disturbed the gravity or hindered the kindness of my hosts. An apartment was in due time prepared for me, furnished as well as the paucity of moveables at their disposal allowed, and by the time supper was ready, a bed was extemporized which no tired traveller would have despised.

Supper was a meagre copy and repetition of my noontide meal at Manassia. Indeed, in whatever other matters Servia may abound, the inventive faculty of its sons or daughters is very limited with reference to cookery. It was the old story, sour soup and forced meat, onions and raw eggs, and a repetition also, let it be owned, as regards wine. The good brethren insisted on my presiding at table. Over my head was the only decoration of the dining-hall, a picture of our Blessed Lord and the Virgin Mary. I was glad, however, to escape from the hospitalities of these friendly monks, and to be shown into my apartment.

Tired with my journey of the previous day, I slept soundly till awakened by a curious combination of noises. First, was the harsh cry of the peacock—a favourite bird, apparently, in the monasteries, as I found some in the three which I visited; then came, loud and frequent, the rival cry of the cuckoo, and the noise of the semantron; and after that the ringing of the bells for morning service. Like the other monastic churches, the Church of the Ascension at Ravanitza is at once monastic and parochial, and has a charge

extending over five or six adjacent villages. This duplex character of the church leads to the twofold manner of announcing the services. For the use of the monastery and to awaken its inmates, the semantron is used, and for the information of the villagers, the bells are sounded. The semantron is a thin flat piece of wood, which is held in one hand, and is struck by a hammer of iron, or sometimes of hard wood. The sound which is made by this means may be heard at some distance, but is not calculated to disturb the rest of any except those who are sleeping near. It was introduced into monasteries during the time that the use of bells was interdicted, and from regard to old custom has been retained since they have been permitted. The morning service was at five o'clock, but was attended by few except the brethren and servants residing in the monastery. The vesper service, like that at Manassia, is at four o'clock in the evening.

The monastery and church were founded about the year A.D. 1370, by the Knes Lazar, the father of Stephen Lazar, who built the monastery at Manassia. Knes, or Prince, Lazar was taken prisoner, and put to death by the Turks in 1389, after the battle of Kossova, so disastrous to Servia. The church of Ravanitza, probably from lying nearer to the frontier of Roumelia, and because it is more accessible, has suffered more than that at Manassia.

In its general outline the church of Ravanitza is very similar to that of the sister monastery. Its dimensions, however, are smaller, being only eighty-eight feet long by

twenty-six feet in width. The original appearance of the building was that of a church, containing sanctuary, choir, and nave, the rest of the building consisting of a double narthex and two porches, having a much lower roof than the rest of the church, and being, moreover, shut off from it by wooden doors, which remain between the nave and narthex. The western portion of the church must originally have been covered with a low, and probably flat roof, as the present gabled roof of the narthex cuts asunder the beautiful three-light window in the western wall of the nave. It may be noted, that whilst the old church of St. Mary at Semandria was apparently built without a narthex, the church of Ravanitza has an exterior one, from which the rest of the building was shut off by means of doors. In the course of alteration, the original low pyramidal capping of the central lantern, and of the four side turrets, has been replaced by domes with a double ogee covering of metal, and the western adjunct of the church has been covered with a triangular roof, having a square bell-turret over the western door.

The interior of the church is vaulted in stone, with the ordinary quadripartal vaulting. The frescoes are of an earlier age than those of Manassia, and neither originally possessed equal beauty, nor are they at present in such good preservation. The figures and portraits, however, of the founder, his princess, and their children, are very perfect and pleasing. It is much to be desired that the Servian Government would take steps for the preservation of the figures which are on the walls of

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THE MONASTIC CHURCH OF RAVANITZA.

the monastic churches of Manassia and of Ravanitza. These paintings are interesting, not only in an archæological, but also in an historical point of view, since in these frescoes we have preserved to us the features of the national hero, the Knes Lazar, as well as those of his son Stephen.

In the church at Ravanitza the figures of the saints have been more carefully destroyed than in that of Manassia, both by scraping the walls and by white-washing them over. The last element of mischief has also been so frequently applied, both in the inside and outside of the building, that it is barely possible to make out the carvings, or even the mouldings, of the columns and windows, and much of the original beauty of the architecture will be therefore lost, until the age of unwhitewashing arrives.

Amongst the treasures preserved in the church, in addition to those of which the monastery is the guardian, and which are kept in the apartment of the archimandrite, are fragments of the silk shirt of Knes Lazar the founder, a cross, and various small trinkets which are said to have belonged to him; together with these is preserved an early and authenticated copy of the charter of endowment, and an original deed of Peter the Great of Russia, conferring certain privileges upon the monastery.

The monastic buildings are very simple: on the south side are the apartments of the servants, the kitchen, and other domestic offices of the monastery; these consist of a basement story, surmounted by small

sleeping rooms, opening into a loggia, or open gallery, running along the whole front; this part of the monastery is built in the prevailing style of the country. On the north side are the apartments of the archimandrite and the two monks, who make up the whole monastic body; this part is built after a German, or at any rate, a more Western model than the rest of the buildings. It consists of a dining room, which considering the smallness of the number of the inmates, is of a large size, also sleeping rooms for the monks, and an open gallery or cloister. The south side was built by Milosh Obrenovich, by whom the restoration of the monastery was commenced; the buildings on the north side are the work of Kara Alexander, by whom the restoration begun by his predecessor was completed.

After an early breakfast, we started on our return to Swilainatz, by way of Kjuprija, just as the little children were reluctantly toiling to school. After passing the gorge in which the monastery is situated, the rest of our journey was made over a fair road. At the entrance of the rocky pass leading to Ravanitza, and on the bounds of the monastic property, are some fish-stews, kept for the supply of the monastic table. At this early hour the fields were alive with groups of labourers ploughing or tending cattle. In one field we found the sheep-boy literally

"sub tegmine fagi,"

playing on the classical tibia to his cattle, standing round him and gravely listening to his music. In

another field we saw a herd of cows collected and driven forward to the drone of the no less classical bagpipe (*utriculus*) by a Wallachian cowherd, whose bagpipe and love for this kind of music had descended to him as an ancestral inheritance—almost the only thing except his unmistakeably Roman countenance, which he inherits from his fathers, the old masters of the world.

From Kjuprija southward, as far as the frontiers of Turkey, the country is mostly open, diversified occasionally with detached mountains and broken and hilly ground, but with nothing which would be available as a line of defence between this town and the frontier. This has made Kjuprija a place of some importance from the time that the Romans occupied Mœsia down to the late War of Independence. This importance was due to its situation on the Morava at the point where navigation commences, or rather where it might and ought to commence; for at present there are no signs of boats on the Morava from its source to its mouth, except ferry-boats—half-rafts, half-barges—in two or three places.

To the north of this town the more intricate and defensible part of the country commences; and, in order to command this river, and to seal the passes of the mountains, the Romans constructed a fortress of considerable strength close to this place. These fortifications remained of sufficient strength to be formidable during the War of Independence at the commencement of the present century, and were occupied in great

force by the Turks, who made it the base of their operations against the patriot armies. This led to its total destruction by Kara George; and at present not a stone can be found to mark the site of the old Roman fortress. The mound which stood in the centre of the camp is all that remains, except here and there the traces of the line of rampart, and the ditch by which the fortifications were surrounded.

At this place are the remains of two bridges, neither of which have been completed. A little above the town the river, in making a bend westward, forms a small island in the centre of its channel, and the Turks during their occupation took advantage of this to commence a bridge. This is inconveniently placed with reference to the traffic of the town, and would never have been commenced at this spot but for the fact of the existence of the islet in the middle of the river. Higher up, and in the middle of the town, the late Prince Kara Alexander began a bridge, and completed handsome approaches to it on the town side. The piles, however, which had been driven into the river during the summer, having been carried away by the swelling of the stream and the masses of ice which were brought down in the winter, a stop was put to these works, and the piles remain now with the *débris* accumulated round them, to the serious injury of the town and to the hindrance of all navigation. At present the attention of the Servian Government is directed to the removal of these obstacles, and also to the clearing away of similar accumulations in other parts of the course of

the river, with a view to the improvement of this great highway to the interior of Servia. Since my return to England I have learnt that an arrangement has actually been made with an English company for the navigation of this river.

In this place I visited one of the few prisons which are to be found in Servia. I am not sure that there are more than two in all the country. The prison was an ordinary kind of dwelling-house, with half a dozen rooms allotted to the prisoners, and two or three more to the keeper and his family. We went through the private apartments of the jailor, in order to reach the prison. In doing so we interrupted two little girls, who were employed with their tutor—it was not, as with us, a governess—upon Servian grammar and a kind of vernacular Mangnall's Questions. The elementary school books seem to resemble those in ordinary use in our own country. After hearty hand-shaking on the part of the father, and hand-kissing on the part of the children, and the invariable tray of sweetmeats, we walked into the prison.

There are few crimes of great atrocity to darken the Servian calendar of justice. Petty thefts, or cases of assault, are those usually heard of in the police courts; and for these, the punishment is imprisonment, but the severity of confinement seems strangely mitigated. A dozen men without irons, making a very companionable number, were shut up in one of the rooms. In another apartment the same number of women, who were allowed to have their younger children with them to

share their imprisonment, and to diminish the ennui of confinement. There may be little crime in Servia, but if so, it is clearly not owing to the terror of either the silent or the solitary system. One custom of the criminal courts may be mentioned for its singularity. When a prisoner has been tried, if found guilty and sentenced to confinement, the practice is to allow him to return unguarded to his family to take leave of them before undergoing the punishment to which he has been sentenced. What would be thought by a prisoner in the Old Bailey who, when found guilty, should hear from the judge such a sentence as is given by a Servian prefect?—"Nicholas Stojanovich, you have been found guilty of stealing goods to the value of twenty piastres. My sentence is, that you be imprisoned in the common gaol at Kjuprija for six weeks. You will therefore go home to your wife and children for a fortnight, and forthwith after that time come and surrender yourself at the prison." What security or bail is taken that he will again render himself to justice, I could not learn, and presume that the favour of visiting his home before undergoing the allotted punishment would only be permitted to a prisoner convicted of a light offence; it is an instance, however, though a singular one, of the scrupulous regard and deference which the Sclavonic nations pay to the family tie.

Reasoning from what we know of human nature, as well as from the experience of other prisons, I should imagine that the effect of keeping prisoners in idleness

and without restraint, and in the company of other criminals, must necessarily be bad. At Topschidere, indeed, the convicts are employed in road-making; and if this were done at Kjuprija, the country would be rendered more accessible and travelling increased. The comfort of travellers, also, would be enhanced; and the industry of the convicts might be made advantageous to themselves, and their labours would not be wholly unremunerative to the Government.

At Kjuprija are also the stud-stables and riding-school for the use of the cavalry of the Servian army—a miniature brigade numbering two hundred horsemen. The stables for the horses are well ventilated, dry, and clean. Each horse has a separate stall, divided from the rest by a low partition, allowing the animal to see and hold friendly intercourse with his neighbour. It is evidently remembered that horses, like men, are gregarious, and that they pine without society. The floor of these stalls consists of good oak planking raised above the level of the ground, so as to insure the horse standing dry, and the whole of the stable is kept well swept. Indeed, the care shown in this and in other large stables—such, for instance, as those for the service of the post at Saraortza—showed that the temper and value of the horse are well understood in this country.

In returning to Swilainatz from Kjuprija, our way led us at first along the banks of the river, and then through a half-cleared forest, till we fell in with the same road at Medvedje by which we had travelled the day before to Manassia. On our way we passed the

hegumon of Ravanitza, returning in the light-covered cart belonging to the monastery, from the Synod at Belgrade. At dusk we reached our hospitable quarters in the house of Stojan Petrovich, and I again occupied the bedroom in which I had slept two nights before. Next morning, after a cup of *café au lait* at rising and an abundant breakfast two hours afterwards, we started in our waggon for Semandria. Hearty was the parting with my host, and warm his invitation to return to Servia for another holiday, and make his house the centre of operations upon the surrounding country. I trust that I may be allowed to accept the invitation of my hospitable friend, and that I may again grasp the hand of the Servian farmer, Stojan Petrovich.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE SAVE—ROAD TO SCHABATZ—TRADE OF THE TOWN—SHOP AND DWELLING OF A TRADER—CATHEDRAL—INTERVIEW WITH THE BISHOP OF SCHABATZ—READING ROOM—M. GARASHANIN—INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE MICHEL—PRINCE'S MODEL FARM—RAKOWITZA—MONASTIC CHURCH—CEMETERY.

HAVING seen the banks of the Danube from Belgrade to Milanowatz; and having traversed the country on the banks of the Morava, from where it becomes navigable at Kjuprija, to its mouth on the Danube below Semandria, I took my passage on board the Servian steamboat which plies between Belgrade and Schabatz, for the purpose of visiting the latter town, and seeing the banks of the Save. This river, which rises in the Austrian dominions, forms the northern boundary of Bosnia and Servia, and dividing these countries from Sclavonia, unites its waters with those of the Danube between Semlin and Belgrade. On the Austrian side of the river the banks of the Save are of a tamer character than those in Servia, and resemble the usual Hungarian scenery. The ground on either side in summer-time is, however, very pleasing; but in winter the prospect on the left, or Austrian bank, must be very dreary, since in summer

this side owes all its beauty to the luxuriant character of its vegetation. The hills which slope down to the brink of the river, or overhang it in some places on the right bank, give considerable beauty to the Servian side. But in May, the spring vegetation, with the foliage of the trees not yet deepened into the hue of summer, the well cultivated grounds on either side, and the numerous long low islands, which are covered to the water's edge with reeds, flags, shrubs of all kinds, laburnum and birch, ash and alder, so that they seem floating masses of verdure rather than pieces of solid ground, make the view a very charming one. This, and the usual clearness of the atmosphere in these countries, added to the fineness of the day, greatly increased the pleasure of our voyage.

The Save is a far more rapid stream than the Danube, and the strength of the current lengthened our passage up the river considerably. It took the boat five hours to perform the voyage from Belgrade to Schabatz, whereas, on the next day, on our passage down the river, having the advantage of the current, the same distance only occupied us four hours.

The citadel of Schabatz is one of the seven strong places in Servia which have been reserved to the Turks. It is garrisoned by the shopkeepers who inhabit the Turkish quarter of the town. The fortifications consist of old Servian work, based on, and including, some of a still older date; indeed, there are unmistakeable traces of the Roman hand in several parts of the building. What is called the citadel is a building con-

sisting of four towers which are united by a crenellated wall. It is sadly dilapidated, and though strengthened on the city side by a mound of earth, riveted with wicker-work, which resembles a huge gabion, it could probably offer little opposition in the event of a determined assault.

The landing-place from the town is situated a little above this citadel, and anything more wretched, or more unlike the approach to a large and flourishing city, can scarcely be imagined. A bank of earth, half-washed away by last winter's floods, was the quay at which we were disembarked. Around us was a desolate sea of mud, fortunately, at this time of the year, dry and hard. Across this flat stretched a road, consisting of rough stones thrown into the mud whilst in a liquid state, from one to the other of which we hopped and hobbled as best we could. Two or three bridges of planks, covered with faggots to prevent our falling through the dilapidated timbers, broke the monotony of this road. We were thankful when we had passed through all this chaos, and had got safely into the town. It was getting dusk as we did so; had it been later in the day, it would scarcely have been safe for us to have attempted the passage.

This wretched road is a part of the great European system. The mud and loose stones are at once the symbols and the triumphs of diplomacy. The great powers, or at least the majority of them, have fastened around the neck of the Servian state these seven Turkish garrisons, and, as a consequence, Schabatz is

thrust back three quarters of a mile from the river instead of being allowed to approach the water. The road is claimed as the possession of the Turks, because within range of the guns of the fortress; and whilst passively they will do nothing to repair the road, actively they prevent the people of the city from doing so. The wonder is, that despite these hindrances, the trade of Schabatz should have assumed the importance which it has. Whilst its situation as the chief town on the Bosnian frontier rendered it in the time of the late war the least desirable of residences, this same circumstance, in time of peace, has conduced to its present importance.

In the outskirts of the city we passed several mosques, with their graceful minarets, more dirty and dilapidated, however, than even those at Belgrade. The chief of these mosques is ascended by a flight of steps, the basement story being occupied by a vendor of sweets, sherbet, and such-like comforts. The kind of bustle which we found in the town indicated the nature of the trade of Schabatz. In other towns, such, for instance, as Posherawatz, the streets were thronged with foot-passengers, purchasers from the neighbourhood, from the hundreds of cottages which line the road between that town and Oreowatz; but at Schabatz, the difficulty of moving through the streets arose chiefly from the heavy waggons, drawn by the small oxen of the country, or by a couple of buffaloes, led along by a string fastened through the nose of each. These were laden with

cotton and woollen goods from Austria; bales of Turkish cotton which had been brought to Belgrade, and then shipped on board the steamer for this place; enormous mill-stones, for which there was evidently a considerable demand; rock-salt, in masses of some eighteen inches by nine; loads of skins, sacks of maize, and bars of iron. The streets were alive with these vehicles going in all directions, to Waljewo and Ushitza, in the interior of Servia; to Losnitza and Swornik, on the frontiers of Bosnia; or to Bosna Sserai, in the very heart of Bosnia. The warehouses and granaries of this city are apparently more numerous than the shops, and these were neither few in number, nor of trivial importance.

As we strolled through the city on the morning after our arrival, we were struck with the size of many of these shops. Even those which had but a small front to the street were often of considerable depth. Into one of these shops we were courteously invited to enter, and this gave me an opportunity of inspecting its contents, and the means of describing them. The shop was one of the larger kind, though by no means the largest in the city. The front was divided into two by an entrance to the domestic apartments, which were situated behind the shop. The owner was what in England would be called a general dealer. General and miscellaneous, indeed, was the stock which we met with. Groceries of all kinds, of as varied a description as could be found in the shop of a grocer in one of our largest and most flourishing towns; as well as meal,

pulse, bacon, and eggs, and the usual stock of a cheesemonger; add to these articles, glass and crockery-ware, pins and needles, buttons and tapes, cotton and thread, which filled the pigeon-holes rising from the floor to the roof; over our heads mops and brooms dangled from the ceiling; on the floor were piled up earthenware of all kinds, hardware, pots and sauce-pans, gridirons and meat-jacks. In another part might be seen, amongst parcels of children's toys and lucifer-matches, packets of Mordan's pencils and Gillott's pens. Behind this shop was another for the sale of drapery and of ready-made clothes; hats of all shapes and sizes, made to suit every nationality, with slippers, shoes, and boots for all ages. In another part of the shop were French and Dutch clocks, German musical boxes, and Austrian mathematical instruments. In short, it would be difficult to say what might not be purchased; but decidedly when ascertained, it would be easier to enumerate the articles not to be found than those which were for sale.

Having examined the contents of the shop, we were invited into the dwelling-house, where sweetmeats, as usual, wine, raki, and cigars, were handed round.

The ground-plan of the shop and dwelling-house was four-square. The entrance from the street, through what our neighbours would call a *porte-cochère,* led to the household apartments and domestic offices, which were built round and enclosed a small flower garden. The sitting and sleeping rooms of the shopkeeper's family projected into the square, so as almost to cut it

into two. By this means, the windows command both entrances to the house,—that from the street, and another in the rear of the offices, leading to the stores and warehouses. The dwelling-house consisted of rooms wholly on the ground-floor, but raised some six feet above the earth. They were lofty, spacious, and cheerful, the walls being covered with a paper in good taste. The floors were parqueted and polished. The absence of carpets during the summer months conduces much to the healthiness of the houses in this climate, as well as to their cleanliness. As usual, a kind of loggia, or open gallery, ran along one side of the building, with a divan, the whole suggestive of a cool evening, chess, and cigars. The rest of the house comprised a dining and a sitting room, with three or four bed rooms. The furniture of the sitting room was of a very elegant description. The chairs and tables of one apartment, at least, were made of iron, which, gilded and decorated, were very ornamental and light, and are easily kept clean. Some good engravings and photographs hanging on the walls of the sitting room, showed the tastes of the family.

Behind the house were the store-rooms, filled with the usual stock of a large general dealer. One article, however, was novel to us. We made our way over immense heaps of acorns, or rather the cup of a particular kind of acorn, the vallonia of commerce, which is used instead of bark for tanning leather, and is exported in large quantities for this purpose to Hungary, Austria, and various parts of Germany. At the time

of our visit, the low value of acorns in the market led to their being held back in the hope of more remunerative prices. Some idea of the extent of the trade in this article may be gathered from the estimated value of the stock possessed by this shopkeeper at Schabatz. According to the average market-price, his store of acorns was worth 40,000*l.* sterling. The whole establishment of this shopkeeper resembles that of a merchant amongst ourselves, in the days when Lombard-street bankers lived on the first floor of the bank, and Turkey merchants brought up their families in the lofty but dingy apartments in the rear of their office.

The streets in the suburbs of the town are open and spacious. Immediately opposite the inn where we rested for the night, stands the mansion formerly occupied by Jephrem, brother to Prince Milosh. It is now the prefecture of the department, and is a handsome building, with gabled wings overlooking the street, and surrounded with large grounds, planted chiefly with acacias. A short distance from this stands the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, a modern building, without any distinctive features in the exterior. The interior, however, is good. The iconostasis, which is carried up quite to the roof, and the paintings and other decorations, give a very impressive effect to the church.

We were here shown the various vestments and ornaments used during Divine service. On the altar is an exquisitely worked crucifix, of filigree work, made and presented by an inhabitant of the city to the church. The head-dress of the bishops throughout

the Orthodox Church is a bonnet, such as we see in representations of the Jewish High-priest. The bonnet of the Bishop of Schabatz is of brown silk, but so covered with cloth of gold, on which emeralds, garnets, and pearls are worked in such profusion that but little of the silk can be seen. It is surmounted by a very large emerald cross. The bishop's pectoral cross was also shown. This is worn by him when he officiates at the Holy Communion, and is of blue enamel, with the figure of our crucified Lord most beautifully executed in miniature.

The cathedral, like the other modern churches of a large size in this country, is already showing signs of premature decay, and the vaulting of the roof has several monitory fissures in it, threatening the speedy destruction of the whole building.

After having secured a bed-room in the inn to which I had been recommended, I sent a message to the bishop, to inform him that, having a letter of introduction from the Archbishop of Belgrade, it was my wish to call upon him, if he would appoint a time to receive me. My messenger speedily returned with the answer of the bishop, that he should be glad to see me at any time that might be most convenient to me to call between five and ten o'clock in the morning. I was certainly unprepared for such early hours. However, about eight o'clock, I presented myself at the palace, and found the bishop waiting at the top of the stairs to receive me. The palace is a large and imposing, but plain building, standing in a

courtyard. The ground-floor is occupied with apartments for the transaction of the official business of the see, and for the holding diocesan courts and synods. The upper story is reserved for the residence of the bishop.

The bishop has a fine, manly, and very intelligent countenance, and a remarkably quick and penetrating eye. His long black hair is flecked with grey, and his beard has lost almost all traces of its original blackness. His manner was very frank, affable, and courteous. Having placed me on a couch, he opened the conversation by asking me my opinion of the country which I had visited, and whether my interest in the Greek Church had arisen from what I had seen in Servia, or from a previous acquaintance with the position and history of the Eastern Church. On my replying, he added, that he was aware of the general sympathy which English Churchmen had always manifested for the Orthodox Church, and that recent writers in England, such as Professor Stanley and Dr. Neale, had devoted much attention to matters connected with the doctrines, ritual, and history of that part of the church. He then proceeded to ask a variety of questions respecting the English Church, all of which showed a very accurate knowledge of the general history of the Church in this country, and of its rites and position with reference to the other part of the Western Church, and to the Presbyterian and the separate religious bodies on the Continent. Then rather abruptly breaking off from other topics, he

exclaimed, "But before I forget, tell me, how is it that in England you are continually trying to get the consent of your parliament for allowing the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister?" I was somewhat surprised at the bishop's information on the subject, and attempted an apology, or rather explanation, that since the constitution of England was similar to that of Servia, members of our parliament were as free to introduce measures good, bad, or indifferent, into that assembly, as members of the Skoupschina were to do the like in the Servian parliament, but that the measure had never passed into a law; that it had been defeated year by year by increasing majorities, and that the Church had, as unanimously as could be expected, resisted the attempt to alter the marriage-law in this respect. At this point he interrupted me with much animation, and said, "Oh, don't think I accuse the English Church of joining in this. I am quite aware it is the act of mere civilians in your parliament, but I am astonished, I confess, to find that in England you have civilians so ignorant of God's word, and so indifferent to the authority of the Church, as to persist in forcing forward such a measure." On this attempt to tamper with the laws of marriage he appeared to feel very strongly.

The subjects on which the bishop questioned me, were chiefly as to how the English clergy are supported, whether by payments from the state, as in France, Austria, and most other countries of Europe, or by revenues independent of the state; what the course

of studies at the English universities embrace, and what special training we have for those who were to be called to the ministry; what is the mode of ordination and consecration of bishops, priests, and deacons, in the English Church; whether with us regard is had to the ancient canons prescribing the number of consecrators for every bishop, and whether presbyters join with the bishop in laying hands upon the candidate for the priesthood, in which practice, as he pointed out, we differ from the usage of the Eastern Church. He also made some minute inquiries as to the constitution of the English hierarchy, and especially as to the power of the metropolitan over his comprovincial bishops, and his right to interfere in the internal government of the diocese of a suffragan bishop. When I had answered his inquiries so far as I could, he kindly submitted to a like catechising as to the curriculum of studies at the seminary in Belgrade, where the Servian clergy are educated, and of which the bishop was, until about three years since, the chief professor; the means by which the parochial clergy are supported; the mode of episcopal visitation throughout Servia, and other similar topics, the substance of which I have given in an earlier chapter. As there seemed a likelihood of increased commercial intercourse between Servia and England, which might lead to the settlement of English families at Belgrade and elsewhere, I was anxious to learn in what light the Servian bishops would regard any chaplain who might in that case be sent to Servia. On this subject the assurances of the bishop were of the

most satisfactory and encouraging kind. Indeed, the information which he possessed respecting ecclesiastical matters in England was fully equalled by the tone of Christian sympathy with which he referred to our own branch of Christ's Church.

After an interview with the bishop, we examined the national schools and the gymnasium, or, as we should say, middle school, which is held in a handsome building immediately opposite the palace. Close to the cathedral is a small reading room with a fair library, for the use of the shopkeepers of the town. Five or six Servian newspapers, a German *Illustrated News*, and a few German, Hungarian, and Sclavonic periodicals, were lying on the tables. The walls were ornamented with maps, prints of the heroes of the War of Independence, and views of places of historic importance.

This city was the furthest point westward reached by me during my stay in Servia. The frontiers of Bosnia are but a short distance, and the mountains on the other side of the Dwina are distinctly seen from this place.

On my return to Belgrade I was presented by our Consul-General, Mr. Longworth, at the palace. My first interview was with the well-known M. Garashanin, one of the few surviving links between our own times and the days of Turkish rule. He is the present Prime Minister of Servia, and is probably the most influential subject in the principality. Judging from appearances, he is about sixty-five years of age. In height he is rather over six feet, and is light in bulk and energetic

in action. His whole appearance, the quick restless eye, the wrinkled sinewy neck, gave me the idea rather of a guerilla chieftain, or an adventurous explorer of the backwoods of the New World, than of an industrious, skilful, calculating statesman. Our conversation was, of course, on general topics, the prospects of the country, its agricultural capabilities, and mineral riches; the condition of the people, and the points which had interested us in our journey. The only language of which he made use during our interview was Servian, and the conversation was carried on by the assistance of M. Leschanin, the Under-Secretary of State, who spoke French and English, having resided for some time both in France and in this country.

After leaving the Prime Minister, our next interview was with Prince Michel, the Governor of Servia. The Prince is the only surviving son of Milosh, the leader of the Servians in the concluding part of the War of Independence. The present is his second tenure of office. In 1842 he was raised to the chief power, on the forced abdication of his father, whose unpopularity compelled him to give up the reins of power. After a short interval, during which the government of the country was administered in the name of Milan, the eldest son of Milosh, but who was too unwell to be anything more than a nominal governor, even if he were ever conscious of the dignity which had devolved on him, Prince Michel succeeded to supreme power. His rule, however, was of short duration. The unpopularity of his family was not diminished by his own actions, and he

was soon compelled to follow the example of his father, and to share his exile. After nearly eighteen years of banishment, on the abdication of Prince Alexander, the son of Kara George, Milosh was recalled and reinstated in his former power and dignity. On his death, which happened in September, 1860, Prince Michel was a second time raised to supreme power. He is apparently about forty-eight years of age, swarthy in countenance, slight in body, of medium height, and of gentlemanly bearing. He is very popular with his people, although some acts of his government have been contested, and the limitation of the power of the Skoupschina and of the Senate seemed likely for a moment to endanger his popularity. Almost every day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he may be seen, generally walking, but sometimes driving, with the Princess, on the road towards Topschidere. He is usually unattended, or followed by one servant only. Certainly, no sovereign in Europe maintains less state, or dispenses so thoroughly with guards as Prince Michel. In the former he shows a wise regard to the finances of the country. The palace expenses, and the whole civil list of the Prince, do not exceed thirty-five thousand pounds; and out of this he is able now and then to build a bridge, to erect a fountain, or to spare something for some other improvements in Belgrade and the neighbourhood.

We found the Prince in his study or office, lolling on a sofa, over which was hung a fair portrait of old Milosh, his father. This, and a good picture, kitkat-size, of the Princess, and a bust of his mother, were almost

the only ornaments of the room. Books, maps, and papers were lying on the tables. We had been forewarned that we should find the Prince full of ambitious projects of enlarging his kingdom, and busy with preparations for encroachments upon the Turks. If these schemes were dwelling in his mind, he gave no indications that his thoughts ran on such matters. His whole conversation turned on social, commercial, and agricultural topics; on the state of the schools, and the advances made by the peasantry in the management of their lands. His chief inquiries were as to the state in which we had found the roads, and the convenience and inconvenience of travelling in Servia; and he seemed anxious to learn our opinion of the condition of the people. Though we said nothing of our recent visit to Schabatz, he appeared to be perfectly aware of our movements, and asked us particularly what we thought of that city. He spoke of the necessity of improving the navigation of the rivers, and especially that of the Morava; and dwelt upon the advantages which he thought likely to accrue from the projected English company. After some observations upon the differences of climate in several parts of Servia, and the want of rain at Belgrade, he gave a lively account of the state of his farms, and handed us a piece of barley which he had plucked a week before in passing through one of his fields. A well-formed and full ear of barley gathered in the middle of April was something to be pleased with. In a chat of this kind, without the slightest allusion to politics, or the

remotest reference to anything more warlike than a ploughshare and a sickle, we spent half an hour, and left the Prince much pleased with his courtesy, the perfect naturalness of his manner, and the interest which he takes in such peaceful pursuits as road-making and farm cultivation. The love which his people have for their Prince is evidently mutual. The conversation was carried on in French, of which he is a perfect master, in addition to speaking the German, Hungarian, and Wallachian languages.

At Topschidere, about two miles from Belgrade, the Prince has a small country residence, approached by an avenue of white acacias and laburnums, and surrounded by pretty grounds with fountains and statues, conservatories for flowers, and forcing-houses for vegetables. Immediately behind the house, a semicircle of hills covered with trees and intersected by a number of narrow paths, is the favourite lounge for the citizens of Belgrade on all holidays. Two or three kiosks erected at various points of the grounds, add to the picturesqueness of these rural walks, and offer a convenient shelter for pic-nic parties. Adjoining this miniature palace is a small farm, on which Prince Michel bestows much attention. This may be regarded as a model farm, in which the Servian agriculturists see the advantages of superior methods of irrigation, and may derive lessons in neat cultivation, in the raising cereal crops and in managing cattle. Part of the land is cultivated as a market-garden, and is well filled with the usual table vegetables—peas, beans, potatoes, cabbages, and

salads. Already the lessons taught by this little farm have been applied by farmers in the neighbourhood; and in one or two out-of-the-way spots I came across some very successful attempts at market-gardening, which were evidently the result of the Prince's experiments. Until recently, Belgrade has been entirely dependent upon the market-gardens around Semlin for vegetables. This is still the case to a large extent; but the native growers are every day entering successfully into competition with their brethren in the Austrian territory, and no doubt before long the lands around Belgrade will grow all that is required for the tables of the citizens. The small amount of rain which falls in the neighbourhood of this city is, however, a hindrance to the success of these gardens. Where they seem to answer best, their owners have taken advantage of the aqueducts and artificial channels constructed by the Romans, which are to be seen in several places round Belgrade.

Leaving Topschidere on the right, the road passes the village church and parsonage, with its ample glebe covered with orchards of apple and cherry trees, and leads, at the distance of about half an hour's drive from the Prince's palace, to the monastery of Rakowitza. The way is over a bearable road and through placid and beautiful scenery, up a valley between hills of moderate height, which gradually contract until they meet at the spot selected for the monastery. This is one of the oldest religious establishments in Servia, and part of the church dates from the times of the Servian kings.

The monastery was erected by Prince Milosh on the ruins of older buildings destroyed by the Turks. The main portion of this consists of a ground-floor for offices, with a deep covered gallery or loggia running along the whole of the front of the first story. Behind this loggia a series of small rooms and sleeping apartments are set aside for the use of the members of the monastery, which at present only consisted of the hegumon and one monk. When we visited it, the hegumon was busy in the fields, and we were received by the monk, who had been a parish priest, but, in consequence of the death of his wife, had been compelled to enter a monastery. He was about thirty years of age—a frank, open-hearted man, to whom the confinement of the monastery was, as he confessed, very irksome. On my presenting the letter of the archbishop, he remarked that he had read much about the English nation, but had never before met with any of my fellow-countrymen, as few Englishmen ever came to Servia. "And what has led you," said he, "to this country?" I answered, that I had come partly in quest of health, and partly to see something more of the state of the Greek Church. "Then am I to understand," he rejoined, "that, though an Englishman, you are a friend of Servia?" I told him that I knew no reason why an Englishman should be held to be hostile to Servia. "How, then," he added, "is it that I find in the newspapers that whenever any act of oppression and cruelty by the Turks towards our people is complained of, members of the British parliament always rise up to excuse and justify the

Turks? Why is it," he continued, with animation, "you, who are the great, the greatest civilisers in Europe, invariably support the cause of those who are most hostile to all civilisation—the Turks—against us, who are doing our best to follow your example?" As this has always been to me a puzzling fact, I could not attempt to enlighten the monk on this paradox. I could but plead my own good-will and love for Servia; and we passed to more agreeable topics. He took me into his room, plainly furnished, but provided with a better assortment of books than I had found in either of the other monasteries which I had visited—several volumes of Eastern theology, as well as books and periodicals in general literature, German, Russian, and Servian, with two or three newspapers.* As might be expected, he was dissatisfied at his compulsory monkhood, and did not conceal his sympathy at the efforts which were being made in the Skoupschina for the removal of the restriction against the marriage of the monks. Indeed, but for the regulations of the Eastern Church, which forbids both the contraction of a second marriage and the retention of a benefice by an unmarried priest, it would not be possible to obtain even the scanty number of monks which the few monastic establishments of Servia require.

* Three newspapers are published at Belgrade, one of which is the official gazette. Of the others, published on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week, one is almost exclusively commercial; another is chiefly filled with political news. The Servian *Punch* is printed in Sclavonia. The paper of these journals is quite equal to that of the best of our own cheap newspapers.

The church, which is dedicated in memory of St. Michael the Archangel, consists of sanctuary, choir, nave, and narthex. The altar is of stone, and the iconostasis, which is of the same material, is covered with old paintings of a Byzantine type. Two octagonal lanterns rise from the roof, one over the west door, and the other over the intersection of the cross. The church, like all the others which I have seen, is transeptal. The choir, nave, and narthex are separated from each other by solid walls, and in the narthex are two stone pillars for candles. Like all the old churches, there is no constructive ambo, but the spot on which the priest stands at the reading of the Gospel and Epistle is marked by a round stone immediately in front of the central opening to the iconostasis. Many of the mouldings in this church are what we should call "Early English;" the whole edifice, however, was churchwardenised in 1844, and has so suffered from whitewash and tawdry embellishment, that many characteristic features are almost obliterated.

The church is only open to the parishioners on festivals and holy days, being more strictly and exclusively monastic than the churches at Ravanitza and Manassia. Of these festivals, there are many in the Servian Calendar, and on their recurrence a visit to Rakowitza is one of pleasure. The crowds of holiday-makers who gather on these occasions on the lawn in front of the monastery, and the slopes of the hills on the two sides, are said oftentimes to exceed ten thousand in number.

A short distance to the right on the road from Racovitza, is a small cemetery, which was the burial-place of those Servians who fell during the siege of Belgrade, in 1806. A plain square monument, built by Kara Alexander in 1848, stands in the centre of this quiet burial-place, and the inscription on its four sides records the occasion of the erection of the memorial and the setting apart of the burial-place. Around the cemetery may still be traced the lines of the Turkish intrenchment before which the Servian soldiers fell. This and a wooden cross about eighteen feet high, at some distance to the right, are the only existing marks of a battle-field which for some years freed Servia from the yoke and the oppression of the Turks.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CONSTITUTION OF SERVIA—SKOUPSCHINA—POWER OF THE PRINCE—TREATY OF PARIS—THE SENATE—SUCCESSION OF PROPERTY—LAW COURTS—THE ARMY—POLICY OF THE GREAT POWERS OF EUROPE.

IT would be out of place here to attempt to give anything like a detailed account of the constitution and laws existing in Servia, or any history of their formation and growth; yet a few words on these subjects, for the purpose of conveying a general impression of the progress made in the civilisation and consolidation of the country, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Immediately after the Servians had succeeded in liberating themselves from the Turkish rule, they set about forming political institutions for themselves. Among the earliest is the assembly called the Skoupschina. This body was originally composed of the Voivodes, or chieftains who had distinguished themselves in war, and their suites. The Skoupschina seems to have exercised, for a time, all the legislative and judicial, as well as the executive functions of the State. It is evident that such an institution could not, from its very nature, exist long; accordingly, attempts were very soon made to constitute permanent forms of administration and

regularly organized tribunals. The first effort to effect this improvement resulted in the institution of the Senate, which was composed of members sent from each of the provinces. Attention was next directed to the education of the people; schools were established under the care of the Senate throughout the country, with a high school or college at Belgrade; and finally, courts of justice were established. But still the Skoupschina exercised the sovereign authority, until, as was naturally to be expected, disputes and jealousies arising in the assembly, the superior talent and power of one of the chiefs of which it was composed, gave him the supremacy; and at length Kara George assumed the position of chief of the nation. After his flight, some years afterwards, the country was again subjected to the rule of the Turks; but in 1817, Milosh Obrenovich, having once more raised the standard of liberty with perfect success, the Skoupschina assembled, and conferred on him the dignity of Prince. It is true that when the Porte agreed to ratify the authority of Milosh, the Sultan assumed to do so irrespective of the national will; but the Servians consider that, in default of heirs capable of succeeding the Prince, the right of electing his successor would rest with the Skoupschina; this right indeed has been exercised on several occasions with the direct sanction of the Porte, as, for instance, in 1843, when Kara Georgevich was elected. This, probably, would now be the chief function of the Skoupschina, whose legislative powers have in a great measure passed to the Senate.

Perhaps, indeed, even this power would no longer be exercised by the Skoupschina, but by the Senate, which would undoubtedly act independently of the Porte.

But though the power and influence of the Skoupschina has been greatly abridged by the transfer of its judicial functions to regularly appointed judges, and by the creation of the Senate or upper house of legislature, yet this assembly, which comprises the popular element in the Government of Servia, is still summoned from time to time for the purpose of making new laws, and especially in the case of any contemplated alteration of the taxes. Formerly the Skoupschina numbered six hundred members, but that being found too large a body for deliberation, the number was reduced to about two hundred. As, however, every thousand electors sends one member to the assembly, the number of the members necessarily varies according to the population of the country. The electors are the males of the country above the age of twenty-one years, paying direct taxes and not being a domestic servant or a gipsy. These two classes are excluded from the right of suffrage. Every elector is eligible to become a member of the Skoupschina except the holders of government offices and the clergy.

The Prince exercises the sovereign power, subject, however, to the suzerainty which belongs to the Porte, in conformity with the Hatticheriffs which have been granted by the Sultan. The present position of Servia as an independent nation is, moreover, secured by the

Treaty of Paris, dated the 30th March, 1856. The twenty-eighth article of the Treaty is as follows:—

"The Principality of Servia shall continue to hold "of the Sublime Porte, in conformity with the Im- "perial Hats which fix and determine its rights and "immunities, placed henceforward under the collective "guarantee of the Contracting Powers.

"In consequence, the said Principality shall preserve "its independent and national administration, as well "as full liberty of worship, of legislation, of commerce, "and of navigation."

And in order to control any further interference with the independence of the country on the part of either the Porte or any of the other neighbouring powers, the twenty-ninth article of the same Treaty continues thus:—

"The right of garrison of the Sublime Porte, as "stipulated by anterior regulations, is maintained. No "armed intervention can take place in Servia without "previous agreement between the High Contracting "Powers."

It is difficult to understand in what light the recent bombardment of the town of Belgrade can be considered, except as an "armed intervention" on the part of the Turks, and it is still more difficult to believe that the Austrians were not guilty of an infraction of this article of the Treaty of Paris by carrying warlike stores to the fortress of Belgrade, and by sending

engineers and artillerymen to assist in the recent bombardment of the city. Indeed, the whole policy of the European powers and the compromise which has just been agreed to at Constantinople are shrouded in mystery, and promise but little for the future peace of Servia. The great powers have decided that henceforth the guns of the fortress of Belgrade are not to be pointed towards the city; and as the only other face of the citadel is opposite the Austrian territory, it remains that they can only be directed against the subjects of that power. What is to be their use in that direction it is not easy to say. But to return. Prince Michel is now securely seated in the government of his principality, and it is to be hoped that he will long preside over the growing advancement of his country, its commerce and its intelligence.

The Executive Government is carried on by six ministers, each of whom has his separate department. At the head of these is M. Garaschanin, who possesses a reputation extending far beyond the limits of the State which he serves with great ability.

The Senate consists of seventeen members, nominated by the Prince, one for each of the seventeen departments into which the country is divided. This body is always sitting. Formerly all vacancies in the Senate were filled up by the rest of the members, but for some time past the Prince has exercised the power of appointing the Senators. The respective provinces of the Skoupschina and the Senate are at present ill-defined, and the latter body has encroached considerably upon

the province of the popular branch of the legislature; and though it has constitutionally no power to make or to alter the laws, yet it authorises the expenditure of the country, and by its votes the taxation is apportioned. A direct tax is paid by the heads of families. The annual amount of this tax is about fifteen shillings per head, whatever may be the amount of property which each person possesses. A commission is issued by the Government to superintend the collection of the tax, and to inquire and make a return of the persons able to pay. Notice is given to all these of the sum which each is liable to contribute. In case of inability to pay, the commission has power to receive and investigate any complaint, and if need be to give relief. This law, however, is under the consideration of the Government and the Senate, and it is probable that some different mode of taxation will be adopted. The villagers at Medvedje were engaged in discussing this proposed alteration when I passed through their village on my way to Manassia.*

The law of Servia is an adaptation of the Code Napoleon. The "Code civil," the "Code pénal," and the "Code de procédure," have been adopted; but neither the "Code de Commerce" nor the other codes are yet in force; but, it is probable that before long they will be adopted. There are, however, some peculiarities and deviations from the French codes; as, for instance, in the case of intestates the descent of

* See page 188.

property in Servia is not, as in France, to all the children alike, but to the sons to the exclusion of daughters. Collateral descents only take place among males, except where only female relations exist; but in all cases a more remote male relation would inherit in preference to a female of nearer degree. Foreigners cannot at present acquire or inherit land, though they may occupy land or houses for the purposes of trade and business. It is very common among the Servians to form adopted relationships—adopted children, brothers and sisters, and parents, are often met with; but, although the adopted kindred has all the ties and affection of real relationship, it has no legal nor political consequences.

The law is administered by a gradation of tribunals, very much upon the model of the French courts. There are village courts which have jurisdiction to the value of two hundred piastres. Above these are the departmental courts, whose jurisdiction has no limit as to amount. All are subject to appeals to the Court of Cassation, which sits at Belgrade. The proceedings in the inferior courts are entirely verbal; those in the superior court are written.

The army consists of about four thousand men, who are paid by the State. These comprise a small artillery corps and two hundred cavalry; the remainder are infantry. Beyond these, however, there has been lately organized a militia service, the strength of which is estimated at seventy thousand men. The militia furnished by two departments of the country, those of

Belgrade and of Kragujewatz, are artillerymen; the rest are infantry. In addition to this, there is also a volunteer service similar to that in our own country. Altogether, it is supposed that Servia could in any moment of special danger send into the field as many as one hundred and fifty thousand men of all arms, capable of rendering good service against any invader. In the present state of Europe such a force is fully adequate to the protection of the country against all foreign aggression from whatever side; and if the mountainous state of the country be taken into consideration, of which the Servians know well how to avail themselves to the fullest extent for the purposes of defence, there can be no doubt of their perfect ability to hold their own. For offensive purposes, the military force of the nation would be of little value; but neither the policy of the reigning Prince nor the disposition of the people are at all likely to lead them to interfere with their neighbours. The aim of both is rather to cultivate commerce and the arts of peace, in which it is to be hoped that they will not again be disturbed by Turkish fanaticism.

A people who have done so much in so short a space of time to raise themselves in the scale of nations, are deserving of the encouragement of the great powers of Western Europe. France has already done much to assist their progress, and it would be well if the English Government could see how much the opening of the trade of the Danube deserves to be encouraged, and how important Belgrade must be

to the extension of that trade. This great object is not very likely to be accomplished by other means than by British capital and British enterprise, both of which are checked by the known policy of England in support of the Porte, even to the sacrifice of the Christian people inhabiting the Danubian principalities, who are struggling for progress and improvement. Servia has given an example of what these people are capable of doing; and it surely would be in accordance with the principles professed by our country if we were to foster a nation every way disposed to peace and order, whose country possesses elements of wealth not to be surpassed in any part of the world, rather than, by following the phantom of "the integrity of Turkey," to assist in restraining the progress and in curbing the freedom and independence of these people.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF BELGRADE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE BOMBARDMENT AND CONCERT WITH AUSTRIA—NARRATIVES OF A FOREIGN MERCHANT AND A SERVIAN GENTLEMAN, PRESENT IN BELGRADE DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

ABOUT a fortnight after I had left Belgrade, occurred an event which is almost without parallel in modern history. On Tuesday, June the 17th, without any warning which might have allowed of the removal of the women and infants, the Turkish soldiers in the citadel proceeded to bombard a city full of peaceful shopkeepers and destitute of the slightest means of defence or resistance. The situation of the citadel on a rising ground, necessarily places the whole city at its mercy; and along the streets and through the lanes crowded with a defenceless people, shot and shell rained for upwards of five hours, until, mainly through the firmness of the English and French consuls, this cruel and unprovoked bombardment was suspended, but not until the walls of the town were coloured with the blood of the innocent victims of Oriental barbarity. It may seem out of place to detain the reader with the details of an event which occurred

after my journey had closed. But though the actual bombardment did not take place during my stay, all the preparations for it occurred during my residence in Belgrade; I make no apology, therefore, for tracing the steps which led to this deplorable act, especially as I am permitted to append two narratives drawn up immediately after the bombardment,—the first by a foreign gentleman, alike unconnected with either the Servian Government or the Turkish authorities, and whose impartiality is, to all who know him, a guarantee of the fidelity of his narrative; the second by a Servian gentleman who was also on the spot, and who had ample opportunities of knowing the truth of every word which he has written.

Two days before I left Belgrade, it was known that Achir Pasha, the governor of the citadel, had made an official visit to the Austrian commander at Semlin. At the same time the son of the Pasha proceeded to Pancsova, the great military depôt of Austria in the lower part of Hungary, and on the conclusion of his visit left on a tour of inspection to the Turkish garrison at Semandria. A strange announcement which crept into the continental newspapers awakened the curiosity of people as to the occasion of these visits, whilst the explanation offered by the same newspapers was so incredible, that it was generally rejected. It was stated that the visit of the Turkish Pasha to the Austrian commander, was made in order to obtain a promise of assistance in the event of the Servian troops making any attack upon the garrison of Belgrade. As there

seemed no likelihood of any such attack being made, and as, moreover, the entire army of Servia, scattered over the whole extent of that country, only equals the strength of this one Turkish garrison, such a danger appeared in the highest degree chimerical. It is true that there is a large body of volunteers, who might at some future time be brought together in the event of an invasion of the country, but these are at present not even embodied, and are still without arms. Such an explanation, therefore, of the motive for the Pasha's visit appeared absurd.

The very absurdity of a statement is, however, sometimes a testimony to its probable truth. No one could have conjectured such a reason. It was the unlikelihood not of imagination, but of truth.

A fortnight, however, passed away, and the visit and the explanation offered were alike almost forgotten by the people of Belgrade, when the following singular incident again awakened suspicion.

The Austrian Government obtained some years since the right of managing the offices of the general post throughout European Turkey. Thus whilst all letters from one part of Servia to another are delivered by Servian officials, those coming to Belgrade from any part beyond the frontier of Servia pass through the Austrian post-office. For the convenience of merchants and others having a regular and large correspondence, it is usual to open weekly accounts with the post-office, and on Saturday evening such accounts are settled. A friend of my own in Belgrade had long been in the

habit of so doing. On Sunday, the 15th of June, a letter was sent from his house for transmission to England. On being presented at the post-office, payment was demanded. "It is from Mr. ——," was the reply of the servant. "That may be," was the rejoinder of the postmaster, "you must pay now." "We have a weekly account," said the astonished messenger; "and I paid it up last night." "That is so," was the answer, "but we have orders to require the postage with every letter." A conversation and explanation ensued, and some delay, as the servant was not provided with the proper money, the Austrian authorities always declining to receive their own paper money, and requiring a particular kind of coin for all letters. "But what does all this mean?" asked the servant or an official to whom he had given his letters for years. "Something is going to happen," was the answer, "and we are ordered to remove the post-office to-morrow to Semlin." *Something was going to happen.* On the servant's return, conjecture was busy as to what this *something* was which was known as about to happen to the Austrian Government, and which had led to orders being issued to insure the safety of the servants of their post-office.

The citizens of Belgrade had not long to wait for a solution of the enigma.

On Monday, June the 16th, the Austrian post-office at Belgrade was broken up, the *employés* retired to Semlin, and early on Tuesday the Turkish fortress opened fire upon the city.

Now be it remembered, that the arrangements for all this were made before any act had been committed by the Servians which the Turkish Government allege as the provocation for the bombardment of Belgrade.

What followed will best be gathered from the narrative to which I have already referred:—

"On Sunday, the 15th June, the Servian population of Belgrade was in the state of most perfect quietness, notwithstanding the repeated annoyances which they had for some days past received from the Turks. The road to Topschidere, a country house belonging to Prince Michel, situated about half an hour's drive from the city, and the favourite Sunday resort of the people of Belgrade, was thronged with carriages and people on foot in holiday costume as usual. The Princess was alone at the Palace, the Prince being at that time on a tour to Schabatz and its neighbourhood, for the purpose of inspecting that part of the country which he had not been able to visit in the preceding year. Everything seemed to bespeak the most profound peace, and no one had the slightest expectation of the events which were about to happen.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon, a Servian boy, twelve years of age, and an older lad, went to draw water at a well situated near the Servian and the Turkish police-stations, both of which are in the same neighbourhood, and separated only by a narrow lane. Almost immediately after they had arrived, two Turkish soldiers came to the well, and attempted to push the Servians away, and to draw water before them. A

quarrel took place, when the Turkish soldiers drew their swords, and without further ceremony put the Servian lads to death. Immediately several Servian gendarmes came out of the police-station without arms; and having arrested the two Turkish soldiers, were taking them off to the Turkish police-office for the purpose of handing them over to the military authorities. A discharge of musketry, fired from the Turkish police-station, killed the Servian gendarmes, and a general fight then began between the occupants of the two police-stations. The citizens at once armed themselves, and proceeded without delay to take possession of the two gates leading to the Turkish quarter, known by the names Varochkapi and Savekapi. The Turkish soldiers who guarded these gates were, however, allowed to retire into the fortress without being attacked on the road, and indeed without any attempt on the part of the Servians to follow them. All this time, however, the police-station in which the murderers of the Servian boys had taken refuge, was surrounded by their friends and a large concourse of people. In the course of a few hours the Servian gendarmes and chasseurs joined the populace, and a brisk fire was kept up upon the Turkish police-station, which, it was discovered, was held not by the usual guard, but by about three hundred regular soldiers, together with a number of irregulars and militia, whose families had, in anticipation of these events, been already taken into the fortress. In a very short time the whole population of the town was in arms, some of whom surrounded the

Turkish police-station, whilst others dispersed themselves throughout the whole of the Turkish quarter, the inhabitants of which had abandoned it, and had been withdrawn into the fortress. It was at this moment of excitement, when the people's desire for vengeance had been lashed into fury, that some violence was committed by a few of the dregs of the Servian population, who pillaged the Turkish shops. The disorder in this quarter, and the firing in the neighbourhood of the Turkish police-station, were kept up all night, and until the next morning.

"It would be impossible to say too much in praise of the conduct of the English Consul-General, Mr. Longworth, who, on three different occasions, went through the thick of the fire to the fortress, in order to see the Pasha, with the object of prevailing on him to put an end to the battle, which had now become general. It was not, however, until Monday morning, at his third visit, that Mr. Longworth was able to prevail on the Pasha to suspend hostilities, and then only on the condition that the three hundred Turkish soldiers, who had been surrounded in the police-station, should be delivered, safe and sound, at the fortress.

"It is evident that, in the state of exasperation into which the Servians had been driven, this was no easy task. To accomplish it, extraordinary prudence and a degree of firmness were needed, to keep in check an enraged populace, and avoid a renewal of the conflict. For this purpose the consuls of all the great powers united themselves with the authorities of the Servian

Government, and the Turkish soldiers having been placed between two lines of Servian troops and police-officers, were withdrawn from the Turkish guard-house.

"At the head of the column, Mr. Garaschanin, the President of the Council of Ministers, placed himself. The consuls, each with the colours of his nation, joined the *cortége*, and so set off for the fortress. Notwithstanding the irritation of the Servian people, the most perfect order was maintained. So great was the respect of the people for their Prince and his Government, as well as for the representatives of the great powers, that not a single shot was fired by any of the populace. But, will it be believed? scarcely had the *cortége* reached the fortress on this mission of peace, when two shots, fired from the citadel, struck down two Servian soldiers. It is due to the presence of mind of those who were at the head of the Servian party, and especially to the calmness of Mr. Garaschanin, that no further mischief ensued, and that the suspension of hostilities was maintained, notwithstanding this outrage. Pretending to know nothing of the treacherous murder which had been committed, and continuing their march to the fortress, they surrendered the whole of the Turkish soldiery. An armistice was then concluded, and public tranquillity appeared about to be restored. This armistice was signed by the Servian Government, by the Pasha in command of the fortress, and by the consuls of all the great powers. In a very short time the city resumed its usual quietness, the shops were again

opened, and the people went about the streets as before. Up to this time, with the exception of the Austrian employés, the foreign residents had not thought of leaving the place, nor had they adopted any measures of personal safety, so entirely did they trust to the protection afforded them by the presence of their respective consuls, and to the convention which had just been made. The next day, which was Tuesday, as early as six o'clock in the morning, the markets were held in the public squares as usual; the shops were opened, and everything was quiet. About eight o'clock in the morning, the people assembled in the principal square, in order to pay the last honours to one of their officers, and to some soldiers who had been killed. At half-past eight two messengers, carrying a white flag, came from the fortress, and went to the Servian police-office, which is situated on one side of the square in which the daily market is held. They were immediately shown in to Mr. Garaschanin, who was sitting there with a view of preserving the public tranquillity, by every means in his power.

"These two messengers were the bearers of a request from the Pasha to Mr. Garaschanin, that he would assemble the consuls at the fortress. He immediately sent to the French consul, who was his nearest neighbour, and that gentleman lost no time in assembling his colleagues, whose residences were in different parts of the city. The Prussian Consul was the first to respond to the summons of the French consul, and to arrive at the police-station, which he

reached about nine o'clock. The other consuls were still on their way thither, and the funeral procession, preceded by a military band, was moving towards the cemetery.

"It was at this very moment, when the consuls, with the Servian authorities, were on their way to the fortress, at the invitation of the Pasha, that a bombardment was commenced from the ramparts, of which history furnishes no example, and of which the violence is without any precedent. The people of the city immediately ran to their houses, and took up whatever arms they could find. The French and Prussian consuls immediately left for the purpose of exerting themselves for the safety of the people and property under their immediate care. In doing this, however, they did not escape without injury from the destructive fire which burst from every embrasure of the fortress. The most heroic resistance was extemporised, and a kind of organization was effected without loss of time; and it can scarcely be a subject of wonder that the two messengers, who had been sent out with this treacherous flag of truce, lost their lives. The gendarmes and the chasseurs, although few in number, with the help of the people, repelled a sortie from the citadel, in the course of which a colonel and several other Turkish soldiers were killed. Availing themselves of the shelter of the houses opposite the citadel, the Servian gendarmes and chasseurs fought bravely; and so true was their firing, that thirty-six Turkish gunners were killed by the side of their guns. The bombardment was con-

tinued with activity for five hours; and if, happily, the amount of the damage done was smaller than might have been expected, that circumstance is to be attributed both to the ignorance of the Turkish gunners, and to the worthless ammunition with which they were supplied. The cathedral seemed an especial object of hatred; it was repeatedly struck, and three shots passed through the tower.* Fortunately, three parts of the shells did not explode, and they were found lying about the streets and in the houses.

"It would be scarcely possible to form any idea of the panic which took possession of the people of the town, surprised as they were in a moment of perfect quietness. During the first hours of the bombardment, the women and children hid themselves in the cellars of their houses; but when they were informed by the Servian authorities that, in the absence of regular troops, they feared the inability of the populace and the police to resist a second sortie from the fortress, women and children, both Servians and foreigners, and all those who were not able to assist in the defence of the town, in order to escape massacre from the Turks, determined to leave that part of the town which was near the fortress, even although, in order to escape, they had to pass through the showers of shells and shot which were ploughing up the streets. Barricades and redoubts were now hastily constructed, under the fire of the enemy, at the openings of the streets, and the

* The roof of the archbishop's palace and that of the Theological College adjoining were totally destroyed.

utmost energy was shown in the preparation of the means of defence.

"During all this time the princess, who had not left her palace, was occupied in the protection of these poor people, reduced to want and misery, who had fled to her for protection.

"As soon as tidings of what was taking place in Belgrade reached Prince Michel, he hastened back from Schabatz, and in concert with Mr. Garaschanin and the other ministers, took such steps as the circumstances of the case permitted and rendered necessary. The Senate was immediately convoked, and at once conferred on the Prince dictatorial powers; whilst the whole people, whose entire confidence he possesses, rallied round him.

"After several hours of bombardment, the representative of the Austrian consul went across to Semlin, from whence he proceeded to the fortress to ask for an armistice, during which he might remove such of the Austrian inhabitants who had not left the previous day. After five hours of bombardment, the pasha consented to an armistice of six hours. As soon as the other consuls heard what had taken place, they lost no time in going to the fortress, in the hope of obtaining an entire cessation of the fire. This was no easy task, as may well be imagined. The Servians had too much reason to distrust the Turks, and, on the other hand, the Turks could have little reason to hope for any good feelings from the Servians. In order to inspire both parties with confidence, the French consul-general gave

himself up as a hostage to the Turks, thus becoming responsible for the Servians; and the English consul-general, in order to become responsible for the Turks, gave himself up as a hostage to the Servians. The tent of the French consul-general was pitched on the glacis in front of the fortress, and that of the English consul on the Kalimaidan, a spot immediately in front of the Servian redoubts. The Prussian and Italian consuls, who with great energy seconded the efforts of their colleagues, undertook the duty of calming the irritation of the people. By these means tranquillity was restored as far as was possible under the circumstances.

"These posts of the English and French consul were attended with no ordinary danger. The wanton murder of two or three children had exasperated the Servian population even more than the treacherous assassination of the soldiers; and in the absence of the Prince, it might fairly be questioned how far this could be counteracted. On the other hand, the fanaticism of the Mussulman soldiers had been inflamed, until the pasha in command had now extreme difficulty in restraining them from a renewal of the attack upon the city. At midnight, M. Tastu, the French consul, was aroused by hearing the Turkish call to arms, and by finding that the ramparts were filled with gunners, preparing to reopen fire upon Belgrade. Rushing to the gates of the citadel, he demanded to be led to the pasha, and learnt from him that the bombardment of the previous day was about to be renewed. The reason alleged for this was the move-

ment of lights in the neighbourhood of the fortress, and the fear that the Servians were preparing to assault the citadel. M. Tastu demanded that the lights should be shown him; and, after some delay, he was led to the north face of the fortress, from which a few gleams of light were visible. The French consul pointed out that lights on the north of the fortress, and therefore on Austrian territory, afforded no pretext for the bombardment of a city lying wholly on the southern side of the citadel, and that the lights themselves were but the exhalation from the marsh between Semlin and Belgrade; that, in fact, it was but the will-o'-the-wisp with its fantastic tricks. The consul's eloquence was in vain. The directions to the gunners were renewed, and the sleeping inhabitants of the city would, in a few moments, have been aroused by the death-storm of nearly one hundred pieces of cannon, which filled the embrasures on the southern line of the fortifications. M. Tastu pointed out, with much energy, that such an act must lead to the death of Mr. Longworth, the English consul, whose tent was pitched in front of the Servian barricade, nearest to the gate of the citadel. Even this consideration failed to move the Turkish commander; and it was only when M. Tastu threatened the pasha with the sure vengeance of the Emperor Napoleon, that the order was reluctantly withdrawn, and Belgrade was spared from a repetition of the horrors of the previous day, aggravated by the darkness of the night and the defenceless state of the citizens.

"The Prince, for his part, by his wisdom and firmness, contributed powerfully to the establishment of order, while other measures, which circumstances seemed to require, were not neglected. With great promptitude, he immediately organized a force of nearly six thousand men, and incorporated them amongst the regular troops. Though this was a small army for such an emergency, yet these troops would have been found formidable to any enemy, since they were perfectly armed, admirably disciplined, and supported by forty pieces of cannon. The most severe measures were adopted for the purpose of preserving order in the city. Every attempt at pillage was immediately punished by death, and one or two examples were sufficient to insure the most perfect tranquillity.

"Twenty thousand peasants, organized into battalions, perfectly armed, marched, of their own accord, to Belgrade, to offer their services to the Prince. After a rest of two days, as their aid was not required, they were sent back to their fields. Every one obeyed without a murmur, and all maintained the strictest discipline. Some of the newspapers have most unjustly calumniated these brave fellows, whose conduct was so admirable, and whose devotion and submission to the Prince have never flagged for one moment.*

"A few days after the cessation of hostilities, a com-

* It was reported in several newspapers that these peasants had broken into the houses and plundered the property of the foreign residents in Belgrade. As the narrator is one of these foreign residents, his testimony on this point is valuable.

missioner, sent by the Porte, has been allowed freely to make his inquiries, and his report will show that, if the Servians are brave, and perfectly united with their Prince for the defence of their cause, they are at the same time prepared to wait with patience for the decisions of the representatives of the great Powers who are to meet at Constantinople, with regard to the satisfaction which they have a right to expect after such an outrage against all the rights of humanity, and such a contempt for the duties of civilization. But more than this: it is surely to be expected that the great Powers, under the collective guarantee of which Servia is placed by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, will find some means of effectually sheltering the people of that country from a repetition of similar barbarities."

To this account of the bombardment, written by a foreign resident, I append a narrative of the same occurrences, sent me by a Servian gentleman. They differ only so much as histories written by independent witnesses always will.

"In the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th June, while the population of the city of Belgrade were enjoying their promenade into the country, intelligence was brought to the prefecture, that two Servians had been killed by the nizams (regular Turkish troops) at Tchoukour Tchesnic. The drogman (policeman) Nechitch came with some gendarmes to the spot, and found the servant of a Servian merchant, Alexander Nicolitch, nearly expiring. They were able to ascertain from him that he had been stabbed by three nizams, who were still near the place,

Several women gave information to the same effect, having seen the murder from their windows. The drogman took the nizams into custody. As soon as he came in sight of the Turkish police-station, situated in the great square at Belgrade, close to the Servian police-station, about fifteen armed nizams, led by an officer, came out of their station for the purpose of rescuing their fellows who had been arrested. The drogman said to them, 'One of our people has been killed, and we are going to inquire into the matter.' The Turkish officer, who carried his naked sword in his hand, lowered it, and at that signal the nizams fired. The drogman and two gendarmes, Pierre Bonovitch and Milan, fell dead, and another was severely wounded.

"After having committed these murders, the nizams retired in haste into the police-station, from whence, in company with their comrades, they began to fire on the passers-by. Four Servian men and one woman fell under their fire.

"The sound of the trumpets from the Servian prefecture warned the people that the public safety was threatened. The people ran to arms and occupied the approaches to the principal square. In a short time a detachment of nizams, under the command of a captain, was seen coming out of the fortress on its way to reinforce the Turkish guard. The people stopped the road, and in spite of the resistance of the soldiery, who crossed their bayonets, notwithstanding the interposition of the officers of police, and that of M. Garas-

chanin himself, the people, whose numbers increased every moment, refused to allow the detachment to pass. The Turkish captain became alarmed, and determined to retrace his steps with his company, under the escort of Servian gendarmes. As soon as he approached the fortress he ordered his men to turn about, and at the word 'fire' the officer and two gendarmes of the escort fell dead. The soldiers then fired a second time upon the people, who were following at a distance. A general conflict now began at this place, while another, occasioned by the continued fire of the Turkish nizams, took place in the great square. The engagement became general. The nizams stationed at the police-station and at the gates of the town gave frequent signals, by means of the trumpet, to the fortress, which replied to them in the same manner. The Turks were at length forced to give way at the Varoch and Save gates; but the Widin and Stamboul gates, both large and solid buildings, as well as several mosques, still held out.

"During the night of the 15th, no pains were spared by Mr. Longworth, the English consul, who on four occasions risked his life in going to the fortress, and from thence to M. Garaschanin, for the purpose of putting a stop to the effusion of blood. M. Garaschanin declared that it was beyond his power to restrain the violence of an exasperated population so long as the Pasha and the Turkish troops continued to occupy the town; and after much hesitation on the part of the Pasha, the following convention, signed

at first by all the consuls, was agreed to by M. Garaschanin, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Achir Pasha.

"'Between M. Garaschanin and his Excellency the 'Pasha, Governor of Belgrade, and in the presence of 'the members of the consular body now in that town, 'M. Garaschanin having declared that he could not 'answer for the tranquillity of the town without the 'measure hereafter mentioned: It has been agreed 'that the question of the gates *is reserved by both 'sides to be disposed of elsewhere*, and that with 'this reserve the Turkish soldiers who still occupy 'them shall be withdrawn, as well as the Turkish 'police, in order to establish the public security, which 'has been so unhappily disturbed. This measure is 'taken under the following conditions:—

'1. M. Garaschanin makes himself responsible for 'the safety of the troops until their return into the 'fortress.

'2. The houses and property of the Turks residing 'in the town shall be guaranteed and respected, and 'those of the inhabitants who shall remain in their 'houses shall have every protection.

'3. M. Garaschanin engages to give the necessary 'orders, by means of the telegraph, to prevent any 'violence against the other fortresses of the country, 'as well as against their Mussulman inhabitants.

'4. Turkish families, while they withdraw, shall 'neither be molested nor insulted.

'Signed in duplicate, in the fortress of Belgrade, 'the 4th—16th of June, 1862.

(Signed) 'ACHIR, ETHEM, GARASCHANIN,
'LONGWORTH, TASTU, VLANGALY,
'MERONI, VASSITCH.'"

"Notwithstanding this convention, which was signed in the morning, about eight o'clock (according to which the Turks ought immediately to have laid down their arms or to have withdrawn to the fortress), the Turks who inhabited the part of the town on the bank of the Danube would not cease their hostilities till four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was only at that hour that the Servian authorities were able to get possession of that part of the town, occupied by a mixed population, and establish order. It is therefore only from this time (four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th June) that the Servian authorities can be held responsible for their fulfilment of the stipulations of the convention, and for the maintenance of order.

"But the Servian Government has the testimony of all the consuls, and of all those who were then at Belgrade, that after the Turks, who inhabited the bank of the Danube, had withdrawn from the town, and the Servian authorities were in possession, the most exemplary order began to reign in the town, which was maintained through the night, and until the bombardment began. It has been said that as soon as the Turkish residents left their houses, they were plundered by a disorderly mob, and that for this pillage

and disorder no redress was offered by the Servian authorities. To this charge it would have been sufficient to reply that there was no pillage and disorder for which the Servian authorities were responsible; but there is more than this to be said, although no one could have held the Government responsible for what passed during the contest prolonged by the Turks notwithstanding the convention. M. Garaschanin, having learnt that during this period some Turkish houses had been attacked and pillaged, gave immediate orders to have all the goods which had been taken, brought to the prefecture, and this order was executed with the greatest strictness. M. Garaschanin informed the Pasha, that having learnt that during the contest so unfortunately prolonged by the Turks till four o'clock, notwithstanding the conventions and the summonses which had been addressed to them to surrender, some houses had been pillaged, he had given the most stringent orders to have all the goods restored which had been taken, and that he hoped everything would be given up; but that in any case he declared himself ready, in the name of his Government, to make good the value of every object which should not be restored. At the same time M. Garaschanin requested the Pasha to make this offer known to all the Turks who had houses in the quarter referred to, in order that they might know that they had no loss to suffer.

"The opponents of Servia have alleged that the next morning muskets were fired at the garrison in the citadel. This is so far from being the truth that not

only was no shot fired at the garrison in the citadel, but it is notorious that early in the morning the garrison in the citadel began to fire shots on the town which were not returned. But at six o'clock in the morning, M. Garaschanin sent his drogman to the Pasha to request him to put a stop to these proceedings, which compromised the peace so happily established. And subsequently, when M. Garaschanin complained of this to one of the consuls, one of them, whose residence is not far from the fortress, stated that he had seen several balls which had been fired from the fortress fall in front of his house.

"The Turks have said that this alleged firing of muskets at the garrison in the citadel was the immediate cause of the bombardment. The truth, however, is that this supposed occurrence never in fact took place, as has just been shown. Not only is that so, but the bombardment was altogether so unprovoked and so unexpected, that at first it was believed by the consular body to have been commenced by the nizams in defiance of the Pasha, against whom they were supposed to have revolted. But at one o'clock, on the 17th, while the bombardment was going on, M. Vassitch, the Austrian consular agent, came from the fortress to the residence of the English consul-general, where the rest of the consuls were assembled. To their great astonishment the Austrian consular agent then informed the consuls that the garrison had not revolted against the Pasha, as had been supposed up to that time; but that the bombardment had taken

place under his (the Pasha's) express orders. M. Vassitch having added, that the Pasha desired to have an interview with M. Garaschanin and the consular body, Mr. Longworth, the English consul, in a moment of generous indignation, was the first to exclaim, 'that he would have nothing to do with barbarians who, without any just cause, without any previous notice, and in contempt of a solemn convention agreed the day before, fired shells and shot on a peaceable commercial town filled with women, children, aged people, and invalids; that the responsibility of such an act must fall altogether on the fanatical heads of those who counselled and ordered it, and that he (Mr. Longworth) would have no interview with the Pasha, nor quit the burning town; but that he would remain with his countrymen to share the sad lot of the inhabitants of Belgrade.'

"The utterly indefensible character of the bombardment is put in a clear light by the protest signed by the consuls as soon as they were made acquainted with the fact that the bombardment had been ordered by the Pasha. The protest is as follows:—

"'The Pasha, Governor of Belgrade, having given 'orders for the bombardment of the town without any 'previous notice, and having, it is true, convoked the 'consular body, but without having even heard them, 'and when every one had the right to rely upon the 'convention passed with the Servian Government in 'the presence of all the members of the consular body, 'the undersigned leave upon him the responsibility of

'an act so contrary to the principles of the rights of 'nations, and after having protested in the most 'formal manner, they can henceforth do no more. 'than wait in the bombarded town the fate which 'may befal their countrymen, until the orders of their 'Government shall reach them.

(Signed) 'LONGWORTH, TASTU,
'VLANGALY, MERONI.

'*Belgrade, 17th June*, 1862.'

"With regard to the statement that the town was bombarded at intervals for four hours, the truth is that during the whole of the 16th, after the signing of the convention, the nizams never ceased to fire from the ramparts on the houses situated on the plateau in front of the fortress, and this under the eyes of the Pasha. On the morning of the 17th, very early, the firing was resumed, and at half-past eight on that day it became a regular bombardment, which was continued without intermission till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when it ceased; but the nizams continued a fire of musketry until nightfall. The Turks, moreover, allege that these lamentable events had their origin in the violation by the Servians of the relations established by treaties between the Sublime Porte and Servia. A sweeping accusation of this nature is easily made; but no one instance of a violation of a treaty by the Servians is pointed out, and for that best of reasons that none exists. If the treaties have been violated, it has been by the Porte.

"Thirty years ago the Sublime Porte bound itself by

treaties and by hatticherifs to withdraw the Turkish inhabitants from Servia, and for thirty years these engagements have continued unfulfilled. Had this not been the case, the present disturbances would not have taken place, for they owe their origin to the forced retention in the same town of people of hostile races and incompatible habits. It is the Porte which has, in direct violation of all treaties and engagements, meddled with the internal affairs of Servia, even to the extent of putting in peril her autonomy, and that in defiance of the treaties which guarantee to Servia her internal independence. It is the Porte that has turned a deaf ear to all the remonstrances which the Servian Government has not ceased to address to her in the hope of obtaining justice for Servia."

Since these narratives were written, the Government of the Sultan has published its own account of the bombardment, and the circumstances which led to this act of atrocity. The defence offered is based on two facts :—

(I.) That the Government of Servia had enrolled a large and, as the Turkish Government considered, a needless number of volunteers.

(II.) Certain acts of violence committed by the Servian people upon the Turkish shopkeepers of Belgrade.

The whole of Roumelia and Bosnia were in a state of internal agitation, which threatened before long to grow into insurrection. The inhabitants of the Hertzegovina were actually in a state of warfare, and their country was occupied by a Turkish army. The independent princi-

pality of Montenegro was surrounded by another army of Turks under Omar Pasha. Surely, whilst the whole frontier of Servia was in this state, it was the duty of the Prince of that country to guard against the very probable contingency of the war spreading into his own territory. The Porte may dread a volunteer force, but the Government of England has no doubt endeavoured to remove all such groundless fears by informing the Sultan that a force of volunteers can never be the instrument of aggressive warfare, and that it is only calculated for defence, and therefore that the existence of volunteers, however numerous, is a guarantee for peace, not an incentive to war. The British Government has, or at least will, no doubt, lose no time in showing the great value of a volunteer force, such as exists in this country, and will insist on the right of any people arming for the preservation of their independence. But whether the Sultan may or may not participate in these sentiments, the existence of the Servian volunteers was clearly a matter for diplomacy, not for so extreme a measure as the sudden bombardment of a quiet and defenceless city, especially as none of these volunteers were armed.

But the second complaint made by the Government of Turkey against the Servian people, namely, acts of violence alleged to have been committed against Turkish residents in Belgrade, is one which demands a preliminary observation, as to the right of Turks to reside in the city, or in any other part of Servia, except within the walls of the fortified places.

The result of the Servian War of Independence was to drive the Turks not only from the open field, but also from every fortress in the country. It is to be regretted that the great Powers, which stood passive during the time of war, should, when it was over, have interfered and guaranteed the independence of Servia at the cost of permitting the Turks to return and take possession of the fortified places.* But it is surely right that those Powers which have done so should insist that the treaty dictated by themselves should be scrupulously carried out. Now, the Treaty of Akerman, made October 7th, 1826, between Russia and Turkey, and which was confirmed, so far as it regards Servia, by that of Paris, March 30th, 1856, provides that no Mahometan subject of Turkey should be allowed to reside in Servia, except those belonging to the garrisons; that all Turkish civilians should withdraw from Servia within eighteen months after the signing of the first-named treaty; and that such subjects of Turkey who were possessed of landed property, and unable to dispose of it, should receive the rents of such property from the Servian Government. It is therefore a breach of the Treaties of Akerman and of Paris

* The Turks at present occupy seven fortresses in Servia: Fetislam, Ada Kale, Semandria, Belgrade, Schabatz on the Danube, and Sokol and Ushitza in the interior of the country. Of these places, Fetislam and Ada Kale are under the jurisdiction of the Pasha of Widdin; the remaining five are included in the pashilate of Belgrade. Again: Semandria and Belgrade are garrisoned by regular troops; the remaining five only by the shopkeepers of the Turkish quarter in each town.

for any Turk, except the members of the respective garrisons, to live in Servia. Now, how have these treaties and the hatticherif issued by the Porte immediately after that signed at Akerman, been carried out? They were at first evaded, and then deliberately broken. Under the pretext of a difficulty in disposing of their landed property, the Turkish shopkeepers continued to reside in all those towns which possessed a Turkish garrison, though the Treaty of Akerman seemed to have expressly guarded against this breach of faith, by stipulating that on their removal, the Servian Government should collect the rents and forward them to their respective owners. When this pretext failed, the Turkish Government proceeded to set aside the provisions of the treaties in a singular manner. It awarded to every man able to bear arms a yearly stipend of a few pence, and called him a supernumerary to the garrison nearest to which he was living. And now, by the recent State paper in which the Porte endeavours to justify the bombardment of Belgrade, a further right is claimed on behalf of the Turks, and the whole space within the *rayon* of each fortress is declared to be Turkish and under Turkish rule.

But there is one circumstance connected with this breach of treaties worth consideration. By the act of bombardment, the Treaty of Paris was directly violated; and this claim of the Porte cancels, so far as Turkey is concerned, Articles XXVIII. and XXIX. of that treaty. It is surely dangerous to tamper with the provisions of a treaty procured at

such a cost as that of Paris; and the precedent which is set of disregarding the covenant of so solemn an instrument, may be one which other Powers may hereafter copy, and plead the example of Turkey in justification of their disregard of the obligations of this treaty. If Turkey were called upon to carry out faithfully the Treaty of Paris, which expressly confirms the "anterior regulations" of Akerman, no such collisions could take place as that which is now pleaded as an excuse for this frightful act of barbarity; but so long as the breach of general treaties is permitted, and the Turks maintain their present position in the midst of the towns of Servia, then any agitation in Bosnia, and any insurrection in Roumelia, will lead to an outbreak of fanaticism on one side or another, and the peace of Europe and of the world be again endangered.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS—THE BALANCE OF POWER—RUSSIA—UNION OF MEMBERS OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH—ENGLISH INDIFFERENCE FOR THE EASTERN CHRISTIANS—ASPIRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE—CAPACITIES FOR RULE—SUFFERINGS OF PEOPLE OF EUROPEAN TURKEY—INSTANCE OF RECENT BARBARITY—CONCLUSION.

IT is scarcely possible to think of the Christian races which were wholly or partially subject to Turkey without referring to the political questions which arise out of the present condition of that kingdom.

The population of European Turkey is estimated at rather more than fourteen millions and a half. Of these 12,720,000 are Christians, 1,820,000 are Mohametans, and about 300,000 are Jews. Of the Christians about one-half are of the Servian race; the other half are Wallachians or Greeks. In religion, the Christians are members of the Orthodox or Eastern Church. It is contrary to all experience that a million and a half of masters should long retain in obedience twelve millions and a half of subjects whom they despise on account of their religion and fear because of their numbers. To do so is hardly possible when intellectually the subject people is, to say the least, equal to the dominant race. The mingled hatred and fear

with which the Mussulmans regard the Christian rayahs are shown in the grievous oppression of the subject race. It is impossible and undesirable that this state of things should continue, but it cannot be remedied by any means which have been used to reform the Turkish Government itself. Every attempt that has been made to better the condition of the people through their present rulers has been attended with failure. It is useless, indeed, to compel an unwilling government to issue edicts of toleration which it has not the intention, the wish, nor even the power to enforce.

We have been taught to acquiesce in the state of oppression under which the Christians of Turkey are groaning, from a supposition that the continuance of the present government of that country is necessary for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe. Such a motive is as selfish as it is unjust. Twelve millions and a half of people are not to be deprived of the rights of humanity in order to maintain any such balance. It is hard, however, to see how these results can follow from the forcible maintenance of the existing Government of Turkey with all its abuses. The discontent of the Christian subjects of the Porte must, in any outbreak of hostilities in Europe, prevent that Government from exerting any influence either as an ally or as an enemy. It may not be our duty to interfere between a government which is oppressing its subjects and a people which is enduring wrong from its rulers, and compel the abatement of the wrong. But it is

still less our duty to interfere in behalf of such a government, and hold down a justly discontented people, and so perpetuate the wrong. This we are doing. This is the result of our policy towards the inhabitants of Turkey.

The bugbear which is summoned "from the vasty deep" of our imagination, and which hinders us from acting justly to the Christians of the East, is Russia. All governments, especially constitutional ones, have their bugbears. Taxes would sometimes not be granted without their existence, and political parties might suffer ostracism for ever, if unable to raise themselves into power by making use of the weapons of terror. I confess that I am unable to rest upon the comfortable conviction that everything which the people of Russia does is sinister and evil. Nor, much as I would wish to believe it, do I think that the actions of England are always noble, disinterested, and beneficent. It appears to me that such a belief is in the highest degree childish. Russia undoubtedly does and ever will possess an influence in Turkey, but that influence is increased and strengthened by the present unsatisfactory condition of the people of that country. It is not, however, necessary to suppose that the influence of Russia arises from intrigue, nor does the fact of the existence of such an influence prove the policy of that empire to be Machiavellian.

Two facts are not sufficiently remembered when we talk of Russian influence in Turkey. In the first place, the people of Russia are of the same religion as the

majority of the subjects of the Porte. Now, in no part of Christendom are the obligations of brotherhood so felt and acted upon as throughout the Eastern Church. The bond of union which connects all who are in communion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople, is stronger than in any other part of the Church. Such brotherhood does not depend upon race, for the Sclavonic Pole has always been as hostile to the Sclavonic Russ, as, to say the least, the Englishman to the Frenchman; it arises solely from the possession of a common creed. This sympathy between members of the Eastern Church is so real, that wars of any duration between people belonging to this branch of the Church have scarcely or never arisen. This sympathy is independent of political intrigues. The shopkeeper of St. Petersburgh feels for his brother in Montenegro without the stimulus of Government, and without reference to secular politics. This sympathy, however, is necessarily impressed upon the actions of the Russian Government, and in fact often determines its actions. Governments, of what form soever they may be, naturally reflect the opinions of the governed. The bloody wars arising out of the rivalry of co-members of the Western Church, such as those between England and France, which had their origin in the times before our Reformation, or those between France and Austria, have never arisen between co-members of the Eastern Church. Nor, so long as the tie of religious sympathy is so strong as at present between the various nations in communion with the see of Constantinople, are they possible.

But, in the second place, we are bound to remember that any influence which Russia possesses in European Turkey has been deepened by the line of policy pursued by our own country. We have almost invariably turned away from these people. As to their religion, we have been content with a very positive amount of ignorance. Intelligent travellers have felt that all that English Christians wished to know of the religious aspect of these countries might be summed up in the stereotyped formula—"They are members of the Greek Church, which is very much like the Roman Catholic." This dried up all sympathy, extinguished every desire for information, and guarded our hearts effectually against any possible inroad of Christian charity, by interposing the thickest veil of prejudice. What cared we for the members of the Church of St. Chrysostom and of the great Athanasius? If they had only been followers of the false prophet, and polygamists; if they had only believed in the Koran, and kept a harem of Circassian slaves, sceptical philosophers and sentimental versifiers would have patronised the Koran, to show their disregard for the Gospel, and would have tried to elevate Mussulman morals above the level of Christian ethics. As to the social condition of these races, we have at best been indifferent to the condition of the people of Turkey, and have sided with the Government which oppresses. This is the complaint of the sufferers themselves. So long, indeed, as it is the avowed principle of British policy that the maintenance of the power of the Sultan is of primary impor-

tance, and the condition of the people only a secondary consideration, we hold out the most direct encouragement to the oppressing minority, and shut the door of hope upon the oppressed majority.

Concrete sufferings are not lightened by abstract speculations about the balance of power; and men who live in the midst of wrong and oppression, and taste their full bitterness, will, in their sorrow, turn to the power which sympathises with them, not to that which insults their sufferings with theories, however plausible, of the need which we—not they—feel for supporting the oppressor.

We have, by our policy and even by our recommendation, directed the suffering people of European Turkey to the Czar as their natural protector, and surely we have had no right to complain if they had followed our advice. Ranke tells us that, at the Congress of Vienna, when the Servian deputies detailed the barbarities which their country was then suffering from the Turks, the diplomatists of Western Europe turned away from their recital of wrongs, and answered their requests with a sneer, bidding them apply to Russia for support. We therefore have no right to complain had they followed this advice. We might accuse ourselves of short-sightedness and injustice, but we could have no ground of reproach against them. But, in fact, the whole outcry about Russian influence and intrigue is as unfounded as such panic or partisan cries generally are. *More substantial assistance is afforded by the English Government*

against the Christians of Turkey, than we can ever pretend to have been given by Russia in favour of the oppressed. Let me cite but one instance, which has occurred during the present year. The armies of the Porte would have been utterly unable to march against the independent mountaineers of Montenegro, but for the seasonable loan raised on the Stock Exchange of London, and this could not have been raised but for the aid of the British Government.

But to talk of Russian intrigues, and to point to these as the cause of the agitation amongst the Christians of Turkey, can only originate in ignorance or in an attempt to pervert the truth. If these people look to Russia for sympathy and support, this arises less from Russian ambition than from British impolicy. So long as grievous wrong remains unredressed in Turkey, Russia has the opportunity for interference, and the wrong exists, because England encourages the evil-doer. If the Turkish Government were made to feel that it could not reckon upon the assistance of the British Government in the event of an insurrection of its subjects, policy would compel a more just rule. As it is, the fact that England, in order to maintain what is called the integrity of the Turkish empire, is ready, at any expense of blood and treasure, to assist in putting down every attempt of the people to obtain justice, transforms us virtually into the patrons of oppression. Those who know anything of these people, know full well that there is not the slightest desire on their

part to become a portion of Russia; rather there is a sturdy resolution to work out their own freedom, and to be as independent of Russia as of Turkey. Nothing but our own impolicy will ever shake this resolution. The Servian race—and this includes the people of Servia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, great part of Roumelia, and practically Bulgaria—is profoundly penetrated with a desire for an independent existence. The national spirit is as intense amongst them as in any people of Europe. The countries lying between the Black Sea and the Adriatic are full of the monuments and traditions of the old Servian empire; the present inhabitants of these lands seek to re-establish its power and to revive its glories. They will accomplish this. England in Turkey, and France in Rome, may, for a short time, maintain a Government abhorred by its subjects, but in the end these subjects will obtain their freedom. A glance at the map will show that such a kingdom is extensive enough to maintain its own position amongst the nations of Europe. And the least reflection will see in this the true solution of the Eastern question. More than seven years ago a writer in the "Quarterly Review" thus expressed himself:—

"We have described the peculiar importance of Servia to the European system, and we have shown that Russia had no right of guarantee, much less of protectorate, as regards the administration of her internal affairs. Let none be created. Let the Servians remain under the suzerainty of the Porte without any

other protection than that afforded by their own strength and prosperity. They are willing to regulate their own relations with the Porte, and they do not seek foreign interference. They have conquered their independence, and they will know how to maintain it. They have quietly but securely advanced since they threw off the Turkish yoke, and they owe their progress to a national character, distinguished by many remarkable qualities, a sturdy feeling of independence, an honest industry, and a sound morality, offering in these respects a strong contrast to that of the Greeks. Unlike that favoured race, with which they commenced their career of independence, but under very different auspices, they have maintained and gradually improved the free institutions which they won. They have no expensive and showy court, nor public establishments; they do not exhaust their resources in diplomatic missions, useless offices of state, and wholesale public corruption; and they do not ape the worst fashions and vices of Europe. They have consequently no national debt, they are moderately taxed, and their yearly revenue is amply sufficient to meet all their wants. Education is making good progress, and the internal tranquillity of the country has been secured. The Servians are the best representatives of a powerful race, destined to play a great part in the future history of Europe and of the world. Let us leave them to the development of their own institutions, unshackled by guarantees and foreign interference, and the time will probably come when they will afford a more complete

solution to the Eastern question than any complicated system which diplomacy could devise."*

But Russia has no need of intrigues. The people of Turkey have wrongs which exasperate them, without requiring any external irritation. The account of the atrocities practised by the Mussulmans upon the Christians are so numerous, and reach us from such varied sources, that it is impossible to shut our ears to them, or refuse to believe in their truth. People are too much in the habit of putting aside all narratives of wrongs which the subjects of Turkey are suffering, by the convenient formula that they come from "lying" Greeks or "cunning" Dalmatians. The following narrative, however, which is not open to this objection, will give some notion of the treatment to which our fellow-Christians are subjected.

A short time since the inhabitants of a little village in Roumelia were called upon to pay the taxes, at which they had been assessed by the authorities of the district in which the village is situated. When the principal inhabitants had assembled, they did what probably many others would have done in like circumstances—they rather discussed the means by which the tax might be evaded than the mode of paying it. After many schemes had been suggested, the only means which appeared satisfactory to those present, was to compel some inhabitant who was not present to pay the whole assessment. In the outskirts of the village resided a Christian peasant, who owned a small strip of ground,

* Quarterly Review, vol. xcvii. pp. 284, 285.

which he cultivated for his maintenance. He was industrious, and was supposed to possess a hoard of money. Indeed, as he had only one child—a son who assisted him in the cultivation of his rood of land—how could he spend all his earnings? It was evident, so his Mussulman neighbours argued, there must be a store somewhere, and it was resolved that he should be compelled to pay the whole amount at which the village was assessed. By this means it was clear that the claim of the Porte would be satisfied, and the rest of the villagers lightened from the burden about to be imposed upon them. The discussion took place in the presence of the cadi. He assured the assembly that it was a matter of indifference how the money was procured, provided only that it was duly paid to him. After some deliberation as to the best means of wringing the whole sum from the one peasant, the following plan was suggested, matured, and finally carried out. It was agreed that the rest of the villagers should seize his only child, a lad of some sixteen years, and imprison him until his father should ransom him for the sum at which the whole village was assessed; and that the cadi should suspend the collection of the tax until this means had been tried. In order that this functionary should not, however, pocket the ransom himself, and then levy the tax upon the villagers, a deed was drawn up and witnessed according to the forms of Turkish law, by which the cadi covenanted to accept the money thus to be wrung from the parent in lieu of all claim upon the rest of the villagers; to hold the boy in his custody

until the ransom should be paid, and to release him as soon as this should have been done. It was seed-time, and the lad, wholly unconscious of the plot, was employed with his parents in ploughing and sowing their little piece of ground, when he was seized, carried off to the cadi, and, amidst the cries of his mother and the entreaties of his father, thrown into prison, with the intimation that he should be released when the money was paid. The village was but ill-supplied with prison buildings, and the boy was thrust into the small dome of some six feet square which covered an unused well. Day by day the parents came, but could not weary the patience of the unjust but impassive judge. The only answer which they received was, that when the money was brought, the boy should be released. The parents were not wealthy; they had no hoard; the supposition of their fellow-villagers was unfounded; they had nothing, save the small strip of land which they cultivated for their daily needs. The last thing which a peasant will give up in Turkey is the privilege of being a landed proprietor. The father, who loved his son, clung, however, to his bit of garden ground, and exhausted all other means of raising the required sum before selling his land. He appealed to the authorities of the district. He was referred by them for redress to the cadi, by whom the wrong was done. Despairing of any other means of delivering his child, the wretched parents now endeavoured to collect the money which the cadi required. Their furniture was first sold, then their tools and implements of husbandry were parted with. The

sum thus obtained fell so far short of the amount required, that it was at length evident that the rood of ground, the family estate, must be parted with. This also was sold, and still there lacked a portion of the total sum required. The cadi was inexorable, and rigidly upright. The Government expected so much from the village, and so much must be brought before the lad could be released. At length the last piastre was procured, and the wretched parents hastened joyfully to the cadi with the whole amount. All this had taken upwards of ten months to collect, and for so long a time the poor lad had been subjected to the horrors of solitary confinement, in total darkness, and in a dungeon only a few feet in extent, in which it was impossible to stand upright. The floor, partly of rough stones and partly of mud, was equally cold and damp, and on this he had sat and lain, and lain and sat, for more than ten months. On receiving the money, the cadi assembled the villagers; the deed was recited; the money exhibited, and the legal instrument duly cancelled with all the mocking formalities of law. And now the prison door, or what served for a door, was unbarred to the parents, and they were permitted to look again upon their child. For a time nothing moved within the narrow limits of the cell; the call of his mother could elicit no signs of life from the poor prisoner. At length a bundle of humanity was dragged out; it breathed; it stirred; but these were the only tokens of life which could be seen. Signs of humanity there were none. The limbs had been contracted by cold, wet, rheuma-

tism, and by the crouching posture which the poor lad had been compelled to assume, and he could only crawl on all-fours like a beast. His face resembled a skull covered with dirty parchment, and he was hopelessly an idiot. How long since reason had given way his jailors could not tell. He was now a slobbering, jabbering idiot. The light, and joy, and hope of his parents' cottage was not merely quenched, it had become a very palpable and noisome blackness.

Amidst the wails of the parents, and the "God is great" of the persecutors, the crowd dispersed, some cursing more deeply than ever the despotism which rendered them liable to atrocities such as these. It needs no "Russian intrigues" to make these poor peasants believe that deeds like these are unjust, and to inspire them with a longing for an opportunity to break such an intolerable yoke from their necks. For this incident is but a specimen of what the Christians throughout Bosnia, Roumelia, and Bulgaria are now enduring. I could narrate acts of atrocious cruelty and wrong which would go far beyond even this; but I have selected this anecdote because I can tell it on other authority than that of a Servian or Dalmatian. I did not hear it from a suffering, and therefore a "prejudiced Bosniac," or a "lying Greek." Amongst the crowd which witnessed this horror, amongst the many who saw the shattered remains of this poor and innocent lad dragged forth from his cell and handed to his parents by the cadi, were the British consul and

his wife, and from their lips I heard this tale of barbarity.

Until the Treaty of Paris, at the termination of the Russian War in 1856, the consuls of the various European powers were able to interfere in cases of oppression such as that which I have narrated; by this treaty, however, the Christians of Turkey were expressly deprived of this boon, and it was stipulated by the ninth article of that treaty, that the great powers should not "interfere either collectively or separately in the relations of his Majesty the Sultan with his subjects;" so that the sufferings of the Christians of Turkey can no longer be brought even under the notice of these powers. It is illegal to remonstrate; it is a breach of the public law of Europe to express any sympathy with the oppressed, or to stay the hand of the oppressor.

The perpetuation of suffering and wrong to the Christians of Turkey, is what is really meant by the phrase, "the preservation of the integrity of the Turkish empire." Whether it is right for England, which claims to sympathise with all suffering people, and which affects horror at the freaks of despotism, to guard the despot, and to encourage the anarchy of Turkey in such practices as these, may be fairly questioned. Could the Government of Turkey be compelled to act with common justice to its subjects through fear of the natural consequences of oppression, there would be no need of other powers making stipulations for the preservation of its integrity.

Twenty-three millions of people are strong enough to maintain their own independence; and the government of such a country as Turkey might easily do so by acting justly to its subjects. It is the interference of the great powers which prevents those subjects from receiving the amount of justice which is their due. It is this interference which perpetuates the sufferings and degradation of the Christians of Bosnia and Roumelia. *Usquequò?*

THE END.

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